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Collier's

JUNE 25, 1949
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*..because Schenley contains older whiskies**

Sit back and enjoy a tall, cool drink made with Schenley. Smooth and *delicious!* That's because Schenley continues to give you, skillfully blended with pre-war quality grain neutral spirits, the same rich measure of rare whiskies—5, 6 and 7 years old.

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from **SCHENLEY**

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HUMPTY-DUMPTY!

Will this first date be the beginning of a beautiful romance with the cutest starlet from Hollywood? It ought to be . . . but it isn't going to work out that way. Humpty-dumpty is in for the fall of his life. By half-past ten he will be in so bad he'll never get another date. And he won't know why*.

It could happen to you—to any man—who is careless about halitosis (unpleasant breath)*.

So, never, never risk offending. Don't trust to momentary makeshifts. Use Listerine Antiseptic, the *extra-careful* precaution which instantly sweetens and freshens the breath . . . helps keep it that way, too . . . not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours, usually.

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. . . the *extra-careful* precaution against bad breath

Memo: Next time you see flakes and scales, start with Listerine Antiseptic and massage—quick . . . it's a wonderful aid for **INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF**

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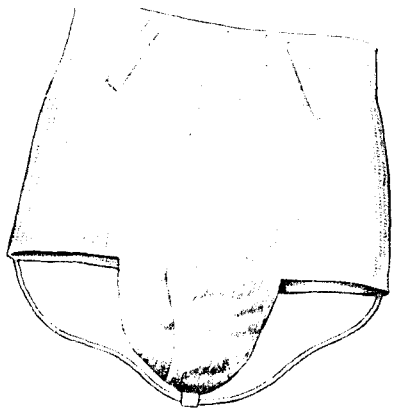

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June 25, 1949

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Week's Mail

Word of Caution

EDITOR: I must admit that Thank God for My Heart Attack! (May 7th) is one of the best treatises by a layman I have ever read. But why did you show the author smoking a cigarette? That will give some cardiac patients the impression that *all* cardiacs can smoke with impunity—which is not true.

Mr. Harrison's description of the New Year's celebration following his recovery will likewise create the impression that cardiac victims may drink alcoholic beverages without damaging their hearts. It is made clear, in the article, that all things should be done in moderation, but alcoholics simply cannot drink as Mr. Harrison did—and many of them have heart trouble.

J. I. PAYTE, M.D., Oklahoma City, Okla.

Mr. Harrison was careful to emphasize the importance of moderation in the article.

Cop Gets a Hand

EDITOR: The article Nine Years in a Traffic Jam (May 7th) is excellent. Officer McNally is the type I'd like to include among my friends. I wish every American could read what he has to say, and act upon it.

HARRY C. HAMILTON, Toronto, Ont.

... I've enjoyed many articles in your magazine. The best yet is Nine Years in a Traffic Jam. MRS. S. N. WOLEN, Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Smoky Business

EDITOR: In your May 7th Week's Mail O. B. Keeler states that smokeless powder does not smoke. I disagree with Mr. Keeler. I was employed as a ballistics engineer in a smokeless plant, and I know that so-called "smokeless" powder *does* smoke. The War Department itself admits that the stuff not only isn't entirely smokeless, but that, in addition, it isn't even a powder.

GEORGE M. WILSON, Schuyler, Nebr.

We Stand Corrected

EDITOR: An introductory note to the article, The Strange Case of the Dionne Quints (Apr. 23d), begins: "The reporter who scooped the world with the Quintuplet story . . ." That is entirely inaccurate.

I'm certain that my good friend Keith Munro, who wrote the article, would not want to give the impression that he scored a beat on the birth of the Quints, because such was not the case. As every informed newspaperman in Canada knows, the North Bay Nugget gave the story to the world. The Quints' grandfather and Dr. Dafoe both telephoned us right after the babies were delivered, and we were on the job in jig time.

We took the first picture of Mrs. Dionne and the babies in bed—a picture, incidentally, which has been published in every country in the world. It wasn't until a day or so after the birth of the five girls that reporters from Toronto and other cities swooped down on Callander. William H. Dumsday, working for the Nugget, wrote the first story about the babies—thereby scoring a world beat—and followed it up with daily stories for many months after. Keith Munro, working for the Toronto Star, arrived on the scene a day or so after the babies were born. C. M. FELLMAN, Managing Editor, North Bay Daily Nugget

Our error. We apologize to both the North Bay Nugget and Mr. Munro.

... I want you to know how much I enjoyed Keith Munro's article on the Dionne Quints. We hear so much about child delinquency and broken homes that it was refreshing to read about a family who love their home and *want* to stay together.

While reading their story one could not

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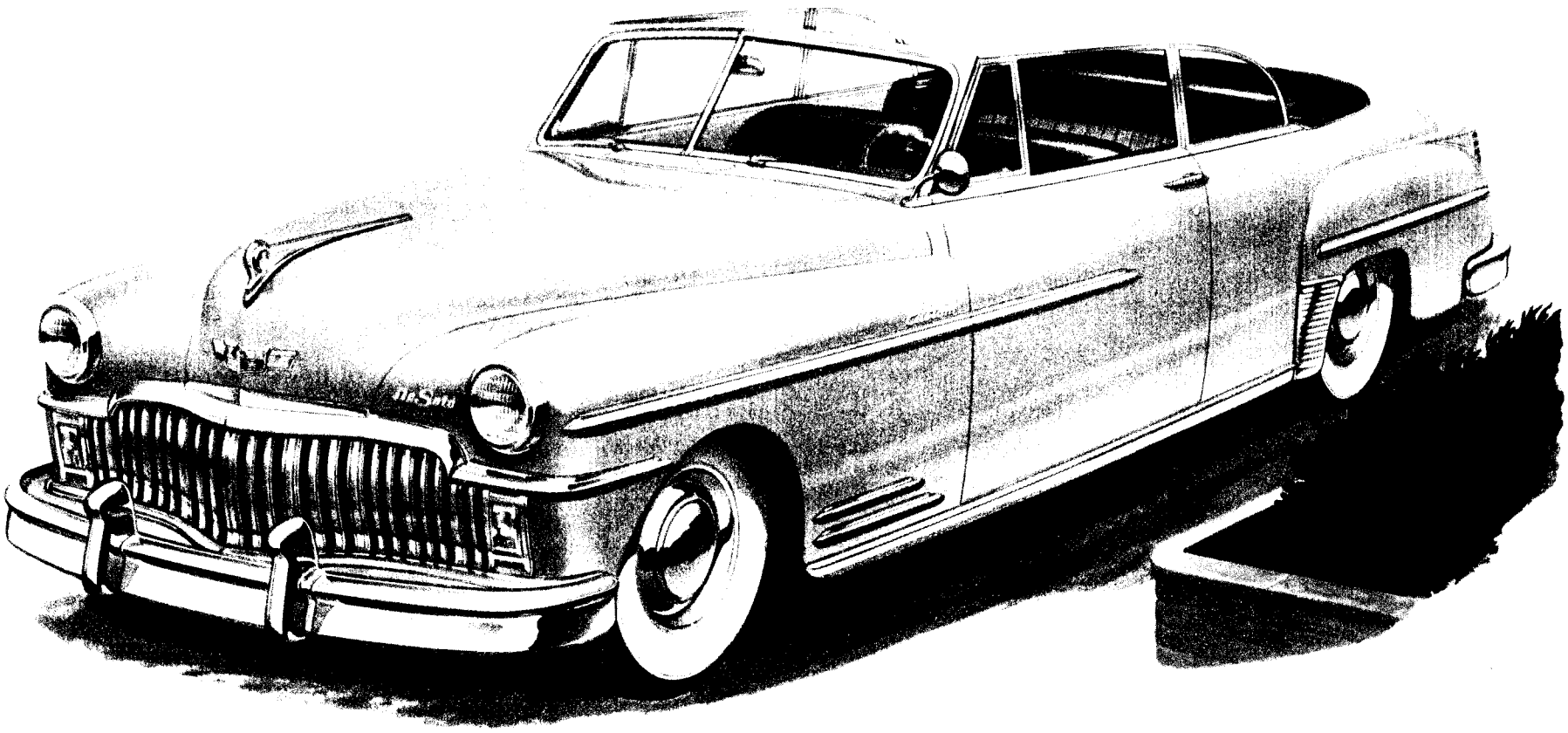
THE NEW DE SOTO



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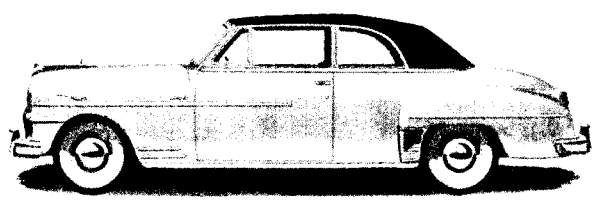

De Soto lets you drive without shifting!

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The NEW HUMIDOR TOP—locks OUT the air—locks IN the freshness and flavor.

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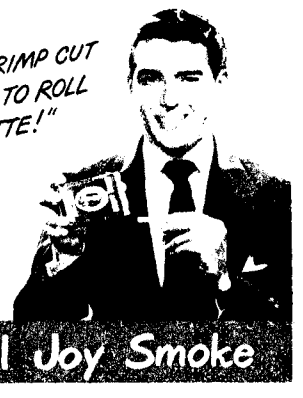


R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

The National Joy Smoke

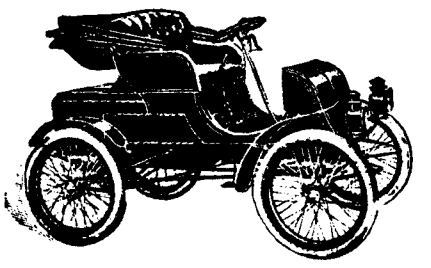
help sympathizing with the Dionnes in their difficulties, admiring them for the firm stand they have taken in eliminating disrupting influences from their home, and loving them because they love each other.

CORINNE THERESE PARENT, Detroit, Mich.

Marvel of 1901

EDITOR: In my priceless collection of old magazines is a copy of Collier's, dated February 2, 1901. I am quite intrigued by the Winton Motor Carriage Company's ad in that copy of 48 years ago, and I feel sure your readers will be also.

AL MICHAELIAN, Editor, Autonews,
Los Angeles, Cal.



Go anywhere at any time
150 miles without leaving seat

In the 1901 Model
WINTON

All the improvements suggested by constant use under all conditions

The 1901 single and double seated carriages and delivery wagon models are illustrated and described in catalog, which will be sent free upon request.

The Winton Motor Carriage Co.
478 Belden St., Cleveland, O., U. S. A.

The Militia Speaks

EDITOR: I have noted with interest the publication in Collier's of the excellent editorial, The Militia Belongs to the States (Mar. 26th), and more recently the article, Bombers over Bunker Hill (May 7th). Both editorial and article presented a fair, accurate and most readable account of National Guard activities. While the part-time citizen-soldiers of the Guard have been doing similar things week after week for the past half century, the members of the Michigan Military Establishment are greatly pleased with the national emphasis given to our activities recently by your publishers.

We were especially pleased with your forthright editorial stand in reference to the federalization of the National Guard. We personally feel that federalization of the Guard would destroy the very basis for our present strength and initiative.

BRIGADIER GENERAL GEORGE C. MORAN,
Adjutant General of Michigan,
Lansing, Mich.

Pilot's Complaint

EDITOR: Fifty-five times I flew Marauders over enemy territory, and now you tell me that I was in something else (Bombers over Bunker Hill, May 7th). You tell me with your pictures and article that the "square-tails" are the B-26s! What over hell was I flying in '44-'45?

SHIRL G. WILSON, Sun Valley, Cal.

The B-26 Marauder you flew so successfully during the war has been grounded as obsolete. Officially the B-26 designation was transferred to the Invader, formerly known as the A-26.

Views on Video

EDITOR: Relative to television reducing fans at sports events (Week's Mail, Apr. 23d), when the phonograph people started making records of operas and operatic selections back around 1900 it was believed that it would reduce personal attendance at the actual performances. But what happened? The sale of records increased the public's opera interest to such an extent that box-office sales jumped at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

F. LESTER BALLANTINE, Miami Springs, Fla.

Proper Farm Practices

EDITOR: I want to congratulate you for what you are doing in the interest of restoring some of our natural resources which in the past have been ruthlessly wasted. The Soil Conservation Service is doing a good job, hampered in many cases by poorly informed local representatives who are prone to work "from the book" instead of from knowledge gained from actual experience. We still haven't enough well-informed, practical leadership in helping to sell the farmers on proper farm practices and aiding them in carrying out planned programs to restore wood lots, game shelters and soil-building practices and water conservation.

FRED L. FOSTER, Fairburn, Ga.

Socialized Suckers?

EDITOR: You get sick. The doctor's bill comes and it's a whopper. But you're still alive—which is the important thing. So, although it may take a long time, you pay the bill. And once it's paid, it's paid.

But take a look at Mr. Truman's program. You pay *all* the time, sick or not. Get smart, sucker, and realize that you won't get something for nothing under socialized medicine. Take your chances as you've always done, take your medical bills as they come, and hold up your head with pride, because you're paying your own way.

AN I-CAN-HOLD-UP-MY-HEAD HOUSEWIFE,
North Haven, Conn.

. . . How anyone could read the articles in Collier's about socialized medicine and still favor it here is beyond me.

MARY E. BACHMAN, Baltimore, Md.

Doctor Dilemma

EDITOR: A number of years ago the medical profession got the notion that there were too many doctors, and a campaign was started to do two things: raise the requirements for admission to our medical schools and limit the number of students admitted. As the years have passed, since then, the proportion of doctors to patients has steadily decreased until the inability of many to get medical treatment finally brought the question of public care of health to the front.

WILLIAM A. HITE, Thornville, Ohio

Jr. Literary Farm

EDITOR: Re the letter from Mr. R. J. Stone in The Week's Mail (Apr. 23d), why is it that whenever a member of the younger generation seeks a new channel of expression, or the opportunity to develop his talent, as Hubert Meeker recently attempted in proposing a literary farm for youth, the public contemptuously declares him an egotist? Evidently Mr. Stone and his colleagues don't appreciate the spirited ambition of American youth. Perhaps they would rather see us sit back like spineless jellyfish, forget our lofty aspirations and calmly watch the world deteriorate.

Personally, I say more power to Hubert Meeker for his excellent suggestion.

ANNE SKINNER, Lakewood, N. Y.

Astronomy Fan

EDITOR: Ever since 1892 I've consistently read Once a Week (now Collier's) and received therefrom and from accompanying books my education, such as it is, and imparted most of it to my descendants: four married children, 12 grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren. I've waited for some adequate recompense and today it came in the form of the Palomar telescope article.

I do hope you follow the fortunes of Palomar, although I'll probably not be here five years hence to learn about Mars. I'm now eighty-two years of age.

A. T. HOLLENBECK, Oak Park, Ill.

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THAT'S WHAT OWNERS SAY ABOUT THE MONEY-SAVING NEW 1949 MERCURY!

Imagine a big car – a powerful car – delivering 17, 18, 19 miles per gallon – and up! Owners claim this handsome new* MERCURY *does it every day. They say it's far and away the thriftiest car in its class. And it is!*

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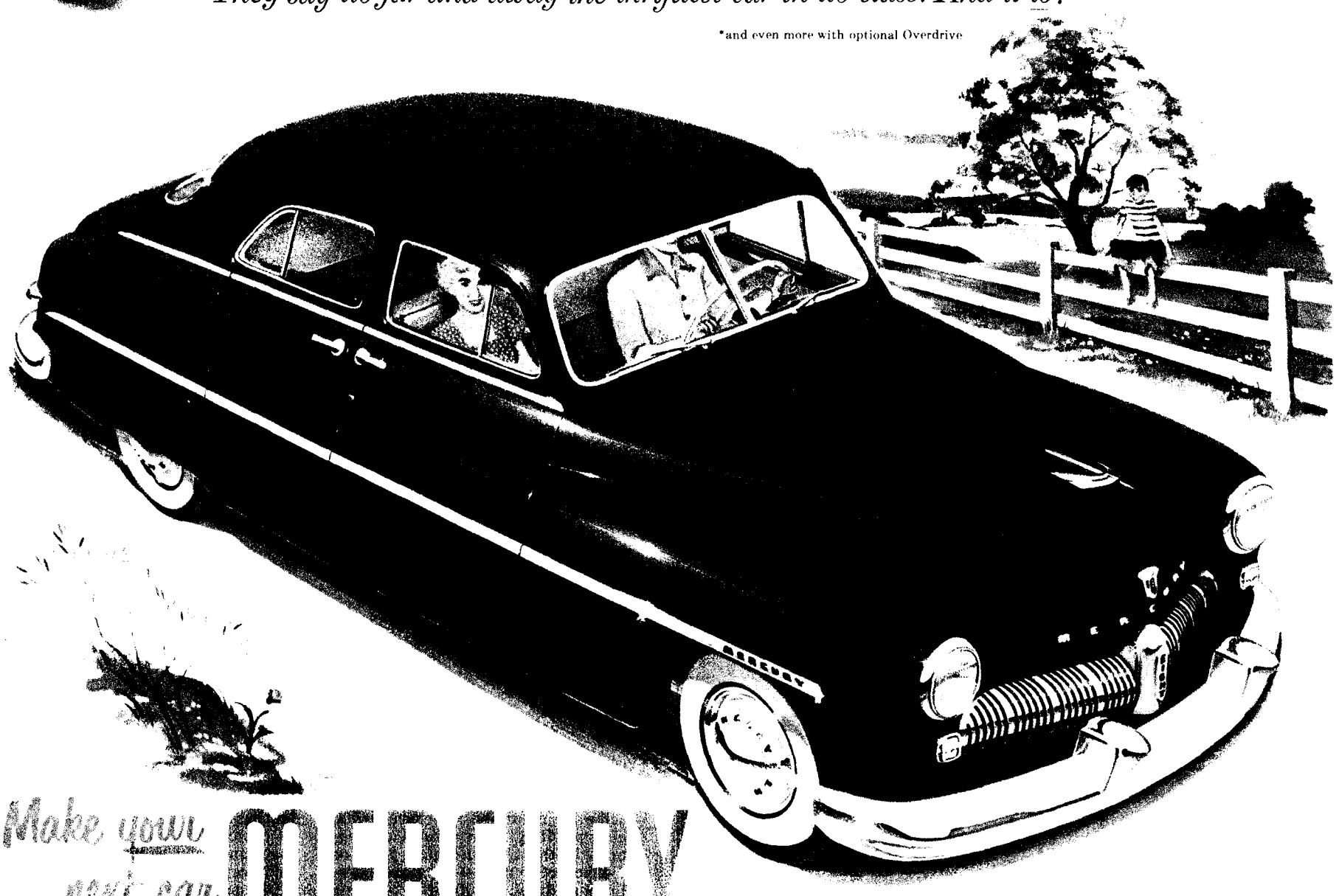

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You get a powerful new 8-cylinder, V-type engine with plenty of *"get-up-and-go!"* Front coil *springing!* A truly restful "comfort-zone" *ride!* Easier *steering!* "Super-safety" *brakes!* Softer, broader *seating!* Increased all-round *visibility*, too!

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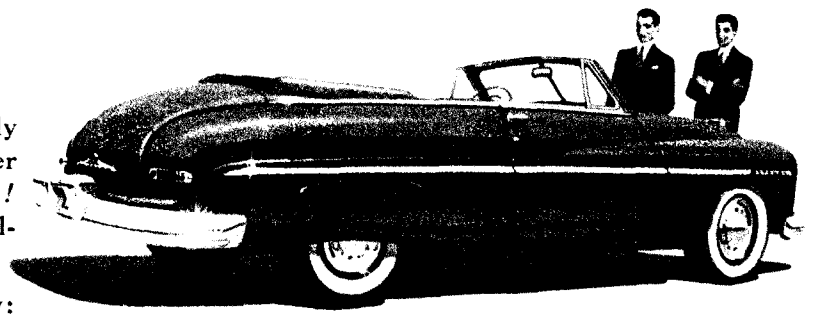
MERCURY DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR CO.



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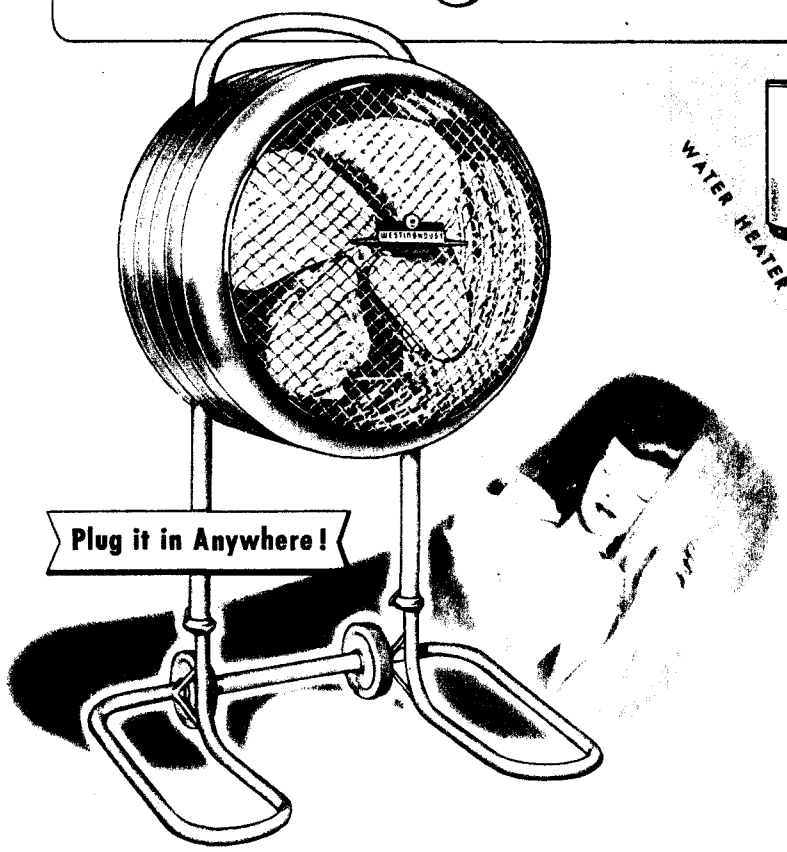

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Swiftly . . . in 2 short minutes, fresh, lively-air is yours for cool comfort, day or night.

Thoroughly . . . completely changes *all* the air in 4 or 5 rooms. Uses little more current than a 100-watt bulb.

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As Easy to Move as Your "Vac"

Sleep Cool . . . on warm nights. *Keep Cool* . . . on hot days.

Built on the fabulous Air-Jet Principle . . . the Mobilaire Fan can draw in 3,200 cubic feet of cool, fresh outdoor air every minute. There's nothing else like it!

Safe, Silent, Rugged . . . built to last a lifetime of constant use.

Ask Your Westinghouse Dealer for a Free Home Demonstration Now

EVERY HOUSE NEEDS A
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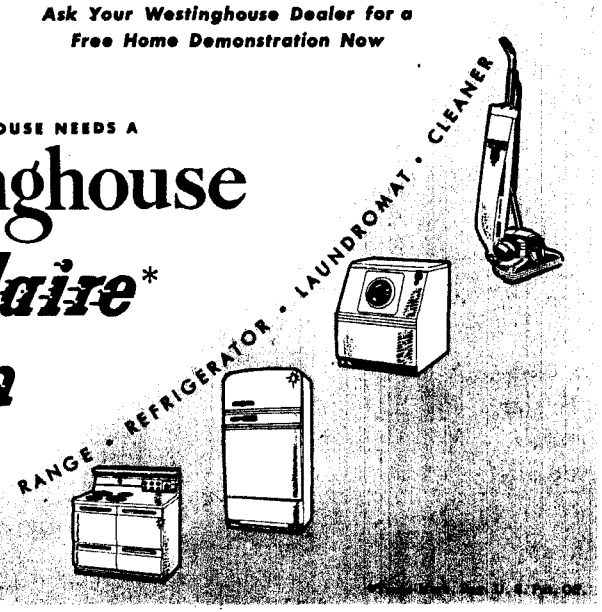

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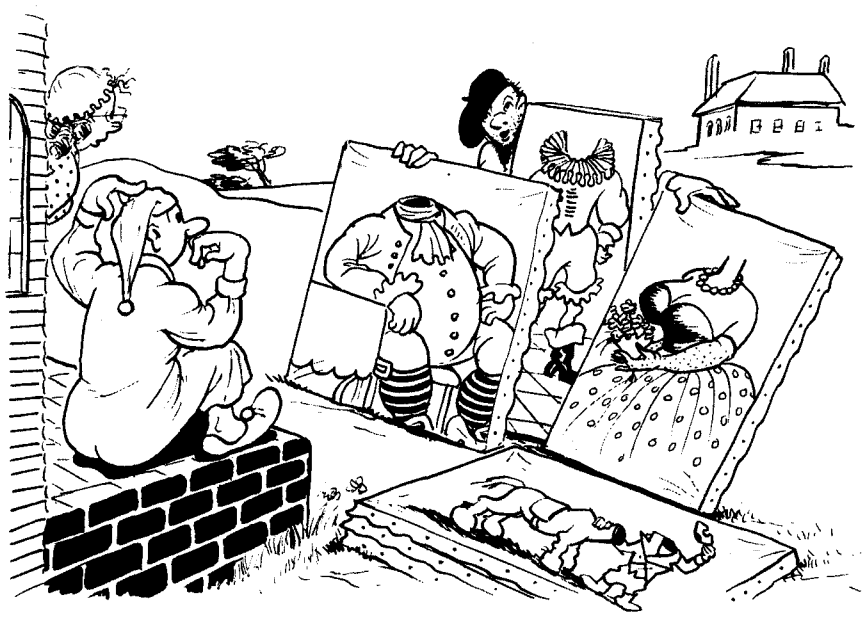
Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



RUBE GOLDBERG

Many a person who owned an oil painting of himself, in 16th-century England, would employ an artist, at intervals of from 10 to 20 years, to bring the portrait up to date, by aging the features and hair and by changing the clothes to those of the prevailing style. And in 18th-century America, portrait painters traveled from town to town with an assortment of pictures of men and women, complete except for the face and hair. A person who wanted a painting of himself merely had to select the body he liked best—and then his head and features would be painted in by the artist.

* * * * * * * * *

In many states, persons who take part in a felony, such as a holdup or a burglary, during which an accomplice unexpectedly kills someone, can be sentenced to death along with the man who pulled the trigger, if found guilty. Consequently, for every 100 men who have been executed in these states for actually committing a felony homicide, approximately 85 others have also been executed, although they did not kill and, in some cases, did not even carry a gun.

* * * * * * * * *

For some unknown reason, pregnancies achieved by artificial insemination produce a much higher ratio of boys to girls than pregnancies achieved naturally. For every 500 girls resulting from natural conceptions in the United States, 527—or 5.4 per cent more—boys are born. But a study of 10,000 births resulting from artificial conceptions shows that for every 500 girls, 683—or 36.6 per cent more—boys are born when anonymous donors are used, and 786—or 57.2 per cent more—boys are born when the husbands are used.

* * * * * * * * *

An explosion and fire destroyed a small laboratory near Oakland, California, on the night of July 29, 1925. A body was found and, while burned beyond recognition, it was identified as that of the laboratory chemist, Dr. Charles H. Schwartz, by its short stature, very small hands and a watch and ring. Within a day or so, however, the police learned that, a moment before the blast, a man was noticed running from the scene. The victim's real identity was soon established and a search started for Schwartz on a murder charge. He was staying at the home of a friend, Hemingway, who knew him as "Charles Warren" and who, three weeks later, recognized him as the wanted man from newspaper pictures. Hemingway called the police, and Schwartz committed suicide. Papers found in a suitcase belonging to Schwartz disclosed his plan which he had not revealed to anyone, and which he had carried out in part. After spending two years to find and cultivate two men who closely resembled him, he killed the first—so that Mrs. Schwartz would get his $150,000 insurance—and was about to kill the second, Hemingway. Then he planned to assume Hemingway's identity and remarry Mrs. Schwartz, whom he hoped to deceive with dyed hair and plastic surgery.

* * * * * * * * *

The only map of its kind in existence, called a Mapparium, is installed in the Christian Science Publishing House in Boston. It is a hollow glass globe, 30 feet in diameter, whose inner surface depicts a map of the world in colors and with 5,000 place names. The globe is illuminated from behind and has a glass bridge running through its center for spectators. Unlike flat maps and solid globes, it presents an undistorted view of the entire surface of the earth at one glance.

* * * * * * * * *

Before the world's first self-propelled "road wagon" appeared in France in 1770, several carriages powered by trick methods were invented. The earliest was seen in 1649 on the streets of Nuremberg, Germany, and mystified the people because it had neither visible means of propulsion nor control levers for the man at the steering post, yet traveled at two miles an hour. Later it was learned that the vehicle was moved by two men hidden in its back section, who turned the rear axle with a winch.

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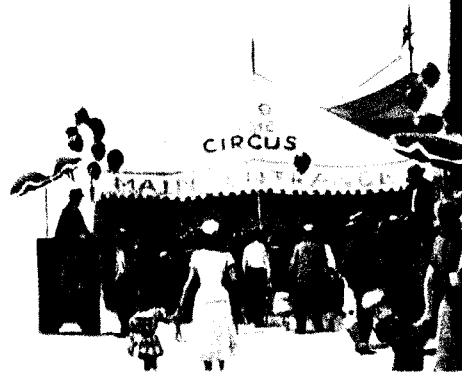
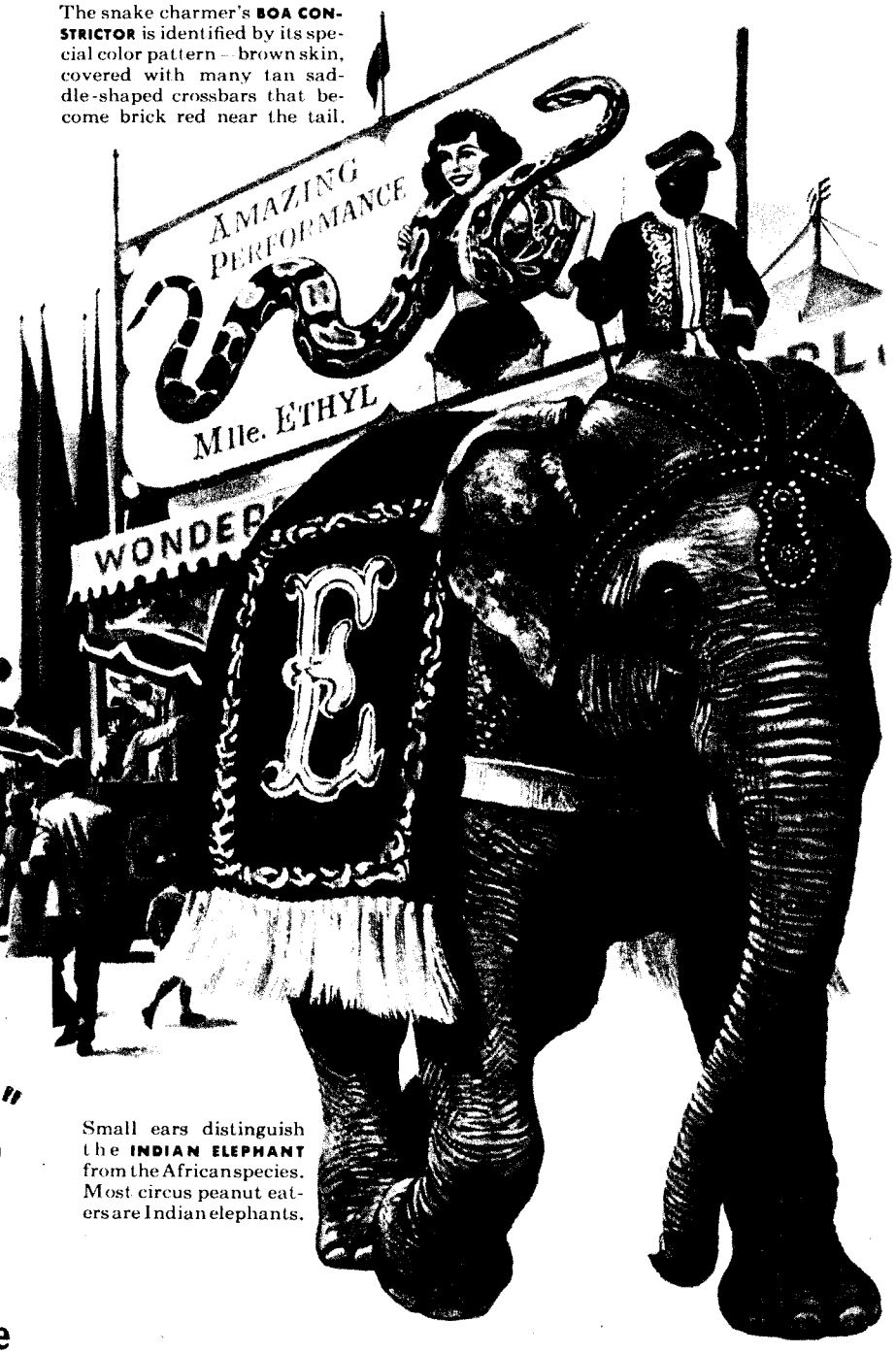
*Prepared in cooperation with specialists of The American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.

The longest neck and legs in the animal kingdom identify this skyscraper as a **GIRAFFE.**

Large protruding ears distinguish the **CHIMPANZEE** from other apes. He's the most intelligent of the apes.



The snake charmer's **BOA CONSTRICTOR** is identified by its special color pattern – brown skin, covered with many tan saddle-shaped crossbars that become brick red near the tail.



Small ears distinguish the **INDIAN ELEPHANT** from the African species. Most circus peanut eaters are Indian elephants.

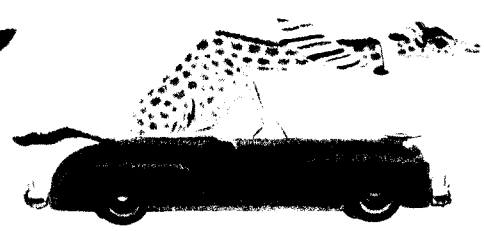
When you go to the circus THE "TRADE-MARKS" OF NATURE*

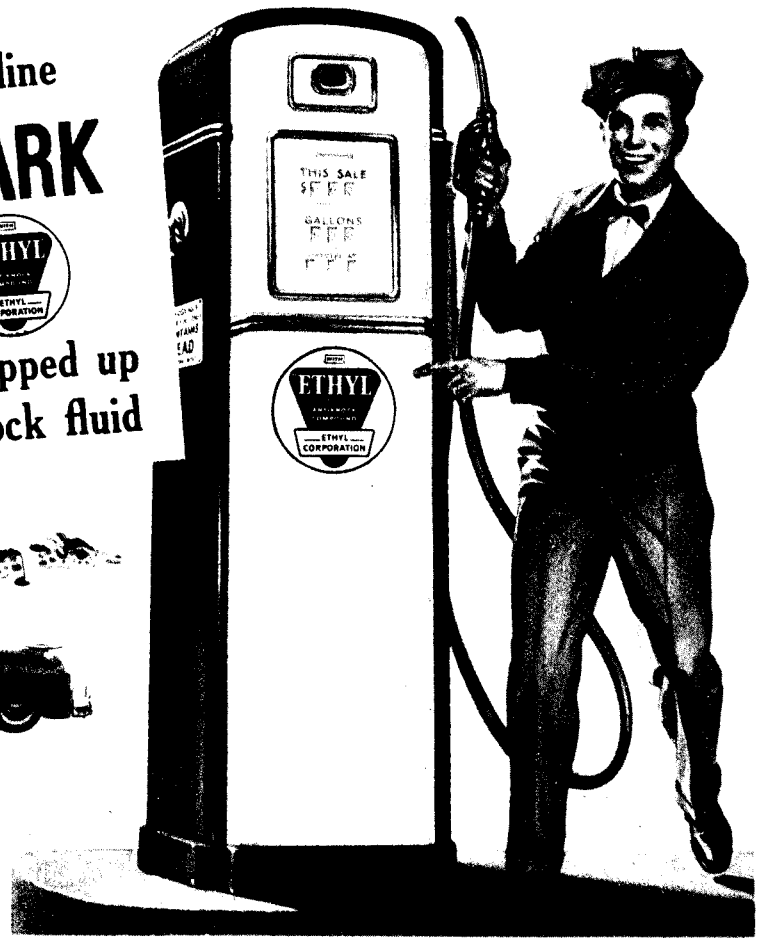
identify the animals you see

The trained "seals" in the circus are usually not seals but **SEA LIONS** – distinguished from true seals by their small ears and their ability to turn their hind flippers forward and under when moving about on land.

When you buy gasoline THE TRADE-MARK "ETHYL"

identifies gasoline stepped up with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid





FOR A NEW HIGH IN PERFORMANCE

. . . for the extra thrill of an engine running its best

. . . for top power on hills and in traffic . . . for more pleasure in driving

. . . ask for "Ethyl" gasoline — high quality gasoline improved with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid, the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance.

"Ethyl" antiknock fluid is made by **ETHYL CORPORATION,** *Chrysler Building, New York 17, N. Y.*

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...ll Still Be Bragging
...our Car's Pep, Power
...omy 2 YEARS From Now!

You get a *different kind* of engine service when you take your motor troubles to a Ramco RE-POWERING Specialist. First, your engine is checked and then RE-POWERED by the *different* method. This Ramco Method is equally effective for modern high compression* motors or for the older types! It covers *all 4 essentials* to long-lived engine efficiency... compression, carburetion, ignition and cooling.

Second, you get a different and advanced type of piston ring installed. Ramco 10-Up Rings LOOK different...and they are different. You can see this difference yourself! Unlike conventional rings the steel segment of Ramco 10-Up is CONTINUOUS. It has no gap. This special construction is exclusive with Ramco 10-Up. It is one of the reasons for the LONG LIVED EFFICIENCY of Ramco RE-POWERED engines. Your RE-POWERING Specialist will gladly explain; or write for interesting booklet to Ramsey Corporation, 3759 Forest Park Blvd., St. Louis 8, Mo.

**Employed in most cars since 1938.*

WITH every installation of **Ramco 10-Up PISTON RINGS** you can get this...
RAMCO 10,000 MILE (ONE YEAR) GUARANTEE
AGAINST OIL PUMPING & BLOW-BY
Covers both Piston Rings and installation labor!
"Makes More Lasting Friends"

R3234

Copyright 1949 Ramsey Corporation

About Time

The world is on a timetable that is controlled by the stars and the U.S. Naval Observatory

WHEN you glance at your watch it probably never occurs to you to wonder about this thing we call "the time." How is it determined? Where does it come from? Or do you know about the United States Naval Observatory in Washington, D. C.?

Twelve times a day—every other hour—the observatory sends the correct time by wire to a powerful government transmitter at near-by Annapolis, Maryland, for radio distribution to the world. This precious correct time is based on an extremely accurate master clock, which in turn gets its cue from the stars, which at the present time furnish the most accurate means of determining time.

Let's look in on one of the observatory astronomers—a young lady, Ruth Haymer, who majored in astronomy at Mount Holyoke. She is on a platform near the roof, looking down through a tall, vertical metal tube resembling an oil-well casing. This is one of the only two Photographic Zenith Tubes in existence. Both are owned by the observatory.

The PZT, a recent development, offers the most effective method of determining just when a star crosses the meridian, the north-south line passing directly overhead at the observatory. The pinpoint light of a star shines down through the long tube and is reflected in a pool of mercury at the base. The mercury provides a clear, level mirror which bounces the tiny beam of light back up to a photographic plate in an automatic camera. A series of four pictures is made as the star crosses the meridian and the time of each is recorded.

Miss Haymer consults her Nautical Almanac. This tells her which star will be in position to give us the right time. She explains the procedure as she waits for her subject to appear. It will be only one of 18 stars scheduled to be observed tonight. As many as 20 can be photographed on the same plate. When the plate is developed, the measured position of each star, together with the clock times of the exposures, makes it possible to determine the error of the master clock.

The error of a time determination that is based on a single night's work with the PZT is about 0.004 of a second. Twice a day, if necessary, the clocks that transmit the time signals are corrected. Several clocks run with the master clock and are used to keep a check on it, too.

The present master clock is just a tall panel having a large dial, with controls on the back of the panel that look much like the works of an ordinary electric clock. But instead of a slow pendulum its heart is a complicated crystal oscillator, a tall vacuum tube in which a small, thin square of quartz is suspended between condenser plates. When an alternating voltage is placed across the condenser plates, the crystal vibrates at a frequency of 100,000 times a second.

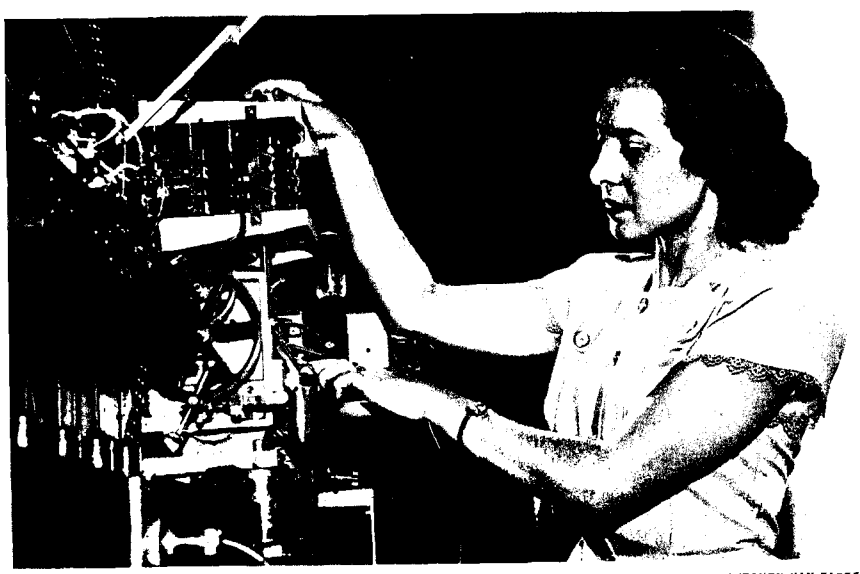
A new revolutionary time-recording mechanism, known as the "atomic clock," has been developed by Dr. Harold Lyons, of the National Bureau of Standards. It will probably be in use within two or three years, and will be extremely accurate. Dr. Lyons discovered that a vibration within the ammonia molecule could be harnessed to the oscillator to produce a beat more nearly perfect than anyone had believed possible. The test model they are working on now has a "constancy" of better than one part in twenty million. Dr. Lyons hopes to improve that figure to one in ten *billion*.

Now, let's leave the observatory and take a look at how the Western Union Telegraph Company helps to set the country's timepieces right. Western Union is the observatory's biggest commercial distributor of the correct time.

Shortly before noon every day a switch is thrown to connect the time room at the observatory by direct wire with the company's main headquarters in New York City. From this point, through a maze of switchboards, control panels and relays, some 200,000 miles of wire are hooked up electrically to send the correct, official time all over the United States.

Deep down in a sub-basement vault Western Union's own master clock waits for the Washington signal. When it arrives, if the New York clock's time doesn't coincide with the observatory's, the observatory's verdict is passed on to the nation, and Western Union corrects its timepiece.

—FRANK D. MORRIS



GRETCHEN VAN TASSEL

Astronomer Haymer spends much of her time "shooting" stars. Here she tests the mechanism of the master clock which gives us the correct time every two hours

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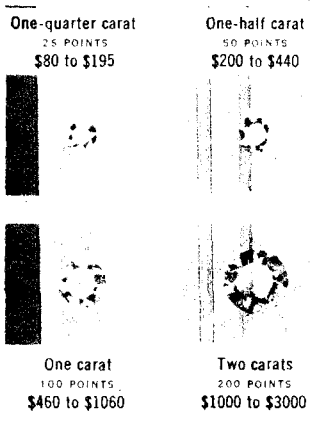
HONEYMOON IN ARIZONA . . . where outstretched, rugged beauty bodes contentment. Painted for the De Beers Collection by Ricardo Magni.

a Diamond is forever



The above price ranges were developed for your guidance through a nationwide independent check among representative jewelers in April, 1949. (Exact weights shown are infrequent.) Add Federal tax.

oyously they've shared a world of sweet delights, of dreams at last come true . . . the solemn moments when each said "I do". . . the lighthearted departure from their families and friends . . . and now the sunny hours together in the great outdoors. From these come memories they'll hold most dear, ones her lovely shining diamond will keep recalling through the years. That is why her engagement diamond, though it need not be costly, or of many carats, should be chosen with care. Color, cutting, and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to its beauty and value. A trusted jeweler is your best adviser.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

N. W. AYER & SON

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In Time of Need a Friend Indeed

...guards Them Night and Day

Why is Nickel such a good friend of this young mother and her child?

You'll find the answer in the all-important word *Cleanliness.*

For, just a century ago, a crusading young doctor named Semmelweis made the vital discovery that *immaculate cleanliness* was necessary to check the dreaded childbed fever.

Since then, the way has been marked by names like . . . Lister! . . . Koch! . . . Pasteur! . . . milestones on the road to health through sanitation.

Your hospital follows their lead and protects your health by making sure its equipment is absolutely sanitary. It uses sterilizers and heavy-duty washing machines made of Monel. And milk formula equipment made of Stainless Steel. Both are alloys of Nickel.

These Nickel alloys resist corrosion. They can be kept gleaming bright and sanitary. They are smooth, hard metals that will not rust or pit, to harbor microbe marauders.

That's why Nickel, the "white" metal, is a real friend of the "men in white."

And why Nickel is *your* friend. In fact it is usually *Your Unseen Friend* because, combined with other metals, it serves you in so many ways you seldom see.

Write for Your Free Copy of "The Romance of Nickel"

This illustrated 60-page booklet tells the story of Nickel, from ancient discovery to modern-day use. For your free copy, address Dept. 257y, The International Nickel Company, Inc., New York 5, N. Y.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.

EMBLEM OF SERVICE

INCO TRADE MARK **Nickel**

© 1949, T.I.N. Co.

...Your Unseen Friend

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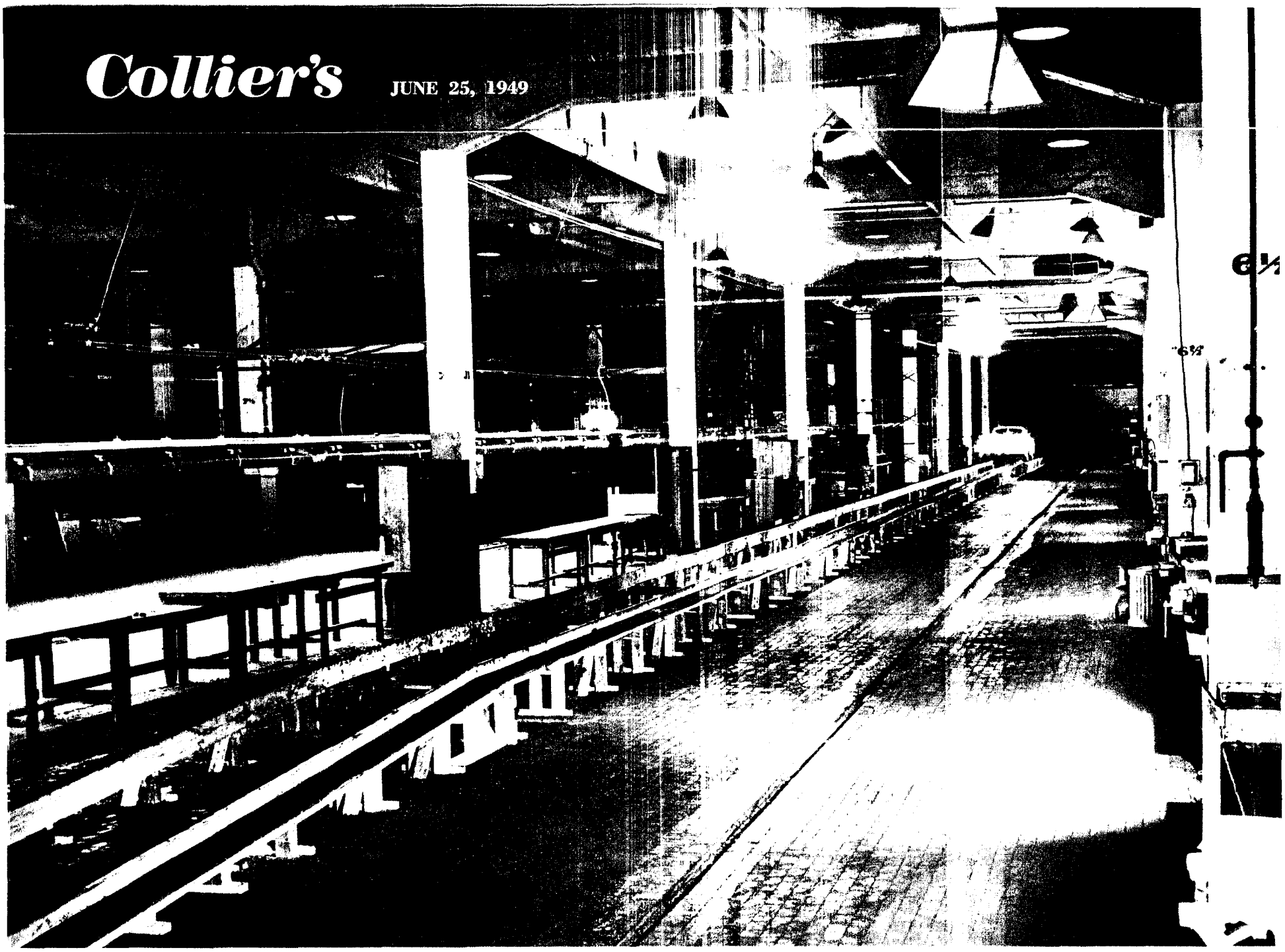
Collier's JUNE 25, 1949



RUS ARNOLD

Employees worked furiously for two weeks to nail together this assembly line in the $171,000,000 B-29 engine plant Tucker had leased from the U.S. government

The Fantastic Story of the TUCKER

By LESTER VELIE

Preston Tucker told the world he would revolutionize the automotive industry with a rear-engine car in the low-price field. But nearly $26,000,000 is gone, and only 49 cars have been built by hand—which adds up to something more than $510,000 per auto. This doesn't read like the Tucker ads

THE "first completely new car in 50 years" had its world *première* one June day two years ago. In the world's largest factory, the Chicago plant where Dodge made B-29 engines, 3,000 car dealers from all over America and abroad strained for a glimpse of the Tucker Torpedo, a "truly modern automobile descended from race track champions."

Reports and rumors had told of a car that would weigh 1,000 pounds less than ordinary cars and whose revolutionary rear-end motor—"the most effective power plant ever built"—would deliver up to 35 miles per gallon of gasoline and "permit continuous cruising at 100 miles an hour." It would make all other cars obsolete, said the reports.

So exciting was the car's advance billing that many in the audience had already plunked down up to $50,000 apiece to get the first dealerships.

In an expectant hush suitable to so historic an event, the curtains of an improvised platform parted, revealing to the accompaniment of pleased gasps, a maroon, teardrop creation so low and sweeping in its lines that one reporter wrote, "It looks as if it's going 90 even while standing still." About as long as a Cadillac, it had a third, "Cyclops eye" headlight planted in the middle of the nose. The front bumper looked like the horns of a Texas steer, and the front fenders curved like the half-folded wings of a hovering bird.

Gorgeous girls, their lines as arresting as those of the Tucker Torpedo, now paraded on the platform, each bearing a papier-mâché replica of some of the 800 parts that the Tucker had supposedly

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eliminated, and daintily tossed them into a trash barrel.

"The Tucker needs no clutch," piped a blonde.

"The Tucker needs no differential," announced a redhead.

"The Tucker needs no transmission," chirped a brunette.

The models lifted the front hood and put in luggage where the engine should have been. They lifted up the rear hood to show an engine where the luggage is usually stored.

A boyish figure, face flushed and grinning, bounded to the platform. It was Preston Thomas Tucker, the then forty-three-year-old president of the Tucker Corporation, who, unknown and unsung only a few months before, had leaped full-blown into the driver's seat of a new and challenging automobile enterprise.

Advertisements and press notices described him as "one of the nation's top designers and inventor of many automobile improvements."

"In three months (i.e., by September, 1947) we'll build 3,000 of these," announced Tucker. He bounced into the Torpedo, started it up and drove the car in triumph down a ramp for some 50 feet. Then plant police immediately surrounded it.

"Look, but don't touch," they warned.

Backstage, behind the glamor, the Tucker Torpedo looked a little different. If the audience had been able to slip in a few hours before, it would have been in on bedlam. The car's body had sagged through the aluminum wheel suspensions and plunked ignominiously to the plant floor. The extra-heavy frame, the 600-odd pounds of lead poured into the hastily handmade body, and the load of extra storage batteries needed to start up the engine, had been too much for the revolutionary suspension system. For seven hours, mechanics worked frantically to put the Tucker together again, this time improvising new suspension arms of beryllium copper.

Had no guards been posted at the car, the audience could have learned other things about it. The Torpedo (as Tucker's master mechanic William Stampfli later revealed) had no reverse gear and couldn't back up. The rear engine, described by Tucker's own executives as a "pipe fitter's dream," and by the SEC as an "engineering monstrosity," couldn't even start without auxiliary power from additional storage batteries.

Instead of the advertised new Tucker torque converters (for automatic transmission) an inquisitive mechanic could have found two old Dodge fluid couplings; instead of a sealed-in cooling system, an ordinary cooling system with conventional water pump. The dashboard instruments had nothing to do with the insides of the car. The body was assembled, in part, from a 1942 Oldsmobile which, dismantled and cut apart, was welded into the torpedo-type body. Dubbed the Tin Goose by Tucker's own engineers, the Torpedo would run but little on its own power. That morning, leaking oil and water, it had chugged painfully to the display plant.

This was the situation backstage. Out in front the crowds pushed eagerly forward.

HOW FIFTEEN YEARS OF TESTING PRODUCED

The First Completely New Car in Fifty Years

PRESTON T. TUCKER

The Success Story of the Year

TESTED ON THE SPEEDWAY

The Facts About Tucker Financing and the Tucker Plant

ALL ATTENDANCE RECORDS BROKEN

You'll Step Into a New Automotive Age when You Drive Your

Tucker '48

The Amazing SAFETY FEATURES of This Car Will Set a FUTURE PATTERN for the Industry

A Completely New Car

Referring to advertisements ordered by Tucker, one of his executives said, "He had a bundle of untested, unproved and highly questionable engineering ideas in an early and experimental state of development"

RUS ARNOLD

Preston Thomas Tucker sits at the wheel of a handmade Tucker car. Note the gearshift rod he is fingering. It reveals that the car is equipped with a reworked Cord transmission. The Tucker Corporation once paid $223,105 to a Tucker-controlled machine shop to get 25 of these reworked transmissions

Where Did Investors' Money Go?

A bizarre episode, the debut of the Tin Goose was part of an even more incredible series of events which, culminating in the collapse of the Tucker bubble, swallowed some $26,000,000 of big and little people's money.

What happened to these millions?

Why didn't Tucker get into production with his Cyclops-eyed car?

Swarms of government probers: the F.B.I., the SEC, a federal Bankruptcy Court, a grand jury, and sleuths from the War Assets Administration (owner of the Tucker plant) dug for months into the wreckage of Tucker's carless car empire to find many answers.

Some of them, as reconstructed by SEC accountants, were:

Officers and promoters took approximately $4,000,000 of Tucker Corporation cash. Of this, some $750,000 went to Tucker.

The Tucker Corporation spent $1,011,000 to advertise as accomplished facts radical and experimental ideas which might be unsolvable or at least take years to solve.

The Tucker Corporation paid a machine shop controlled by Tucker $350,000 for engine and transmission work. D. McCall White, designer of the Cadillac V-8, consultant to Tucker and a Scotsman, protested that the jobs should have cost about $40,000.

The Tucker Corporation footed Tucker family living expenses at Chicago's Drake Hotel for six months. This included paying for clothes, cameras and entertainment which the family charged to hotel bills. Later, had they but known it, buyers of Tucker stock paid items like $740 for pictures taken of daughter Marilyn's marriage to R. N. Parsons, who, fresh from college, went on the Tucker Corporation pay roll at $10,000 a year.

The company purchased an airplane from Tucker after paying him a three-month rental fee of $15,000. The company indirectly put out $44,000 for a yacht for Tucker, for which he had paid $23,000. Ostensibly for marine-engine research, the yacht was manned by a crew of two, one of whom described himself as "engineer in charge of drinks."

This freewheeling use of other people's money explains only part of the Tucker promotion puzzle. Some other questions may never be answered.

How did an obscure young man without wealth or reputation win the juiciest plum in the government's postwar larder—the $171,000,000 Dodge plant? Even more remarkable, how did he win this plant when he was already in difficulties with the government on tax fraud charges and sued by his wartime employer, Andrew J. Higgins, for an accounting of $845,000?

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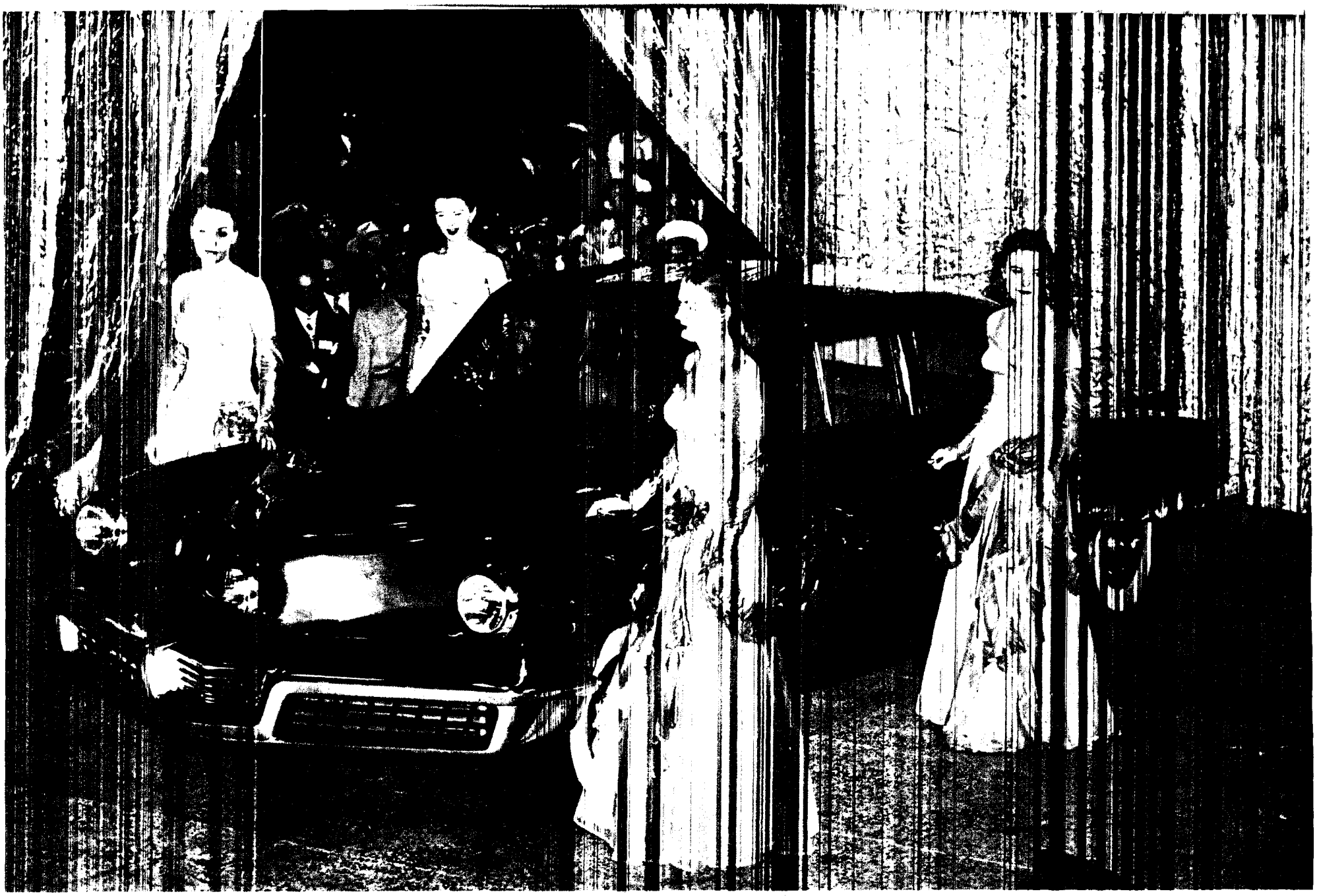

Numerous and gaudy "world premières" of the Cyclops-eyed Tucker car helped to sell $17,000,000 of stock and $6,300,000 in dealerships to an eager public

How did Tucker raise millions *after* the SEC had questioned the way he handled company money, and California officials had barred his stock as "a fraud upon the purchasers"?

Hurdles, indeed, for any enterprising young American businessman, but Tucker surmounted them all.

"This is a big deal, an international deal," he said.

This was true.

In the Union of South Africa and in Siam, in Rhodesia and in Egypt, in Argentina and in Belgium—in 39 foreign countries all told, businessmen kicked in from $1,000 to $40,000 apiece for the right to sell "the car of tomorrow."

In America, 1,800-odd dealers and distributors paid $6,300,000 for the same privilege. Then they built an estimated $100,000,000 worth of showrooms. These remained mute and empty memorials to the car that never came—except to 28 dealers who paid $5,000 apiece for handmade samples.

Another 50,000 plain Joes—cabdrivers and mechanics carried away by tales of the miracle car, wage earners, G.I.s and G.I.s' widows—traded $17,000,000 of savings for Tucker Corporation shares. And still other cash-happy folk plunked down $2,300,000 for seat covers, radios, heaters and other accessories to put in a car that was not then, nor ever, in production. They did it to win places in line for Tucker cars.

By August, 1948, Tucker had promoted more than $26,000,000. By May of this year there remained in cash, according to Federal Bankruptcy trustees, exactly $69,035.

What had Tucker accomplished with the money? The trustees reported he didn't even have "the necessary assembly lines and . . . necessary . . . tools, dies and other similar accessories . . . to manufacture a car." For the vanished millions, Tucker could chiefly show 49 experimental, handmade model cars.

Described by the SEC as of "questionable quality," the Tucker car, according to Tucker's own engineers, would need months of additional engineering and $50,000,000 additional money before it could be put into production.

This is the story of P. Tommy Tucker, his car, and his stranger-than-Mother-Goose adventures in promoting and building an industrial empire.

Meet Some Members of the Cast

In its cast of characters there appear an ex-convict who had served three and one half years for bank embezzlement, a provocative countess, a bad-check artist and press agents who served as go-betweens in clandestine pay-off deals. Playing a role, too, are obliging government officials who, above and beyond the call of duty, held a $171,000,000 plant for Tucker even after he had given as a deposit a $150,000 check for which there was less than $3,000 in the bank—and then, when Tucker had the plant, went on his pay roll. The cast is adorned by ex-Republican committeewoman Mrs. Dudley C. Hay, whose husband, no engineer, received $17,000 for Tucker appraisal services.

In the cast are advertising experts who built up Tucker as a "recognized automotive engineer," although, as the SEC later found, he had never finished high school, had flunked mechanical arts, and had qualifications that could be summed up as those "of an ordinary garage mechanic."

Heading it all up is the boyish, grinning P. T. Tucker himself, a bewildering combination of P. T. Barnum, Huck Finn, Jimmy Walker and Baron Munchausen, with a talent for telling stories that people believed and a genius for spending money.

Investors could have learned about some of Tucker's ways with money before they entrusted him with their hard cash. The SEC had spelled out those ways for all the world to see. Under the law the SEC does not, as is generally supposed, either approve or blackball stock issues. All it can do is make the promoter bare his secrets. These are published in a prospectus, which the investor is urged to read before he plunks his money down.

Here are some tidbits that the SEC extracted from Tucker in lengthy hearings that were made public in June, 1947, before the stock went on sale.

He paid no cash into his own promotion (he told Chicago newspapers he put in more than $1,000,000).

Lacking the $100,000 he needed to buy founder's stock didn't daunt him. Here's how Tucker managed: He submitted an expense account covering 333 days, charging, according to SEC, $40 per diem, exclusive of hotel bills and transportation charges—to cover taxis, tickets, limousines, racing tickets, etc." For this and other claims on the Tucker Corporation, he received $100,000. This he turned over for stock which gave him control of the company.

And a $15,000 check, paid for a Tucker franchise and supposedly deposited in a Tucker Corporation escrow account, was found in Tucker's personal bank account instead. Discovered, he returned the money.

Tucker, in the flesh, is as revealing as the SEC's disclosures about him. "Come up to my apartment and let's get acquainted," he told me in Chicago. "I'll pick you up in my Tucker."

Unshaved, wearing a leather hunting jacket, and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 68)

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voluntarily began to circle under it. Then he realized he was misjudging it. "Make it look good, Twinkletoes!" some deep voice was yelling.

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WE WON'T BE NEEDING YOU, AL

By SCOTT YOUNG

If he were ever to play a good nine innings of baseball, this was the time to do it

ALLAN MENCKENDORF walked from the dugout with the splayed stride made necessary by his heavy leg guards. He was thick in the thighs and chest and shoulders, the biggest among the thirty or so young baseball players shagging flies and playing pepper ball and warming up along the side lines. Although his tanned, fleshy face looked a few years older, he was twenty-two and blond and had to shave only every other day.

Already the hot prairie sun of this day early in June —the first warm day of the Manitoba summer—had made the beginnings of a black sweat mark between his shoulder blades. He stood alone near third base, his mitted left hand doubled against his thigh, and watched the stands fill with men in shirt sleeves and women in bright hot-weather dresses. Boys in white coats yelled peanuts, popcorn, ice-cold drinks. Over the long grandstand, the sky was a pure blue broken only by the slender fluttering flags.

Here came Bud, the pitcher, waving to his pretty dark-haired wife in the stands. Now he was grinning over his shoulder at someone in the Maroons' dugout.

"Quit laughing at your own jokes, Bud," the catcher said with a shy grin. "Warm up good. Today you've got to give me something to remember you by."

The pitcher stopped smiling and pounded his fist slowly into his glove. "Too bad you've gotta work today," he said. "They shouldn't work you today."

"It isn't that I won't be having a long rest," the catcher said.

"What're you going to do?"

"Go home and look for a job."

"Baseball?"

Menckendorf had thought this out and his answer was ready, but to him his voice sounded too earnest. "No more than semipro. If I can't even hold a place on a Class D club, there's no use throwing good years after bad. I'll get a job and play Sunday ball." He couldn't help what he said, then. "I probably ought to quit altogether."

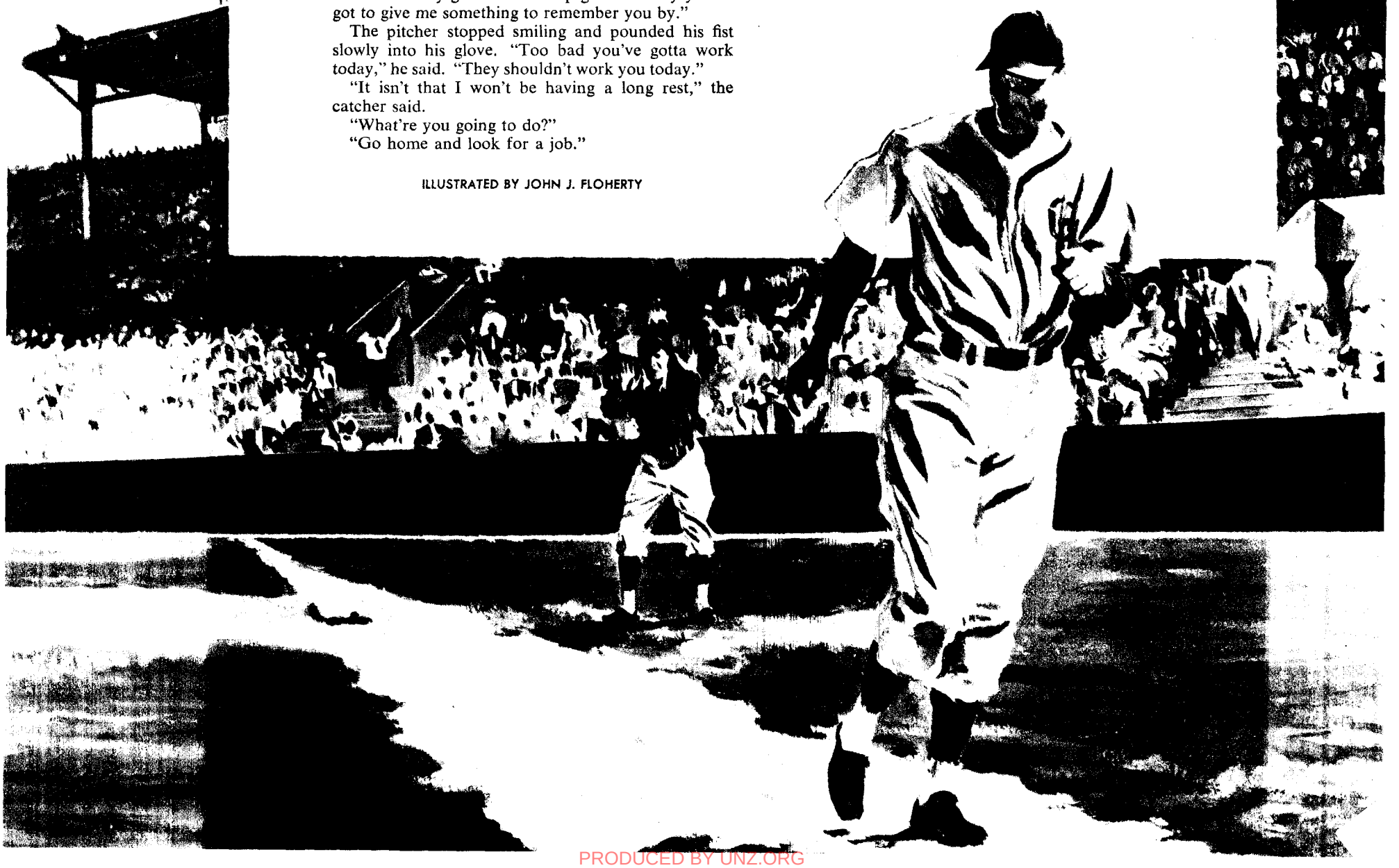
There was a silence. Bud had been with the club two years, one less than Menckendorf, and was doing well enough that he could expect a try with a better club, maybe next year. He was only twenty and he didn't know except by instinct how to act with a man who had failed.

"Let's me and you win this one," he said, and smiled full into Menckendorf's face and walked along the third-base line and took up a position to throw.

Menckendorf crouched and his mitt thumped with the southpaw's first pitch. The cries of the young ballplayers taking infield practice were high and urgent above the murmur of the growing crowd. Bud was throwing easily at first and Menckendorf tossed them

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 47)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN J. FLOHERTY



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With each of eight sets tuned to a different channel, A. B. Du Mont sits in the monitor room of his laboratory and compares all the programs in the area

Mr. Television

By CRAIG THOMPSON

Allen Du Mont's faith in the cathode-ray tube—magic gadget of countless uses—started the heartbeat of an industry he believes will soon be one of the nation's ten biggest. This is the story of his perseverance, and what it now means to you

ELEVEN years ago, Allen Balcom Du Mont, the television man, needed money to build a broadcasting station. He made a deal with Paramount Pictures. In exchange for 56,000 shares of Du Mont stock, Paramount put up $56,000 for what is now WABD, home station in the Du Mont TV network. Time passed, Du Mont expanded and the stock got split ten for one. Today Paramount's 560,000 shares would fetch $7,560,000 on the market, or exactly 135 times what it cost. But Paramount isn't selling; it thinks the stock is worth at least ten million.

Last December, out of its 1948 profits, the Allen B. Du Mont Laboratories, Inc., cut a two-bit melon and passed out $509,898—a dividend of 25 cents a share to its holders of common stock. It was not a golden cloudburst, but it *was* the first payment of its kind in company history. Eighteen years ago, during his first year in business for himself, Du Mont put around $25,000 of both his own and borrowed money into his laboratory, and made $70 worth of sales.

In a dollar sense, that's the story of Du Mont, television, and a wizard gadget called the cathode-ray tube, which converts invisible impulses into patterns of light. But, though money always talks, it rarely tells all. There's more to Du Mont's tale than can be beaten out of any adding machine.

Television is already a billion-dollar industry, but it is still a baby, seeing things it can't name or understand, and naming things with words not yet in any dictionary. Consider the raster. A raster is the pattern of lines that appears briefly on a television screen when the power is snapped on. Every day millions see one without even knowing that it has a name; yet it's the raster that shapes the light patterns

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into an image, thereby putting vision in television.

Or, consider the name Du Mont. Over the air, on receiving sets and in newspaper ads and technical libraries, millions see it every day without once considering that it is the surname of a ruddy, square-rigged, mentally restless and physically tireless inventor-engineer-businessman who, at forty-eight, is the master raster of television and far on his way toward becoming America's newest industrial tycoon.

In show business, television has generated an atmosphere reminiscent of the Florida land boom of the middle twenties. "Million-dollar ideas" are as common as alligators in the Everglades, "big operators" spring up and disappear overnight, promotion schemes that will "completely revolutionize" the industry are tossed around with carefree abandon. Everyone wants a piece of television and is afraid someone else is going to get ahead of him.

Truth More Amazing Than Legends

In this frantic, unreal world, legends get born and grow to fabulous size over two highballs, and whenever television legends are in the making, Du Mont is a staple ingredient. Men who know him well say in one breath that he is an inventor living in a cloud and an absent-minded-professor type to whom a dollar doesn't mean a thing. In the next they say he's the only inventor in history who has ever made more money than his finance-wise promoters. The fabulous fact is that both statements are essentially true. Where Du Mont is concerned, the legend builders might as well take a holiday—they can't improve on the truth.

To see him in his true perspective it is necessary to cross the Hudson River to Passaic and Montclair, New Jersey, and watch Du Mont at work, either in his office or his field laboratory. There, within a radius of a few miles, he is surrounded by 26 small Du Mont factories that he is now in the process of welding into four big ones. In these, approximately 2,800 workers turn out, at the rate of more than 1,000 a day, cathode-ray tubes which only 19 years ago were rare and costly laboratory curiosities. The tubes, in turn, are wired into transmission equipment for broadcasting stations all over the world, or into receiving sets for homes across the country.

Du Mont's office door is always open, and outside it a battery of secretaries, their typewriters clacking, keep their ears cocked to catch the boss's every request, order or question. His large desk is piled with production reports, company reports, technical literature few laymen could understand, and charts showing how his firm is doing among its competitors.

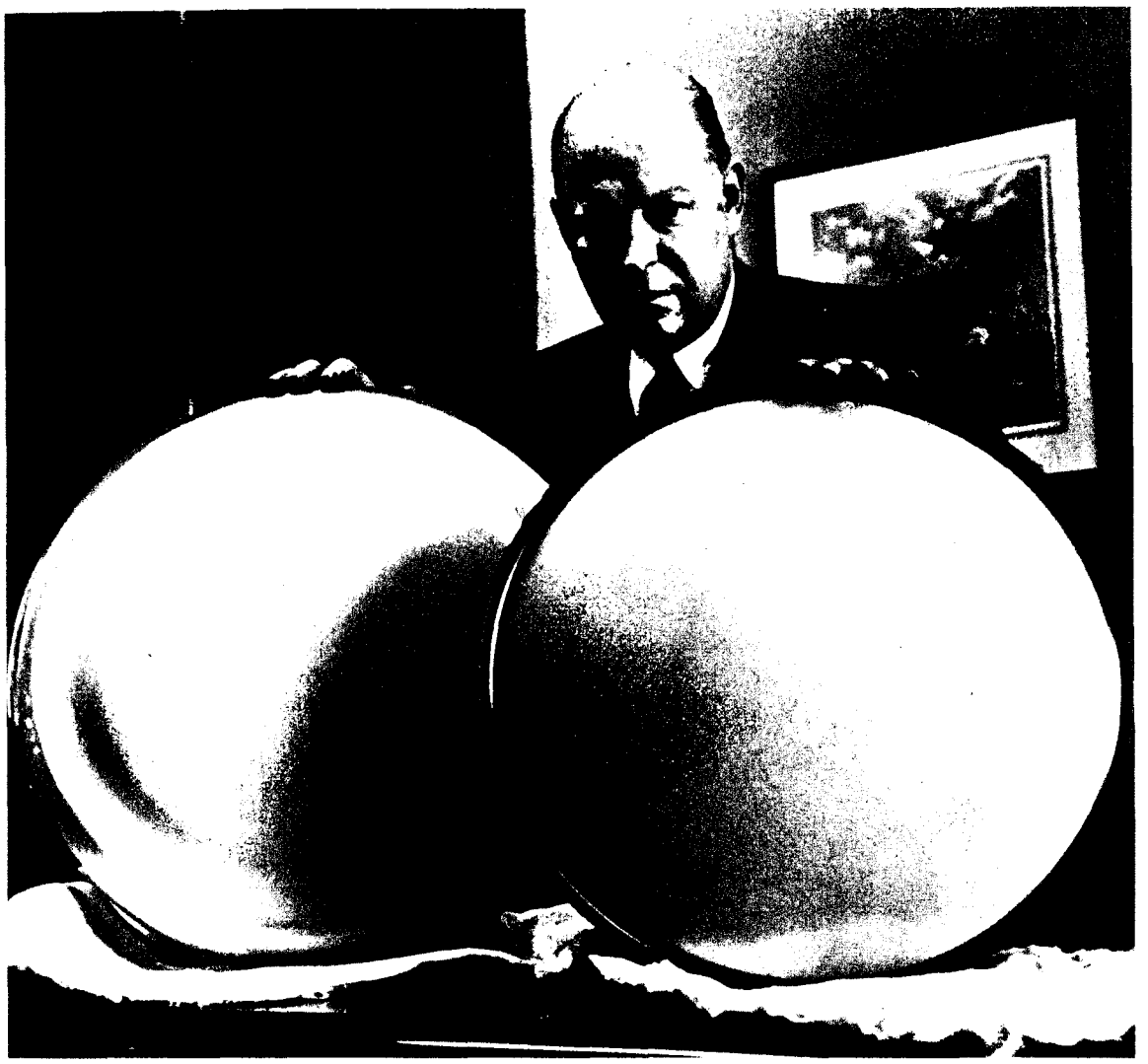
Built into one office wall is a television receiver, the controls of which are wired into his desk. Without moving he can check instantly on what is going out over the air from WABD as well as the rival stations in New York and Philadelphia. Both a manufacturer and a broadcaster, Du Mont has to keep an eye on everything. In one field his competitors include giants like RCA, General Electric and Westinghouse, and in the other, CBS, ABC and NBC.

In 1946, the first peace production year, Du Mont's factories made and sold $2,290,000 worth of television products. The next year, the figure nearly quintupled to $11,000,000. In 1948, it more than doubled to $26,000,000; and this year business has been steadily hitting around $1,000,000 per week, for an indicated total of $55,000,000—another double. How long Du Mont can go on winning the yearly double is anybody's guess, and his own is that he will be able to do it as long as the present market lasts.

In industry, expansion and profits seldom go together, but the meaty fact about Du Mont is that, among manufacturers, he has maintained the fastest rate of growth in the industry and, at the same time, the largest margin of profit. Among broadcasting network operators, where everybody is

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42)

Standing amid a sea of upturned cathode-ray tubes in the Du Mont plant at Passaic, New Jersey, are, left to right, Stanley J. Koch, Du Mont's second employee, who started as a glass blower and rose to engineer in charge of tube development; Dr. Du Mont and Dr. Thomas T. Goldsmith, Jr., Director of Research, a title he originally picked for himself after serving an apprenticeship which included sweeping the floors



Allen B. Du Mont holds the old (left) and the new 20-inch cathode-ray tubes. These take invisible impulses and, through a "gun" in the small end, convert them into patterns of light which are thrown onto the large, fluorescent-coated eye. In the old all-glass tube, only that area inside the faint shadow circle can be utilized for the image. But in the new tube, not yet in production, the entire surface is used

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK MANNING

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The Little Courtesies

By JACK FINNEY

Why does a girl need a silk purse when she's married to an amiable sow's ear like Timberlake Ryan?

LYING stretched out on the davenport, his head on one armrest, his slippered feet on the other, Mr. Timberlake Ryan put down his book and turned to look at his wife. She was seated in a big red-leather chair across the living room, sewing a button to a white shirt of his, and for a moment he watched her, smiling a little, then he spoke. "That light's bad for your eyes," he said solicitously. "Why don't you move over here?"

Eve glanced at the silk-shaded lamp on the table beside her, then lowered her head to her sewing again. "It's good enough," she said. "Anyway, I'm nearly through."

Again Tim watched her for a moment, repressing some inner amusement, his flat cheeks sucked in to prevent a smile. "Well, shouldn't you get a thimble or something?" His voice was concerned. "You might stick yourself."

Eve looked up quickly, suspiciously, studying his thin strong-featured face, but his dark brows were raised, his blue eyes wide, in apparent honest concern for her comfort. "No," she said, "I don't need a thimble," and resumed her sewing. "But it's nice," she added skeptically, "to know you're worried about my safety and well-being."

"It's my only thought," said Tim. "I'm always thinking—" He interrupted himself, raising up on one elbow, leaning forward, his eyes narrowed, and Eve lifted her head to see him staring intently at the side of her dress. "What's that?" he said. "A spot or something?"

She looked down at her dress, a tiny vertical wrinkle appearing in her full white forehead, her yellow hair shining in the lamplight as she moved. "Where?" she said, pulling at her dress. "I don't see anyth—"

"Back. Farther back by the— Stand up."

Eve stood up, twisting her head, tugging at the waist of her beige skirt.

"Oh!" His voice was relieved. "It's nothing, I guess; it must have been the light or something. Look, honey"—he grinned—"while you're up, whip out to the refrigerator and get me a—"

Eve promptly sat down. "Oh, no!" she said. "I might have known you were only—"

"Now, wait a second! You know the rules; you were up!"

She sniffed scornfully. "Rules," she said. "They don't apply to a moronic trick like that." She smiled, lowering her head to her sewing again. "I'll bet you've been lying there for twenty minutes just waiting for me to get up."

"Twenty-five."

For a time the room was quiet again, Eve intent on her sewing, while Timberlake Ryan read his book. Presently he put down his book and turned to his wife again. "What am I?" he said. He began blinking his eyes alternately, first the left eye, holding it closed for an instant, then popping it open as the right eye shut.

She did not look up. "Tim, if you're so particular about what shirt you wear tomorrow and you want this one ready, you'll just have to stop interrupting."

"I hear what you say," said Tim calmly, "and I interpret your words to mean, 'Tim, I will gladly get up and get you anything you want from the refrigerator.' "

"What?" She looked at him, puzzled.

"Semantics. I've been reading about it. Words are only arbitrary symbols; they have no meaning of their own. They mean only what you *want* them to mean, what you *think* they mean. Now, you may think your words meant one thing, but my interpretation is fully as justified, and I accept your invitation."

"Tim, sometimes I don't know what you're talking about."

"Exactly what I was saying."

Eve sighed and did not answer, and after a moment Tim again began to blink his eyes in a slow steady rhythm, right eye, left eye, right eye, left. "What am I?" he said again. "This'll only take a second. Just one quick look and you'll have it."

Eve did not raise her head. "I give up," she said.

"A railroad sign," said Tim disgustedly. "A crossing light; should be obvious to a child of three."

"A crossing light?" she murmured.

"Of course, honey," Tim said. "You know the kind: the two red warning lights that go on and off alternately."

"Like a neon sign?" said Eve.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

After a moment Tim again began to blink his eyes in a steady rhythm, right eye, left eye, right eye, left. He said to Eve, "What am I? One look and you'll have it."

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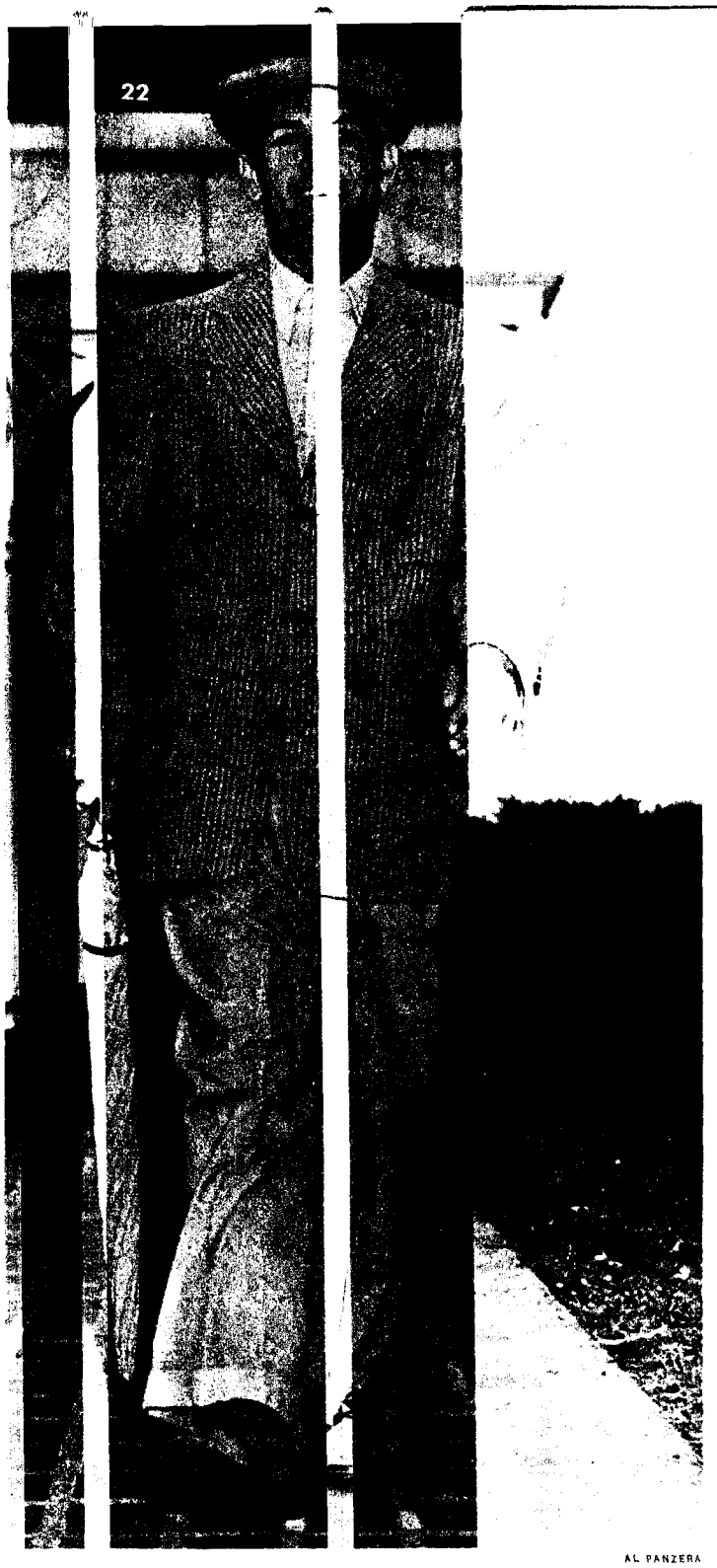

AL PANZERA

Wearing loose-fitting G.I. shoes and looking sharp, Hogan is home again. He takes a slow, easy stroll down the sidewalk

En route by train to Fort Worth, Ben and Valerie, his wife, smiled over some newspaper accounts of Ben's vicissitudes

AL PANZERA

Battle of the Crippled Champ

Ben Hogan, tiny terror of professional golf until his accident on a Texas road, is battling heavy odds to get back his health. No champion ever had a bigger gallery of rooters

By JACK MURPHY

The author, formerly of the Tulsa World and now a sports writer on the Star-Telegram in Ben Hogan's home town, Fort Worth, has been watching the mighty little golfer in his long, hard fight to make a comeback

NOT so long ago, when bite-sized Ben Hogan stepped up to the first tee in any golf tournament, competing pros felt cold shivers around their pocketbooks. Little Ben, the former caddie who blasted his way up to become one of the greatest money golfers of all time, was so cool, so practiced, so near perfection that his fellow contestants dreaded being paired with him.

Today those same pros, along with thousands of other golfers and sport fans, are rooting for the tiny terror to win the stiffest match of his life.

In 1948 it was the heart of a champion that enabled Ben to grab the U.S. Open, the Western Open, and the P.G.A.—the first time anyone had ever taken all three in a single year. Ben never needed that champion's heart more than he does right now. Wearing a cast from his waist to his knees, the aftermath of a near-fatal auto accident, he's painfully playing for skyscraper stakes—complete recovery and ultimate return to big-time competition.

Although he can't stay on his aching, swollen feet and legs more than a few minutes at a time, Ben considers himself lucky to be walking at all. If it hadn't been for his lightning reflexes, conditioned by years of tournament play, he and his pretty wife, Valerie, probably wouldn't be around to remember the crash.

It happened last February 2d, as the Hogans were driving to Fort Worth from Arizona, where Ben had copped second place in the Phoenix Open. They were happily going back to complete the furnishing of their new home, in which they'd lived only eight days before Ben struck out for California and the gold-plated P.G.A. winter meets.

Little Ice Water had got off to another slam-bang start on the sunshine circuit. He'd won both the Bing Crosby and the Long Beach matches, but then he'd overruled the friends who wanted him to go on to the competition at Tucson. He was determined to play only a few exhibitions before rejoining the pro troupe in April for Bobby Jones's famed Masters' tourney at Augusta. That was the only major prize that had eluded him to date, and he wanted to be ready.

The road to Fort Worth, Highway 80, was one that Ben and Valerie always had traveled on their annual trips to the West Coast. They knew it well: a flat, lonely straightaway, stretching for hundreds of miles across the dusty west Texas prairie—sage and sand on either side, not a dangerous curve or bend anywhere. Driving along, Ben liked to bear down on the accelerator, confident that he couldn't be safer on the salt flats of Utah.

On the fatal morning of February 2d, the atmosphere was generally clear, but in spots a dense fog hung over the road—a soup so thick that from time to time Ben had to turn on his lights. Beyond the hamlet of Van Horn, as he was inching along at a cautious 30 miles per hour, he suddenly saw four huge lights, side by side, bearing down on him.

Two of the lights belonged to a bus, which was passing a six-wheel truck and hurtling straight for the Hogans' car.

Ben couldn't swerve; there was a culvert on his side of the road. Calculating his chances, he made the split-second decision that preserved his life and probably saved Valerie from serious injury.

Recalling those agonizing instants before the impact, Valerie admits that she was so terrified she couldn't move, scream or breathe. "I had a feeling of helplessness and hopelessness," she told me. "It was the end—a situation in which we had no chance."

Ironically enough, she and Ben had been discussing the highway hazards of his profession only a few hours before—and marveling that golfers, who travel so much, are so seldom in collisions.

An Action Guided by Instinct

With the bus lights a few feet away, Ben didn't have time to think. "I just put my head down," he says, "and dived across Valerie's lap, like I was diving into a pool of water."

The collision hurled the engine of the Hogan car back into the front seat, where Ben had been sitting a second before. (The auto later had to be sold for junk.)

Valerie says Ben was so still that at first she thought he was dead. Then she saw him move, feebly, and knew there was still some hope. She was pinned under him on the seat, but she wriggled out and stopped a man and woman who were driving by.

They helped Valerie get Ben out and stretched him on the back seat of their car, where he came to, briefly.

"I remember my leg was hurting," Ben says, "and I asked somebody to hold it. Then I started getting very cold and asked them to cover it. I passed out again—I guess I passed out a dozen times before the ambulance finally got there. I don't remember them putting me in it."

Valerie says she aged a hundred years in the time it took for an ambulance to arrive. Ben kept getting grayer and grayer, and she was sure he was sinking fast. The ambulance was late because apparently everybody in the crowd that had gathered thought that somebody else had summoned aid.

Regaining consciousness again in the ambulance, Ben asked to be taken to Pecos, a small town 89 miles ahead on the route he and Valerie had been traveling. "He wanted to keep on going toward home," Valerie recalls. "If he'd known we were taking him all the way back to El Paso, we would've had real trouble with him!"

After stopping in Van Horn for X rays, the ambulance took the Hogans all the way back to El Paso, 119 miles, and checked them into a hospital called Hotel Dieu. There the doctors totted up the score: for Ben, a fractured pelvis, broken collarbone, chipped rib and fractured left ankle; for Valerie, a black eye, bruises around ribs and legs.

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INTERNATIONAL

At El Paso's Hotel Dieu hospital, Ben receives some admirers—John Payne (third from left) and some other movie people, in town for the première of "El Paso"

Soon the medics began issuing optimistic bulletins. The superbly conditioned Hogan was making an astonishing recovery. After 15 days he began planning to return to Fort Worth. He was even hoping to attend the September Ryder Cup matches in England as a player—not merely as nonplaying captain, as his old friend Jimmy Demaret had generously suggested.

Then, abruptly, on February 18th, disaster threatened again. Ben began complaining of severe chest pains. Doctors found that a blood clot had moved from his left leg up into his lungs. Then they detected another clot.

After a telephonic consultation with specialists at the Mayo Clinic, the doctors decided to send for Dr. Alton S. Ochsner, professor of surgery at Tulane, in New Orleans.

Ben was sinking fast. His brother Royal, who had flown up from Fort Worth, moved to bring Dr. Ochsner to El Paso with all possible haste. But to Royal's dismay, he learned that air connections between New Orleans and El Paso were painfully slow and complicated. No chartered planes were available.

In desperation, Royal telephoned Brigadier General David W. Hutchison, commander at near-by Biggs Air Force base. Could the general help a man who had served two years in the Air Forces in wartime?

The general's reply was to rout out the members of a B-29 crew at 3:30 A.M. and send them winging to New Orleans. They were back at 11:30 A.M., having set down just long enough to haul the surgeon aboard.

By that time Ben had sunk so low that everyone had almost given up hope. The doctors had thinned his blood to prevent further clotting, and his blood count was down to 17. If it had gone down seven more the champion's heart would have failed at last.

While Royal and Valerie prayed in the Hotel Dieu chapel, one of the leading news services prepared an obituary that was widely distributed to papers. Some sheets even had it set in type.

Surgery in a Desperate Emergency

Upon his arrival, Dr. Ochsner immediately ordered three transfusions. He built Ben's blood count up to 30—that's still 50 below the level considered safe for surgery—then decided he couldn't wait any longer. In a two-hour operation, he made a wide incision in Ben's abdomen and tied off the *vena cava,* the vein which feeds blood into the heart from the lower side. If this hadn't been done, a third clot might have moved up from Ben's leg and lodged in his heart.

Tying the vessel worked the necessary miracle. Valerie's and Royal's prayers were answered, and a wobbly Ben Hogan, 26 pounds underweight, began the long climb back to the day when he hopes he'll once again begin slamming 'em down the fairways.

Fighting against top-heavy odds is nothing new to little Ben Hogan. He and Valerie have been on uncomfortably intimate terms with much hardship for long periods. Ben's whole life has been a battle, from the time he first opened his eyes and squawked in Dublin, Texas, on August 13, 1912.

Ben's father, Chester, was the village blacksmith. He died when the boy was young, and Mrs. Clara Hogan moved her little family to Fort Worth. There Ben began selling newspapers to help out at home. He quit when he heard that caddies at the Glen Garden Country Club were getting 65 cents an hour.

He was twelve then, and small for his age. When he went to Glen Garden looking for a job, the other caddies welcomed him by putting him in a barrel and rolling it down an incline behind the clubhouse. Ben came out considerably banged up, whereupon one of the older caddies made him fight a lad his own size. Ben won, and got a job.

Lugging the members' bags around the course, he soon decided that he wanted to learn to play himself. There was just one trouble: He was a southpaw, and couldn't afford left-handed clubs. So he trained himself to play right-handed.

Friends who knew Ben in those days say he had no natural ability. It was pure determination that

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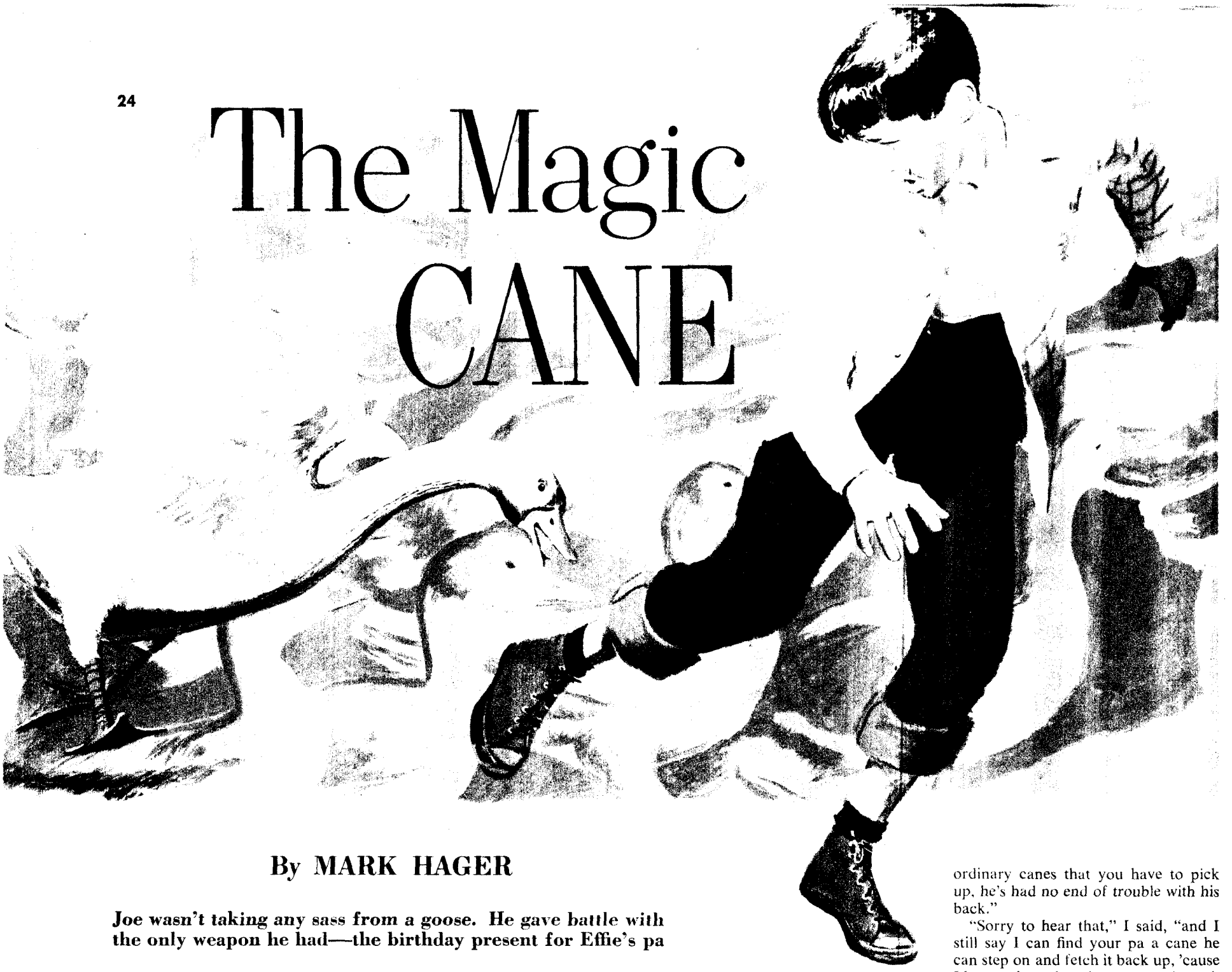
The Magic CANE



By MARK HAGER

Joe wasn't taking any sass from a goose. He gave battle with the only weapon he had—the birthday present for Effie's pa

EFFIE'S pa's geese never did like me. I never did know why. I couldn't think of any reason why the geese shouldn't like me. But they didn't. From the time I was big enough to walk past Effie's pa's house until I was big enough to carry Effie's books, her pa's geese had nibbled my legs black and blue. And after I started carrying Effie's books, the geese got worse. They'd lay for me along the road, and tackle me before I got near the house.

It was getting me into trouble because the geese didn't bother Otis Riley. And with me detouring around Effie's pa's place in order to get to school, it left the road wide open for Otis Riley to walk on by Effie's house and wait for her at the yard gate like I wanted to do. It made my heart ache just to think about Otis Riley having such advantage over me with my girl.

Once I asked Otis. "Does them geese of Effie's pa's ever tackle you?" I said.

"Why, shucks, no," Otis said, and then he looked at me like he was thinking I was some kind of a coward. He explained how you had to let girls and geese and things like that know you ain't afraid of them, and they won't bother you.

But still, I had a feeling Effie was really my girl if I could only get past this flock of geese of her pa's. I had that feeling because she would tag me at play time at the schoolhouse, and then run around behind the schoolhouse with me after her. Then she'd lean her shoulders against the schoolhouse and put her hands first in front and then behind her and be all fidgety, and say, "You didn't come by to carry my books."

I'd say, "I was late this morning. I had to take the near cut across the ridge."

I didn't want to come right out and tell Effie how I was being bit by this flock of geese of her pa's.

One time she showed me a present she had bought for her pa because it was his birthday. It was a pipe with a crooked stem, and I said, "You know, Effie, I'd kind of like to buy your pa a birthday present."

"Why would you?" Effie asked.

"Oh, just because he's your pa, I reckon." Then I asked her what else besides a pipe did she think her pa would like. Of course Effie knew I did not have any money except nickels and dimes I could wheedle out of my mother the same as she wheedled her nickels and dimes. So she told me her pa had lost his walking cane, and had been searching the hills for another cane like it. She said he fell off the foot-log one day and the cane got loose from him and floated down the creek and he never did hear from it any more.

I said, "Why, honey, that's a small scimption to find your pa another walking cane."

"Not like the one he lost," Effie said. "You see my pa's a man who never did like to bend his back, and after years of searching he found a cane that was crooked in just the right places so that in case he dropped it, he could step on it, and one end would come back up to his hands without him stooping over. And since he lost it and has to use ordinary canes that you have to pick up, he's had no end of trouble with his back."

"Sorry to hear that," I said, "and I still say I can find your pa a cane he can step on and fetch it back up, 'cause I know where there is a ten-acre boundary of dogwood bushes crookeder'n a dog's hind leg. How long have I got to find this cane before your pa's birthday comes up?"

"This is Wednesday," Effie said, "and Pa's birthday comes up Sunday. You got Thursday, Friday and Saturday—but you can't do it, Joe. No, sir, because Otis Riley's been hunting one for a month and he can't find none like my pa wants. I reckon Otis has fetched him a dozen, and Pa steps on them but they won't come up 'cause they ain't got the right crooks at the right places, so my pa says."

"You'll see me Sunday morning," I told Effie, "and I'll have your pa's cane with just the right crooks in it." The bell rang and we had to get back inside the schoolhouse.

On Thursday and Friday evenings and until late in the night I searched the dogwood thickets. When it got dark I searched with my flashlight, and chopped out canes with my hatchet. I'd trim them up good, and they'd look perfect—not straight any where, like a capital S. I'd take a shoulder load of canes home and step on them, but they wouldn't come back up just right. It was about midnight on Saturday night that I brought in the last shoulder load, and after trying them out, I came to one that would come back up from being stepped on at three different places.

I took it to bed with me that night and didn't sleep much for just feeling of the curves and crooks of this cane for Effie's pa. I had a feeling that her pa being a man who did not like to bend his back would appreciate this a lot, and that once I could devise some plan to get by the flock of geese, I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 52)

ILLUSTRATED BY KEN COWHEY

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Polgar, Mind Detective

By DANIEL P. MANNIX

Is hypnotism the bunk? Likewise mind reading? Meet the amazing Dr. Franz J. Polgar, a man who doesn't think so. But don't go up on a stage with him. He might take a look at you, and give you the biggest surprise you ever had!

A PLAINLY dressed, thickset little man walked into the offices of Carnegie Hall in New York and laid down a thousand dollars that he had saved from his job as an elevator operator. "I want to rent the hall for a week to put on the most remarkable exhibition in history," he said in broken English.

The manager asked what he had to offer.

The little man tapped his big head. "I have nothing but my brain. That will be enough."

It was enough. A capacity audience watched unbelieving while the little man caused them to see visions, located hidden objects by mental telepathy, forced respectable men and women to steal from their neighbors, and memorized the contents of three current magazines in a few minutes. The chunky stranger had no supernatural powers. He had simply developed the inherent powers of the human mind to an almost unbelievable degree.

This man was Dr. Franz J. Polgar. He has two doctorate degrees—one in economics and one in psychology—from the University of Hungary. He studied under Sigmund Freud, in Vienna, and during World War I he was a first lieutenant in the Hungarian cavalry. While in the service, he experimented with the psychological theories that he had learned from his professors and sometimes got excellent results. A high-ranking officer in his regiment was suffering from combat fatigue—"shell shock" it was called then—and after a few drinks he would begin to babble important military secrets. Polgar hypnotized him and told him to forget the information he possessed. Instantly the officer's memory was wiped clean of the dangerous knowledge.

Dr. Polgar came to America in 1933 and got his first big publicity break through his ability to locate concealed objects by "contact mind reading." To perform this feat, he virtually reads the mind of the person who has hidden the object. He takes the person by the wrist and while walking back and forth, like a child playing "hot and cold," he can tell by the subject's subconscious reactions when he is near the hidden article. The subject unconsciously guides the doctor to the object, but no two subjects respond in the same manner. One will unconsciously stiffen when the doctor is getting "hot"; another will relax, and still another will begin to tremble imperceptibly.

In February of 1943, the now defunct New York newspaper PM decided to test his powers. Hyman Goldberg, a feature writer, hid a secret object in the city and challenged him to find it. The doctor's friends urged him not to take such a chance with his reputation. But Dr. Polgar accepted.

"At first, I tried to guess where the reporter would probably hide an object," he recalls. "That was a mistake. A mind reader should never try to reason; he should always trust blindly to the subject's guiding impulses. The reporter seemed to have a Brooklyn accent so I called a taxi and we started for Brooklyn. On the way, I felt that we were going

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 77)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER

This is how Polgar gets them. The subject is Sara Taft, the actress. She's a volunteer, but sometimes the doctor can hypnotize people without their knowledge

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Slow down de chariot

Collier's bids farewell to the Widow Duck and her neighbors in this, the last of the Little Bee Bend plantation stories

By ROARK BRADFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAV REHBERGER

THE annual battle against Johnson grass had been won in the fields of Little Bee Bend plantation and the Widow Duck considered the situation just about right to sit on her front porch and argue religion.

The Widow Duck had her own ideas about religion and they did not always coincide with those of B'r Charlie, pastor of Old Ship of Zion church. This particular July morning, she had both B'r Charlie and Uncle Henry, the senior deacon, on her porch. Uncle Henry was short on theology but he had a sly biting tongue which could keep the preacher spurred to his level best.

Just across the bayou, a group of children were playing old witch. It was the game that started an argument which almost wrecked the religious structure of the plantation. The children had formed a ring around one of their group, singing:

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When the Widow Duck saw the cottage, she was very much impressed. **She spotted Uncle Henry on the porch talking to a slim, brown woman, presumably Beulah**

"Chick-a-me, chick-a-me, craney crow,
Went to the well to wash my toe.
When I got back my chicken was gone—
What time is it, old witch?"

"Time," observed B'r Charlie, "is jest de front door to eternity."

"Amen," approved the Widow Duck.

"De Bible speak about time," offered Uncle Henry.

B'r Charlie suspected a trap and he glared at the old lot man.

"Time was, time is and ever shall be," he said positively.

"I kin remember de time," the Widow Duck reminisced, "when a good man and one mule and a Georgia stock c'd make a fine crop on Little Bee. A smart man could, like Big Jim Haley. Big Jim took me and a big ole mule and made a solid fourteen bales on dem eight acres out yonder."

"Dat mule," Uncle Henry recalled, "was a big red scound'el name er Dinnymite. He c'd drag de fire outn a Georgia stock."

"I was a happy woman," the Widow Duck seemed to be talking to herself. "I tuck Big Jim Haley away f'm a frail brown over on Duke's Bend, and us made a crop for de books! Quick as de cotton got picked and sold, he lef' out, cause Big Jim was a tush hog and all hell couldn't hold him. But de year I had him, de time sho went fast."

"You's wrong, Senior Usher," B'r Charlie told her. "You went fast; not time. De time is now and hit stands yet still."

"H'mm," the Widow Duck was impressed. "Say on, pastor."

"Dat's what makes hit a mystery," the preacher continued. "When time was, hit's now. When time is, hit's now. When time shall be, hit's likewise. You speak about you and Big Jim Haley like hit was all water under yo' bridge. But you was a sinner and you done a sin. De Lawd forgove you, but he put dat thaing on yo' back and you's still totin' hit. You and Big Jim and dat sin and all was, is and ever shall be."

The Widow Duck lost interest and began to hum while the old preacher warmed to his subject. For several minutes B'r Charlie flung words and phrases that meant absolutely nothing but they sounded mighty holy. Soon the Widow Duck's humming took the shape of a tune, and before he knew it, Uncle Henry had begun to put words to the song in his age-cracked baritone. The Widow Duck switched from wordless humming to a rich alto,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34)

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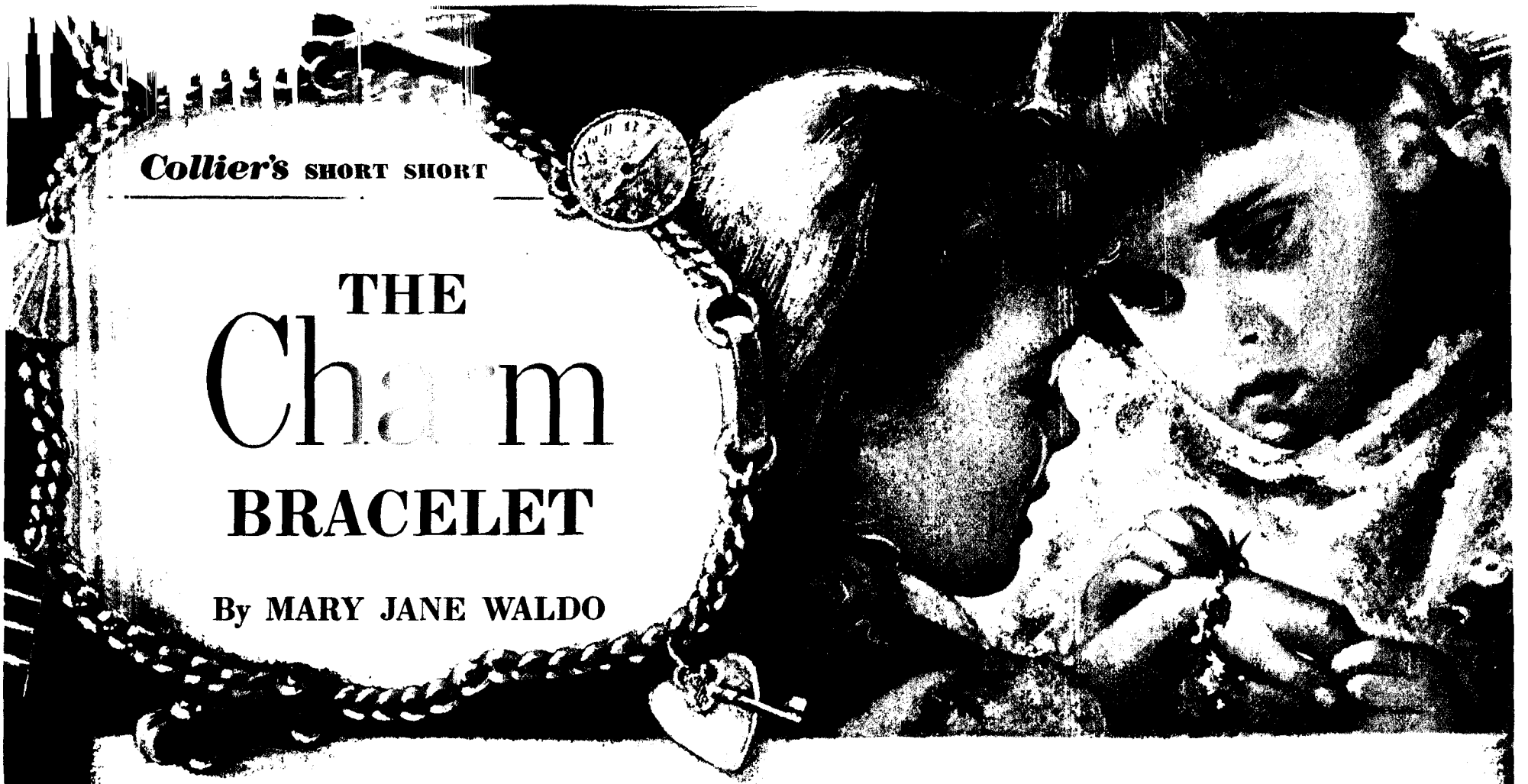

Collier's SHORT SHORT

THE Charm BRACELET

By MARY JANE WALDO

BARBARA'S feet would not go fast. They lingered beneath the groaning branches of Mr. Nesbitt's cherry trees, they loitered beside the Roberts' fishpond. A fat meadow lark on a telephone wire repeated over and over the same exquisite bar.

Through the drowsy air the progress of the baseball game two blocks away was plainly audible. "You're out!" someone screamed in a girl's shrieking treble. "It's my up. It's my up!" It was very painful to know that she *could* go and join them, and yet she couldn't either, for the thought of Joan's wistful face peering from the window in search of her friend would prick Barbara worse than a sliver.

She plodded on toward Joan's house, clutching in her hands the favor, the paper cap and the piece of birthday cake. At least there would be the birthday party to talk about. Or would it make Joanie cry? So many things made her cry, now, that you hardly dared say anything. She wasn't supposed to cry, because that made the rheumatic fever worse. So did laughing too hard, or shouting, or sitting up too long. The weeks went on and on, and four months had gone by; sometimes it seemed that Joan would *never* be well and Barbara would never have her afternoons to herself again.

She could see Joan's house now; Joan's mother was looking out the window with an anxious expression. When she saw Barbara she smiled and waved, and Barbara ran the rest of the way. The sight of Joan propped on her pillows, so skinny and white with eyes so dark in her pale face, made Barbara feel big and fat, too healthy and noisy.

"Hello, Joanie," she murmured, in a hushed sickroom voice.

Joan had seen the packages. "Did you bring me something, Barb?" she asked eagerly.

Barbara came over and laid the packages on Joanie's couch. "They're from the party," she explained.

Joan picked at the strings with her frail hands. "You open them, Barb," she said listlessly.

Barbara spread the blue hat, the angel-food cake and the baby in the peanut shell on the afghan which covered Joan. "Thank you for the darling panda, Joanie," she said earnestly.

"Mama picked it out," Joan answered indifferently. "Who was at the party? What was the favorite thing you got?"

With passion Barbara thought of the bicycle, the beautiful, swift, red-and-white bicycle. But she tactfully suppressed even a mention of the bicycle and thrust out her wrist toward Joan.

"This," she said proudly. "From Grandmother. And the beautifullest card came with it, that said: *To my favorite eight-year-old.*"

Joan took the tanned, chubby hand into her slender hot one and examined the bracelet closely. Typical of Grandmother's fabulous gifts from faraway Denver, it was a heavy linked chain, hung with seven exquisite charms and joined by a name plate upon which was engraved Barbara's name. The two eight-year-old heads bent together over the miniature scissors that really cut, the tiny fan which opened and closed, the roller skate whose wheels went around.

"Your grandmother sends the best presents I ever saw," Joan said with only the slightest inflection of envy.

Barbara saw her duty. "Would you like to wear it?" she asked.

She clasped the bracelet around Joan's wrist, and suddenly the visit was a success. "Tell me everything about the party," Joanie begged. "Did you play pin the tail on something? What kind of ice cream?"

Barbara, relieved, launched into a description of the birthday afternoon. It was wonderful; they were Best Friends again.

"Do you know something?" Barbara whispered. "I wanted to keep *all* the favors. There was a doll in a bathtub and old Patricia got it, and I wanted it so bad! Do you think I'm awful?"

Joan giggled, a happy and unwonted sound. "You can't have my peanut-shell baby, anyway," she replied. "I just *love* her."

Before Barbara had looked at the clock even once it was time to go home, and she stood up, wondering what would be a tactful way of asking for her bracelet. A happy idea occurred to her. "Look, Joanie," she suggested, "you wear it a day and then I'll wear it a day. While you wear it you think about what I'm doing, and while I'm wearing it I'll think about what you're doing."

Joanie fondled the little fan. "I don't do anything, Barb, but I'd sure like to wear the bracelet. Won't your mother care?"

"Oh, pooh," Barbara said. "It's mine, isn't it?" . . .

Barbara knew that Joan was going to have a bracelet just like her own, because she had been at home when Joan's mother called. Her own mother had turned away from the telephone with tears in her eyes. "Why didn't you tell me, dear, how poor Joan enjoys your bracelet?" she reproached Barbara. "Why, her mother says she just lives for her turn to wear it. We could have had Grandmother send another one long ago. Such a little thing to do for the child—" She wiped her eyes and hurried to write to Grandmother.

Barbara sat looking at her comic book without seeing it, feeling somehow uneasy. She thought of Joan, lying down obediently all day as her mother said she did when she was wearing Barbara's bracelet, making up stories about the little people who could fan themselves with the fan and skate on the roller skate and climb the tiny little ladder. She remembered Joan's eager questions: "Where did the bracelet go this morning? Did you wear it on the hike?"

Of *course* Joan wanted one of her own. Of course she did, if her mother said so.

IT CAME in a week. It was just like Barbara's, exactly, except that of course it said *Joan* on the name plate. Barbara would have liked to take it over right away, but she had to practice her piano and eat her lunch. When it was one o'clock at last she ran all the way to Joan's house and almost forgot to knock. She had a surprise all planned. She wouldn't say a word, but when Joan asked for her turn with the bracelet, she'd just give her the new one and wait for her to find her own name on it.

It wasn't quite the way she had expected. Joan put the new bracelet on her wrist, and then she saw that it said *Joan*, not *Barbara*. Her eyes got bigger and bigger. Barbara laughed merrily at her surprise. "It's all for you, to wear *all the time*," she said gaily. "Grandmother sent it for you."

She saw the slow tears slide from Joanie's eyes, and she ran to the dining room for Joanie's mother. "She's crying," she whispered urgently. Together they went back to the living room, and they stroked her hair and murmured words of love in a futile effort to stop the deep, wrenching sobs. "What is it, dear? Tell Mother. What *is* it?" begged Joanie's mother in helpless panic.

In a moment they heard the tortured words. "I don't *want* this bracelet," Joanie said. "This bracelet hasn't been anywhere. It doesn't *belong* to anybody." She turned her wet face to Barbara. "And now you won't be coming to see me every day, to bring me the bracelet to wear."

Someone was jumping rope outside, and the *whup, whup* of the rope against the ground was a lash to the anger rising in Barbara's throat. She pushed Joanie's mother aside and sat on the couch. "Don't you mind," she said, and she cradled Joanie's head in her arms and rocked back and forth. "I'll come, Joanie," she whispered. "I'll come just the same."

THE END

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N. Y. JOURNAL AMERICAN

Chili Acuna

Acuna could carol in two keys. He squealed on his crooked pals and then put the finger on the cops who were using his information for shakedowns.

ACME

George Weinberg

Weinberg told on Tammany leader Hines, got scared and committed suicide

ACME

Anna Sage

Anna, the Lady in Red who went to Dillinger's last movie with him, sang to get deportation instead of jail.

N. Y. DAILY MIRROR

Anthony Cugino

Tony Cugino throttled everyone who might betray him; but there was one parolee who didn't want to go back to prison

Sing PIGEON *Sing*

By WILLIAM J. SLOCUM

What makes a stool pigeon sing? Jealousy, leniency, revenge and freedom —those are the lures that set the underworld songbirds to serenading the police. Their trilling has trapped some of the biggest crooks in the land

THE lady, a distinguished executive in an ancient industry, sat glumly staring at the F.B.I. man who had just arrested her. "Madam," said the polite and accurate G-man, "you have been caught at this sort of thing before and you figure to go to jail for a long, long time."

The lady nodded sad acknowledgment. Then she spoke. "I think I have some information you can use. I can put the finger on John Dillinger for you."

The G-man said something approximating, "We would be terribly grateful if you did."

"How grateful?" the lady asked, reasonably.

That question having been answered to the lady's satisfaction, she slipped into a gaudy red dress and went to the movies in Chicago with Dillinger. Then, at the proper moment, she daintily stepped out of the line of fire. Whereupon, John Dillinger, "Public Enemy No. 1" at the time, departed this life . . . and Anna Sage—the Lady in Red—departed the country.

Thus the mighty Dillinger became a victim of the finest, and least known, of police weapons—the stool pigeon.

Any nonfiction detective will admit that he would be almost helpless without his stool pigeons—or "canaries," as the police refer to them when they divulge needed information. Fingerprints, ballistics and crime laboratories aid in the convicting of criminals. But these scientific devices almost never catch crooks. And you can't convict a criminal until you find him. Ninety per cent of those in durance vile today can be sure a stool pigeon helped to put them there.

Underworld creatures turn canary for a variety of reasons, and at one time or another almost everybody who lives beyond the law, or on its fringes, does a little informing. The immediate need for a favor from the authorities is the prime mover, but jealousy, revenge, terror, and even gratitude play their part. The female scorned trills more loudly and clearly than any mere male canary. The stool pigeon who talks for money only is almost useless because rich thieves can outbid the detectives.

In the movies the stool pigeon is always a sniffling dope addict. But only in the movies. In real life the hopheads are 99 per cent useless. In their pathetic craving they will put the finger on anyone if they think such information will make the policeman happy. Addicts are used extensively to catch dope peddlers.

Professional thieves, although well aware of the dangers of informers, are generally helpless. To prosper, a crook must have a "fence"—a receiver of stolen goods. He also needs accomplices, shyster lawyers and loan sharks. He frequently mingles with light ladies and bartenders. It will be noted that all of these associates may easily require a sympathetic ear at police headquarters.

Tony ("The Stinger") Cugino, a Philadelphia bandit who recognized this occupational hazard, stayed out of barrooms and killed every man and woman with whom he worked or played. Nobody knows how many men and women The Stinger murdered.

Tony killed a policeman during a Philadelphia holdup. Later, he and Salvatore Serpa, one of his accomplices, feared that "Cowboy" Eddie Wallace and John Zukovsky, two other members of the gang, might betray them. So The Stinger and Serpa lured the two men into a car, drove them about 12 miles from their temporary headquarters in Camden, New Jersey, and riddled them with bullets. Wallace and Zukovsky were dumped by the side of the road and left for dead. But Zukovsky regained consciousness, hailed a motorist and was taken to a hospital.

Terrified by The Stinger's technique of murdering anyone who might squeal on him, Zukovsky begged Camden detectives to hurry to a rooming house to save the two girls with whom he and Wallace had been living. But the detectives arrived too late; the girls had already left with two men answering Cugino's and Serpa's description. Three weeks later the bodies of the women were found in a crude grave near Dowington, Pennsylvania—autopsies proved that they had been buried alive.

At about that time a bandit in New York named Monteleone was murdered. During a routine, and not very impassioned, investigation the New York police learned that Monteleone had recently been aiding Cugino in the distribution of counterfeit money. This information was passed on to Philadelphia, and the famous Quaker City Hawkshaw, "Shooey" Malone, came to New York.

Shooey, being the good cop he is, took a New York detective by the hand and went right into the Manhattan underworld, which may be described as part dingy cold-water flats and part lush night clubs. Shooey was looking for familiar Philadelphia underworld characters, and he found one—a convicted crook, out on parole.

The New York detective primly pointed out to the Philadelphia ex-convict that he was in a saloon, where he had no right to be.

The detective went on to say that he did not consider violation of parole a sin comparable to that of killing a cop, and that he just wouldn't have time to arrest the parole violator if he knew Tony's address. The detective would like the parolee to help him out. Otherwise, he said, the search for Tony must wait while the careless violator was sent back to prison to finish out his term.

"I don't know where he lives," said the parolee. "But if you'll give me a break, I'll try to find out."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)

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The Golden Dart

By SELWYN JEPSON

CONTINUING THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO DARED TO EXPLORE THE MYSTERY OF A DANGEROUS MAN

The Story: The morning the BOY and I discovered LOUISE FREMPTON'S supposed suicide, SOPHIE the COUNTESS OF INDERSWICK telephoned me. "EVE," she said, "you must come to dinner and meet JAMES BELSIN." At that time I did not know there was a connection between the dead Louise and Belsin, a handsome and wealthy young electronics equipment manufacturer. But I soon discovered that Belsin's bodyguard HOOKER had thrown Louise Frempton's body into the sea. When I went to visit James Belsin's electronics plant he became aware of my suspicions and told me that Louise Frempton had committed suicide by cutting her throat on his doorstep—she did this to ruin his reputation since she thought her husband had lost his money because of Belsin. To keep the scandal quiet, Belsin had the body disposed of quietly. But I soon discovered with the help of GEORGE WICK, a private investigator, that Louise Frempton and James Belsin had been having an affair for two years. When I found Hooker again he admitted that Belsin murdered Louise. Unfortunately Father knew none of this and when Belsin asked for my hand in marriage Father promptly gave it and announced the engagement at dinner. GONZALEZ DI CALANCAR, an Iraguayan financier, and NERINDA—an Iraguayan woman to whom George Wick had taken a great fancy—were present at the dinner. So was JONATHAN PENROSE, a young man who lived on our place and declared he was in love with me. Jonathan swore that he would use every weapon to keep Belsin from marrying me. Belsin overheard this. When I went upstairs that night to go to bed Jonathan was in the room, dead. He had been stabbed.

PART SEVEN OF EIGHT PARTS

I CANNOT say I was thinking clearly at first, when I regained consciousness, for the horror of what my closed eyes still saw would not let me. I shuddered and shuddered again and pressed my forearm hard into my stomach to hold back the dizzying sickness. I must not faint again.

Jonathan . . . Jonathan . . . poor, gallant, foolish Jonathan!

That girl, and now Jonathan!

To stop me. That was the plan, and it had been put into terrible, ruthless action. To stop me, and at the same time remove the man who he thought shared my dangerous knowledge. It had been my notion to deliver him to justice. All right. Look now, Eve, darling, look now! How does it feel to be thought a murderer? A dead man in your bed—a former admirer with whom you have quarreled tonight. Remember what you said in the garden and what he said? *Just before I heard you on the telephone to Superintendent Bull!*

Now I remember Jones . . . Jones waiting for me to call him.

I knew that I was now thinking as Belsin had designed I should think, that the only escape I could use for myself was where he expected and wanted me to see it. I must grasp the only straw within reach. I must turn to him, through Jones, to save me. A murder against a murder, a secret against a secret; in saving me he would save himself and still have his heart's desire. He had said, "I want you, Eve, and I shall not rest until I have you." He had said it when he was already suspecting, if not indeed knowing, that I was about to denounce him to the police. . . .

All right! I would surrender unconditionally. I would turn to him to save me. I would grovel at his feet, defeated. But, groveling, I would pray and plan and pray again that somehow I might find a way to free myself from the bond he had forged to hold me, to break it and bring him down.

I went slowly across the dark room toward one of the windows and came at last to the support of the wall by the curtains. Then I leaned out and coaxed a whisper from my constricted throat. "Jones," I said, and again, "Jones!"

Jones came promptly to my bedroom.

"This looks like a very bad business," he said, and then voiced the words I could have written down before he spoke again: *"Why did you do it?"*

I lifted my head and faced him with a wild fear I had no difficulty in feeling.

"He killed himself! He must have! He was miserable because—Oh! Don't look at me like that! Don't you *believe* me?"

"All right, if you say so. But I don't think the police will."

"You—you did it," I whispered. "You did it—and I know why! I understand! Oh, Jimmy! Jimmy! Where's Jimmy? I can explain!"

Jones stood there, bulkily ordinary in his tweedy clothes with his crisp black hair as tidy as ever, and considered me with expressionless eyes.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 56)

At last I heard him coming. I raised the poker. Again he stopped short on the threshold. "I'm off now," he called

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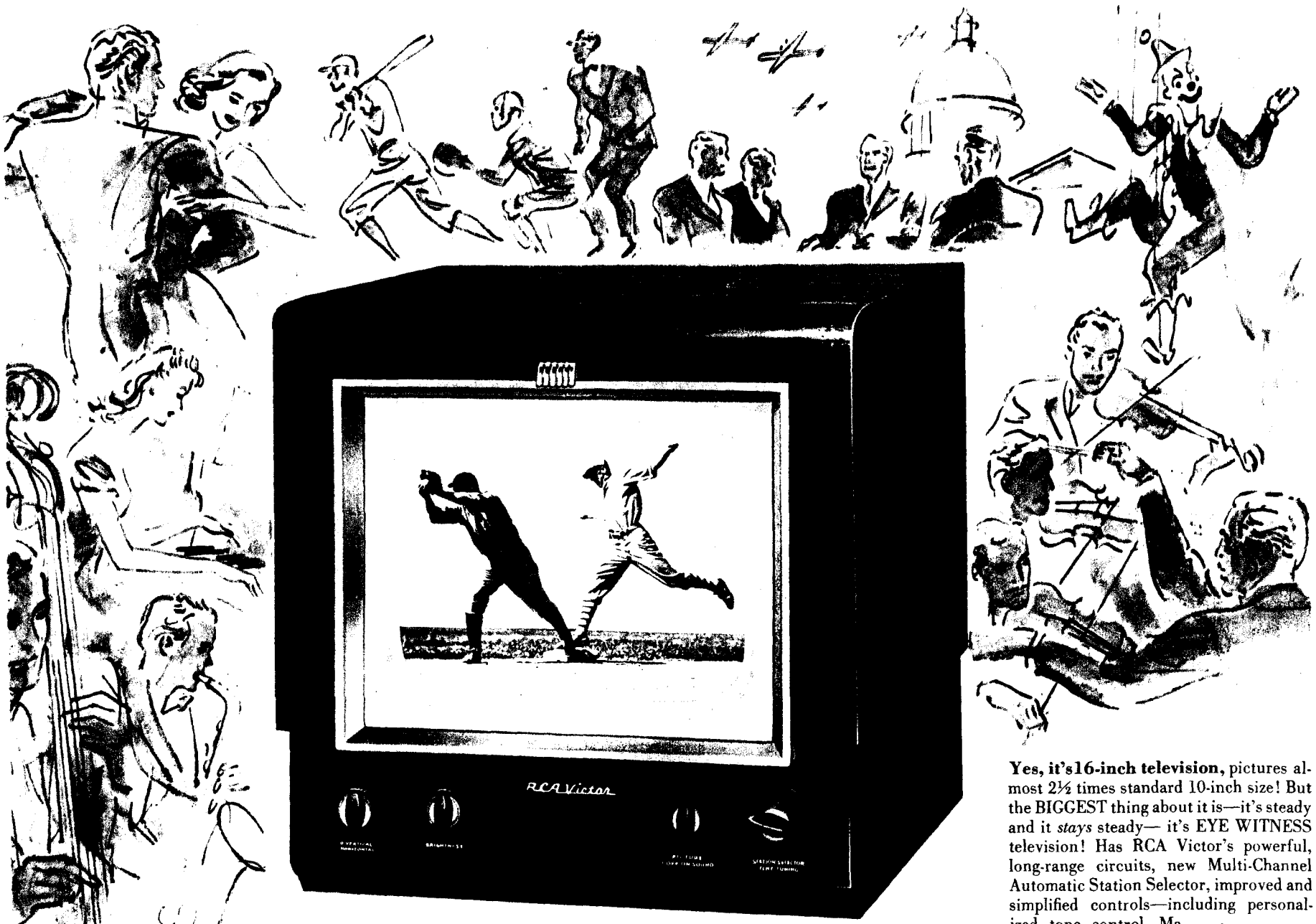

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Although the cat may lick off this insecticide, it will not harm her. U.S. Industrial Chemicals spent $200,000 to safeguard our pets against poisoning by bug powder

Bug Killers Can Kill YOU

By CLIVE HOWARD

DDT *can* be dangerous—but it seldom is. The truth of the recent scare is that we need a federal law to insure protection of humans before insecticides go on the market. Safe pest powders are all-important in the fight against the 5,000 kinds of insects that menace both food crops and the public health on this continent

IN THE last few months, DDT, the miracle bug killer, has been charged with a fantastic assortment of crimes against humanity. Some of these crimes have been greatly exaggerated. DDT is not so dangerous as it has been cracked up to be, although unless carefully used, it *is* a potential health hazard. But suppose DDT were guilty of every single one of its supposed crimes? Is that bad?

The shocking truth is that we could count ourselves very lucky indeed—*if this were the only danger we had to fear from chemicals that kill bugs.*

Lax laws and unthinking custom have allowed 30,000 new pesticides—some of them far deadlier than DDT—to go into widespread use since the end of World War II. And with few exceptions nobody has taken the trouble to find out whether these 30,000 poisons will kill human beings as well as kill pests. Last year alone, new chemical concoctions against bugs or rats or weeds were going on the market at the rate of better than 1,500 a month. Like DDT, most contain infinite possibilities for good. But in the rush to develop and market them, one vital fact has—with only a few exceptions—been sadly neglected:

Anything that can kill pests possibly or even probably can kill or seriously injure human beings.

Under the law a chemist or a manufacturer who discovers a new pesticide merely has to register it with the Department of Agriculture. The law is satisfied if the new chemical definitely kills pests—otherwise it's a commercial fraud. And it should not harm the plants on which it is used. But does it poison or kill humans? The law does not go into that.

That this laxity could result in a mass tragedy is evidenced by tests on a bug killer discovered at Stanford University. Searching for newer, deadlier pest killers, the university scientists—working with experts from the California Department of Agriculture—discovered 2-acetaminofluorine, a harmless-looking light-tan crystal.

Against plant insects, 2-acetaminofluorine was deadly. It might even have turned out to be another

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 75)

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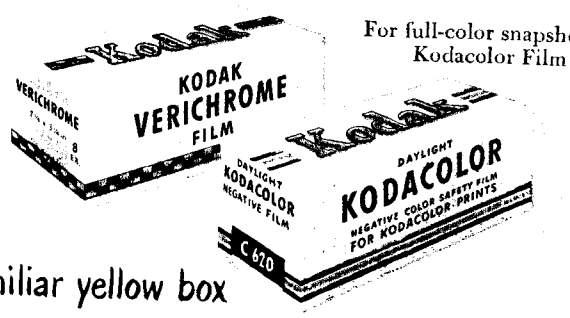

You get the picture with Kodak Film...the film in the familiar yellow box

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SLOW DOWN DE CHARIOT

Continued from page 27

and B'r Charlie left off talking to wrap a little bass around the song:

"I'm got a mother in—Beulah Land, Lawd,
She outshines de sun.
I'm got a mother in—Beulah Land, Lawd,
She outshines de sun.
I'm got a mother in—Beulah Land, Lawd,
She outshines de sun—
She's 'way—yas, yas—beyond de moon."

Other verses added a father, brother, sister, deacon and pastor to the population of Beulah Land, and each verse was followed by the chorus which stated: *I ain't gonter stop to I—shake her hand, Lawd,* and each line was accompanied by solemn handshakes all around.

WHEN the song ended, at last, the Widow Duck asked the preacher innocently, "Charlie, whar you reckon dis Beulah Land is at?"

Uncle Henry laughed and nudged B'r Charlie suggestively. "Jest 'cause Charlie been tangled up wid a lady one time name er Beulah," he said slyly, "ain't no sign de song was made up about her. De song is holy and Beulah was a sinner lady."

"Who axed you somethin'?" B'r Charlie muttered under his breath.

Uncle Henry slapped his leg and cackled, "Ah, Lawd! Beulah!"

"Shet yo' fat mouf," growled the preacher. "De senior deacon ain't got no call to dig up dirt in front er Mis' Duck dat's been forgove and buried thirty years."

"You and ole Beulah was, is and ever shall be," Uncle Henry threw B'r Charlie's words back, "and de sin is on de pastor's ole one-laigged hippercrittin' back!—Amen, Sister Duck?"

"Henry!" snapped the Widow Duck. "You stop plaguin' de pastor."

"Yeah," B'r Charlie seconded. "You ain't got no call to chunk de first stone at a glass house, you spot-cyard gambler! You—"

"Hold on," Uncle Henry stopped him. "De pastor ain't answered de question before de committee. De senior usher don't keer who *is* Beulah. She axed de cheer whereat is dis Beulah Land?"

The Widow Duck nodded approval of the call to order. The preacher squirmed. Naturally, he didn't know where it was, but he had talked himself out of tight places before and now he began to talk, hoping for the best.

"De Bible say," he hazarded, "hit's a right fur-off piece."

The Widow Duck wanted details. "Like which?" she asked.

"Places is funny things," B'r Charlie said, sparring for an idea. "You take Little Bee, hyar; hit's a place. And down de road about ten miles is Shrevepo't, and dat's a place."

"Yaah," Uncle Henry sneered, "and over beyond Shady Grove is Texas and dat's a place. Likewise, whar de Southern crosses de Dog is a place. But de p'int befo' de cheer is whereat is Beulah Land?"

"Henry got you, Charlie," the Widow Duck said. "Whereat is hit?"

B'r Charlie got an inspiration. "Hit's right whar de song say hit is," he crowed. "Hit's 'way beyond de moon."

"'Twon't do," the Widow Duck laughed. "De song say she outshine de sun and de *way* she shine is 'way beyond de moon—Amen, Henry?"

"Amen," agreed the lot man. "Set on him, Sister Duckie! I bet you'd hatch out a nest full er one-laigged buzzards!"

A heated religious argument was a thing of joy to the Widow Duck but personal abuse of the preacher she would not tolerate. "Henry," she said, "dat ain't no way to speak to yo' pastor."

Uncle Henry was having too much fun to stop. "I bet I and you c'd ush up a committee and on-pastor dat no-good, specially efn I tole de committee about him and Beulah. Den you c'd set on him and you wouldn't be a preacher-don't-liker."

B'r Charlie could endure no more. He crutched off the porch and up the bayou path, muttering wrathfully.

"You hadn't ought to done Charlie like dat," the Widow Duck said reprovingly. "De Book say: 'So I read on down to—a Number Ten—You jedge another man and you's doin' a sin.' Henry, you jedged B'r Charlie, and dat makes you a sinner."

Uncle Henry laughed. "Now, you is jedgin' me!" he accused her. "What do dat make you, Senior Usher?" He paused to let the implication sink in. "Ain't many kind put hit on you argyin' 'bout religion," he declared, "but I sho got you dat time!"

COLLIER'S "What this game needs is a fifth—do you have any?" SALO ROTH

"You ole devil," she grinned. "I didn't had my mind on de argyment."

"What was yo' mind at?"

"On dat lady name er Beulah."

"What lady name er Beulah?"

"De one which made B'r Charlie git so fidgety when you spoke her name."

Uncle Henry scratched his head. "Beulah? What make you think I know a lady name er Beulah?"

"You said you did," the Widow Duck reminded him.

"Musta been speakin' a parable," Uncle Henry said, rising. "So I'm fixin' to say, 'Good-by, all.'" He bowed politely. "I'm gonter git down to de dago's and git me a pint er wine." And he left out.

THE Widow Duck had caught a devilish glint in the lot man's eye that had nothing to do with buying a pint of wine or winning a religious argument. However, the morning had been too pleasant to dwell on that, and she rocked herself contentedly while garfish flapped noisily in the bayou.

A little breeze began to kick up dust in the fields. "Thank you, Lawd, but us don't need no rain," The Widow Duck prayed hastily. "Jest bless us kindly. Better bless Charlie a lick er two, special, on account er he'll feel bad about de argyment. And Henry need blessin', too. He gittin' old and cropity, and a little wine ain't no skin offn nobody's back. I likes a little sip er angy-licker for my stomach-ache, myse'f. Amen."

Her soul was purged and her heart was warm, but old Satan, that scoundrel sneaked up and hit her right square in her mind!

Beulah! Old Satan formed the word in her throat and shaped her tongue to say it aloud. She did not know what or how, but she felt in her bones that devilment was fixing to take place. She slipped her feet into a pair of old gaiters and put a wide-brimmed hat on her head. "I'm gonter give B'r Charlie a chance to tell de trufe and shame de devil," she announced grimly.

At the blacksmith shop, she found the preacher remarkably busy at the forge. "Fixin' to sharp up some middle-buster p'ints," he said glibly. "Figgered us'd need 'em next winter."

"No mind dat," said the Widow Duck crossly. "Set. And den start speakin'."

"About which?" B'r Charlie asked suspiciously.

"About Beulah."

After considerable squirming and a couple of false starts which ended with an open mouth and no words, B'r Charlie finally admitted, "I knowed a lady one time name er Beulah."

"You got a *haid deacon, now,* name er Henry," the Widow Duck reminded him. "And f'm whar I'm settin' hit look to me like Henry's fixin' to drag out somethin' about Beulah dat's gonter make you a sin and a shame befo' de members. But hit's my duty to uphold yo' tremblin' hand."

"Amen," said B'r Charlie fervently.

"De senior deacon is s'posed to do likewise," the Widow Duck said. "But he ain't holy like me. And efn he could dig up a bucketful er de dirty trufe about you and Beulah, he'd smack you in de face wid hit so hard he'd knock you plum outn de pulpit. Amen?"

B'r Charlie nodded miserably.

"You and Henry bofe know somethin' dat I don't know," she continued. "So you better haul off and tell me de trufe so's I kin shame de devil and beat Henry to de committee."

Words came slowly and for a time B'r Charlie made little sense, but when he finally got his mind organized he began: "I was a sinner in dem days and times. Down at Dry Prong. Us was buildin' de L & A Railroad for ole man Billy Low-rance. And I'm hyar to tell you, hit was sin takin' place!"

"Git to Beulah, quick!" the Widow Duck broke in.

"Beulah!" B'r Charlie shook his head sadly. "She was a little brown-skin. Me, I was blacksmithin' in de camp, and Henry, he was takin' keer er de mules. And gamblin'. Henry could make de dices talk and de spot cyards sing. He had love for Beulah, fo' true, 'cause ev'ytime he win, he gi' de money to Beulah."

"Big Jim never gi' me no money," the Widow Duck said proudly. "He didn't had to."

B'R CHARLIE ignored the interruption and went on: "An' den quick as Henry gi'ed her de money, I'd drap around and Beulah would gi' de money to me, 'cause she was a fool about me. And dat's why Henry hate me so bad."

"Like dat, hunh? Did you marry up wid her?"

"Wid a pair er courthouse licenses and all," he said with pride.

"And you divo'ced her off?"

"When us moved de camp f'm Dry Prong to Coushatta," B'r Charlie recalled. "I was a sinner and a levee camp man, and Beulah wa'n't nothin' but a little ole country gal. So I jest sang her a farewell reel." B'r Charlie cleared his throat and began to sing in a cracked tremolo:

"Lemme tell you somethin', baby,
When I leave out through de door—
Say, listen to me, mama,
When I slow-drag through de door—
You better tell me good-by,
'Cause I won't be back no more!"

The Widow Duck nodded understandingly. "Dat was hit, hunh?"

"Jest like dat!" B'r Charlie snapped his fingers to indicate a clean, sudden break.

The Widow Duck turned to leave. "Charlie," she shot back from the door, "you's jest a big ole lie to de ground." She left her pastor in a state of panic.

The Widow Duck next went to the foreman's house.

"Hey, Mis' Duck," said Giles, "ain't hit might hot to be gittin' about so fast? You steps like you got somethin' on yo' mind."

"Always got somethin' on my mind," she said tartly. "Right now, I wants to borry de Jee-buggy. I'm got some gittin' down de road to do, and hit's too hot to walk to de dago's."

Giles laughed. "I thought you was too holy to go to dat wine-drinkin' place."

The Widow Duck ignored his pleasantry. "O' course, I c'd hire Nud's A-Model for two dollars," she suggested slyly, "but I kin borry de Jee-buggy fo' free."

"What you fixin' to do?" the foreman asked suspiciously.

The Widow Duck relaxed and grinned. "I'm fixin' to buy me a pint er wine and git dronked and walk de big road like a man."

"When you do dat," Giles promised, "I'm gonter shoot off my pistol right in de middle er town."

Giles led her to the jeep and helped her in. "Watch de double-O gear and de front wheel lever," he warned.

"Go 'haid, Giles," chuckled the Widow Duck. "I learned on a T-Model." And down the black-top road she went.

Stopping before the combination

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winery, grocery and filling station, she called, "You Henry! Come outn dat 'bomination place and speak!"

There was a short silence and presently Bad Eye, the clerk, emerged. "Uncle Henry done lef' out," he informed the Widow Duck. "On a truck. I hyared him speak about tryin' to snag a ride to Dry Prong."

"Which-away is Dry Prong at?" she demanded.

"Down yonder way." Bad Eye pointed. "A right fur piece."

Through the level bottom country, the Widow Duck felt at ease, and she kept the jeep's speedometer at a reckless thirty. But when she crossed Loggy Bayou and the highway took off to the hills, she slowed down. She had never liked the hill country; the land was poor and the people sinful and mean, she'd often heard.

"I bet dat Beulah is a sinful woman," she snorted.

STOPPING frequently to inquire the way, the Widow Duck was finally directed from the main highway to a graveled road. When she came to a small country store, she stopped.

"De name er dis town be's Dry Prong?" she asked of a half-grown boy at the gasoline pump.

"Yas'm," he replied.

"You know a lady around hyar, name er Beulah?"

"I bet hit's a heap er ladies around hyar, name er Beulah," the boy suggested.

"Dis Beulah I'm speakin' 'bout," the Widow Duck elaborated, "might be a brown-skin. And sort er agety, too."

The boy grinned. "I bet you mean Sis' Beulah Todd," he said. "Hit was a man by hyar, a while ago, axin' about her. Sort of agety, he was. And dark."

The Widow Duck smiled. "You mean he was black as a crow. I'm huntin' him, too."

Pointing to a little-used wood road through the pines, the boy said, "She live dis yonder way. About a quarter. De fust house."

When the Widow Duck saw the cottage she was impressed. It was of neatly whitewashed logs, with flowers in the yard and vines growing up the porch. A split-picket fence was in good repair and the gate rode evenly on two hinges. She spotted Uncle Henry on the porch talking to a slim, brown woman, presumably Beulah.

"Come in and rest yo' hat," the woman called cordially. "I wa'n't expectin' company, today, and you makes two."

"Hit's Sister Duckie Miller," Uncle Henry introduced. "She de senior usher I was speakin' 'bout." He bowed to the Widow Duck. "Meet up wid Sister Todd," he urged. "She is de prime amener at de Two Seeds in de Sperrit Church. Now, ladies, bow all."

Formalities over, the Widow Duck got down to business. "I raley came over to speak wid my senior deacon," she explained, "but seein' you's present, you might jine de committee." Then she laughed. It all seemed funny, now. "Hit ain't nothin' much," she explained. "Us jest got us a one-laigged pastor over at Ole Ship er Zion church which do de best he kin—"

"But dat ain't much," put in Uncle Henry.

"Speak on, Sister," Beulah said.

"And hit's my bounden duty to uphold his tremblin' hand."

"Amen, dat *is* right," agreed Beulah.

"Henry, hyar," the Widow Duck said, "ain't so holy, so he ain't much on lift-uppin' Charlie's hand."

"Give him strenk, Lawd," Beulah prayed.

"Henry won't lie too much," the Widow Duck went on, "but efn he kin break out wid de dirty trufe, hit'd be a sad mess around Ole Ship."

"Dat's 'amen' talk wid de bark on hit," declared Uncle Henry.

The Widow Duck glared at him and turned to Beulah. "Now, hyar whar you come in," she said. "F'm de way I learned hit, hit seem like hit was some kind er humbug betwixt B'r Charlie and a gal name er Beulah. Henry know somethin' 'bout hit, and I jest wants to know de trufe so's I kin scotch Henry befo' he spread evil."

"Dat's about de subster Henry tole me when you driv up," Beulah said.

"I spreads only de trufe," Uncle Henry said piously.

Beulah smiled reminiscently. "In my day and time, befo' I was bawn agin," she said, "I spread a heap er evil amongst a heap er mens. But I disremembers all about a one-laigged preacher name er Charlie."

The Widow Duck turned on Uncle Henry. "You hyared Sister Beulah!" she said triumphantly. "Is you jest tryin' to put a thaing on Charlie?"

"Charlie wa'n't one-laigged in dem days and times, nor likewise no preacher," Henry pointed out. "He was a two-laigged levee camp blacksmith

Once more we give you a quiz in reverse. All you have to do is guess the ten questions that prompted the ten answers below. You'll find the questions on page 38.

1. Unquestionably.
2. (1) Paper, (2) cotton, (3) leather, (4) books and (5) wood.
3. A thousand times.
4. (A) That was no babe. (B) That was my wife.
5. Chicago.
6. No thanks.
7. Cadillac, DeSoto, Hudson and Stanley Steamer.
8. About half.
9. Queen of spades.
10. I is right.

—CARL H. WINSTON

And I Was Voted "Most Likely to Succeed"
SO I FLUNK OUT WITH JUDY BEFORE I EVEN GET OFF THE CAMPUS! NOT VERY BRIGHT AT THAT, AM I, SIS?
YOU'RE NOT BRIGHT ABOUT BAD BREATH, JIM— OR YOU'D HAVE SEEN OUR DENTIST LONG AGO!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH— HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES —STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE CLEANS TEETH BETTER THAN COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! AND HOW I GO FOR COLGATE'S GRAND WAKE-UP FLAVOR!
I'M MUCH MORE LIKELY TO SUCCEED SINCE COLGATE'S PROVED A FRIEND INDEED!
Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
ECONOMY SIZE 59¢
ALSO 43¢ AND 25¢ SIZES

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In traffic, you'll find the Wayfarer just as eager and nimble as a polo pony—because of its 115" wheelbase and more powerful "Get-Away" Engine. You'll find new ease of handling and parking.

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See the new, *lower-priced* Wayfarer . . . every inch a rugged, dependable Dodge. One look . . . one ride will tell you here is the car that gives more for your money today.

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WAYFARER

with gýrol FLUID DRIVE

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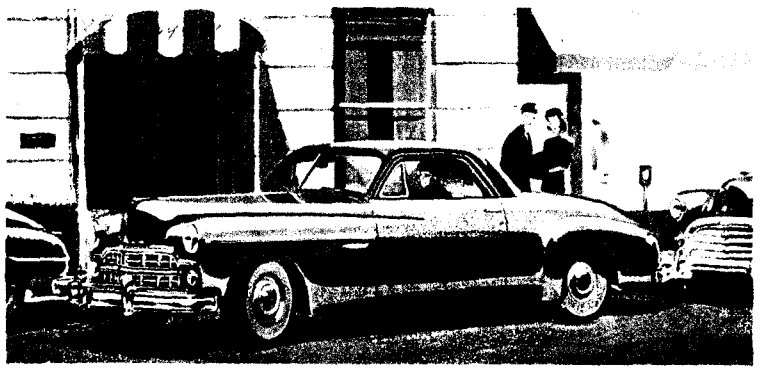
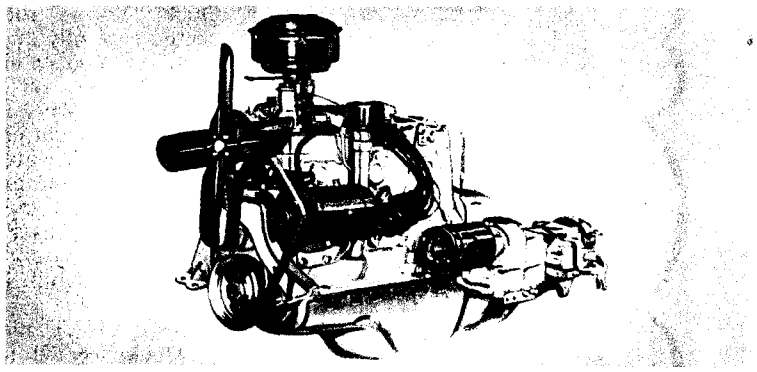
NCH A RUGGED DODGE!

NEW WAYFARER 2-DOOR SEDAN—Plenty of room for six! Compare the head room, the elbow room, the leg room—judge for yourself. Here's the car that sets new records for *value* the country over!



NEW WAYFARER BUSINESS COUPE—The ideal personal car! Lower in price yet every inch a dependable Dodge! Amazing storage space behind front seat, huge luggage compartment under rear deck.



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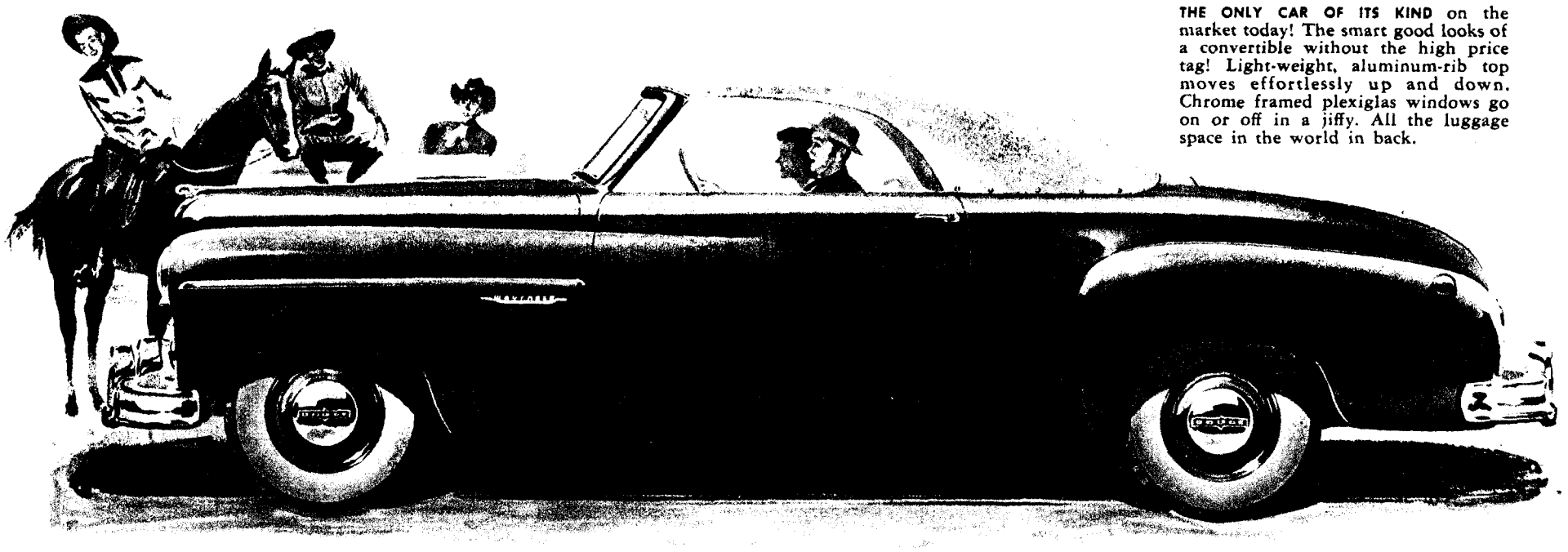

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Get Clicquot (Pronounced KLEEK-O) Club

in the honest *full* quart

when us was building de L & A."

Beulah giggled. "Ah, Lawd," she said. "I minds dat levee camp. But hit's been too long for me to remember nobody—except one man." She indulged in a moment of happy reverie.

"He was big as a mule and black as dey come!" Beulah said. "I went over to Shrevepo't on de excursion—I was a wild sinner in dem days and times! But I been downright holy ev'y since I got redeemed. 'Scuse me, Sister Duck and B'r Henry. Jine me in a little song? Here she goes:

"Oh, once I was a sinner
And I thought I was doin' well
But when I come to find nyse'f,
I was hangin' over hell—"

"Looky yonder!" exclaimed Uncle Henry, interrupting the song. "Speakin' of hell, yonder come de devil hisse'f, ridin' in Nud's A-Model!"

"Dat's B'r Charlie," the Widow Duck said to Beulah. "He may be a no-good, but he our preacher and we got to lif' him up."

When B'r Charlie had eased out of the car, Beulah called, "You is as welcome as de rest but I sho wa'n't expectin' so much comp'ny, or I'd 'a' choked a chicken."

"We was singin' a song," said Uncle Henry peevishly. "Le's finish it," and the four of them hit the chorus:

"Hit was burnin'—lemme ride!
Hit was sizzlin'—lemme ride!
Full er sinners—lemme ride!
Slow down de chariot and lemme ride!"

"You was sayin'," suggested the Widow Duck, when the song was over.

"Yas," Beulah took up her narrative, "I tuck dat big scound'el away f'm a fat, river-bottom lady. Dey called him Big Jim Haley!"

"Big Jim Haley!" exploded the Widow Duck. "You—" she caught herself and peered carefully at the thin little brown woman. "You's a hill woman," she said, "but did you ever live over on Duke's Bend in dem days and times?"

Beulah thought hard. She finally nodded. "Yas, hit was Duke's Bend, 'cause I remembers me and Big Jim made a solid fourteen bales outn a little better'n seven acres. Musta been Duke's Bend."

"Fourteen bales! Seven acres!"

"Almost eight," Beulah amended.

SOMEWHAT mollified, the Widow Duck seemed to be searching her memory. Uncle Henry and B'r Charlie were silent, watching their senior usher with extraordinary interest. Beulah rocked comfortably.

"Well, I minds de time," the Widow Duck said with pride, "when I tuck Big Jim Haley away f'm a frail brown on Duke's Bend."

"Couldn't 'a' been me," Beulah said smugly, " 'cause I tuck him away f'm dat fat river-bottom gal—I disremembers de name."

B'r Charlie and Uncle Henry got the same thought simultaneously. They were delighted to see the conversation drifting away from them.

"Hey, Mis' Duck," yelled B'r Charlie, "look like dat 'frail brown' you's always talking 'bout done put you in de dozens!"

"Yaah!" Uncle Henry laughed rudely. "You let a hill woman put a monkey on yo' back!"

The Widow Duck rose menacingly. "You Charlie! You Henry!" she yelled. "You got no call to put a humbug on me! I'll mash you bofe so flat hit'd take a spade to pick you up!"

Uncle Henry and B'r Charlie stopped laughing and began to back off.

ziuQ

(*See Page 35*)

1. **What word contains all the vowels?**
2. **What are you most likely to find in an attic?**
3. **Did I ever tell you about my operation?**
4. **(A) Who was the babe you were with last night and**
   (B) who caught you with her?
5. **Name a song very popular in the '20s.**
6. **What do you usually get when you give a woman your seat in a bus?**
7. **Name three early explorers and an early automobile.**
8. **How many office boys work in the average office?**
9. **Pick a card, any card.**
10. **Is the letter "I" to the right or the left of "H" in the word "him"?**

"Was you dat fat river-bottom lady?" Beulah asked serenely.

The Widow Duck nodded slowly. "Musta been," she replied sadly. "And you musta been dat frail brown."

"Sister," said Beulah, "don't feel too vexed. Efn hit was de same Big Jim Haley I'm talkin' about, you know he had a run-around on his heel and he wouldn't stay put."

"Amen," said the Widow Duck. "Big Jim stepped high and rambled far and wide."

"Dat he did, Lawd, Lawd," said Beulah. "He was de tush hog."

"Give him strenk, Lawd," the Widow Duck said.

"Have mercy," Beulah chimed. "Have mercy, Lawd!"

"When y'all ladies git done droolin' 'bout Big Jim Haley," suggested Uncle Henry testily, "us might git de committee in order."

"Start talkin', Charlie," the Widow Duck ordered. "And fast!"

B'r Charlie looked about wildly. Three stony faces were turned toward him.

"Well," he began, "I'm a preacher, now."

"Us knows dat," the Widow Duck interrupted.

"Yes'm," said B'r Charlie. "Well, I'm got a member who's tryin' to mess me up about you," and he pointed a gnarled hand toward Beulah. "Name er Henry Jackson. He used to be a gamblin' man."

Beulah peered closely at B'r Charlie. "I knowed all de gamblin' mens," she said. "And I knowed you, too! But yo' name wa'n't Charlie in dem days and times. Yo' name was Chug-haid!"

"Dat was me," admitted the preacher. "But dat lyin' Uncle Henry—"

"You was a rogue!" Beulah accused him. "You rogued some money f'm me, one time, when de camp was movin' away." She started to rise.

B'r Charlie retreated. "Mis' Duck!" he yowled. "Save me! Save me f'm dat razor-pitchin' lady!"

"Stiddy, Beulah," the Widow cautioned. "He *my* pastor and efn anybody gonter beat him, hit'll be me."

BEULAH relaxed and grinned. "I wasn't fixin' to do him nothin'," she promised. "Nothin', only forgive him. De Lawd forgove me plenty when I got redeemed. By Bible say, 'Blessed is him which let de water run under de bridge for will come a day and time when it flows by de Tree of Life.' "

"Amen," agreed the Widow Duck. "Dat's 'amen' talk."

"But de Bible goes on to say," B'r Charlie put in hopefully, "dat 'hit'll return agin, seven times seven—' "

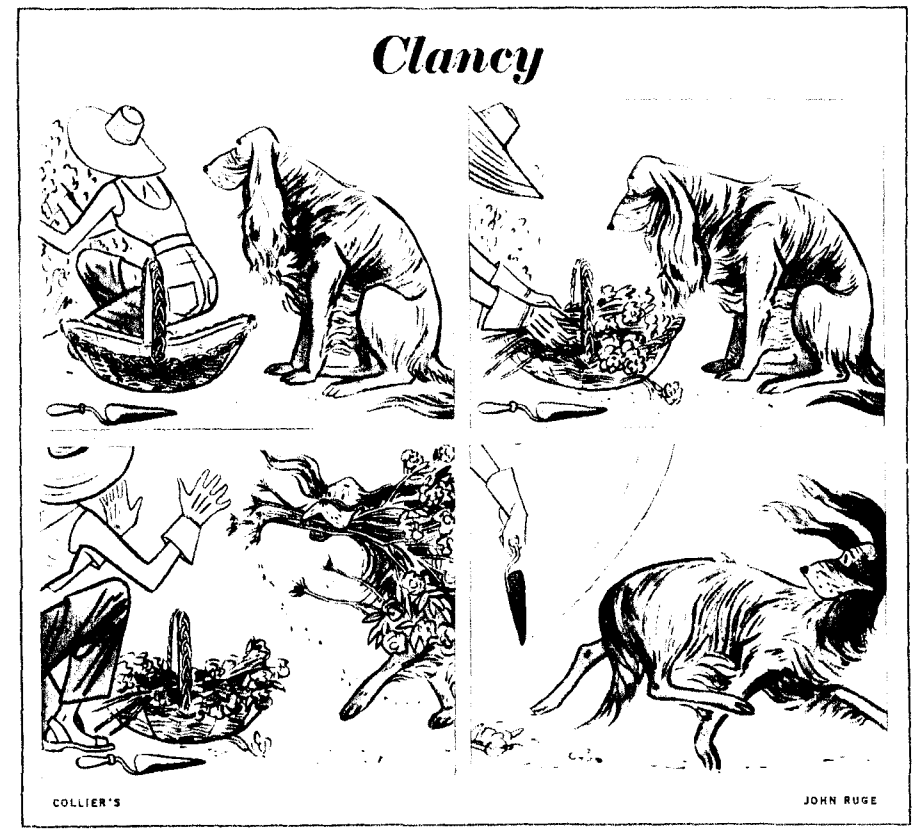
"Shet up, Charlie," snapped the Widow Duck.

"But I never did like a rogue," went on Beulah. "Efn hit wa'n't no sin for me to jedge my neighbor, I'd jedge Ole Chug-haid to be a whirlin' rogue. I means a rogue any which way you looks at him. So jest turn him a-loose, Sister Duck, and let him leave out like he come—on-invited and on-wanted."

"You hyared what de lady said," the Widow Duck told him. "Now, git!"

When B'r Charlie left, Beulah brought out angel cake and wine for her guests. A little later, warmed by the wine, the Widow Duck and Beulah shook hands cordially and the Widow Duck left with Uncle Henry in tow.

On the homeward journey, Uncle Henry at the jeep's wheel, the Widow Duck laughed and joked about almost everything except what had transpired at Beulah's house. Uncle Henry had gone there for facts and found none foul enough to suit his purpose. The Widow Duck, in her times, had done a heap of



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bragging about how she took Big Jim Haley away from a woman on a neighboring plantation, but she had never mentioned that she lost him to a hill woman.

As they turned from the main highway into the black-topped plantation road, the Widow Duck decided to clean up the whole business. "Hit all turned out for de best," she stated grimly. "You was a sinner; I was a sinner. And likewise Beulah and Charlie."

"He's a rogue, too," Uncle Henry added sullenly.

"No mind dat," the Widow Duck said. "Us all got redeemed and washed we's sins away wid water under de bridge. So le's be like little lambs at de slaughter, and God will change conditions. Be not disencouraged."

Uncle Henry was silent for some minutes. "Hit's a rotten potato somewhar in dis sack," he announced. "I ain't, and you ain't. So dat leaves Charlie."

237

"Thank you for what must have been a very expensive evening, Mr. Lasser"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

The Widow Duck shrugged. "Leave Charlie be," she said. "Put yo' mind on how pleasant de ride over to Beulah Land was."

"Pleasant in de Jee-buggy, maybe," he admitted. "But I hitch-hoke over in one er dem big coal-oil-burnin' trucks. Hit smell jest like dem tractors, and hit made me sick." Then suddenly, it came to him. "Charlie rid over in Nud's A-Model!"

THE same idea struck the Widow Duck. "Stop dis Jee-buggy!" she ordered. "Henry, how much money us got in de glory box?"

"De last time I counted," he said, "hit was a few coppers over two dollars. But I ain't counted hit since Charlie hired Nud's ot-to for two dollars."

"I'm cuttin' across de fields, f'm hyar," the Widow Duck said, climbing out of the jeep. "You put dis thing in de barn and gi' de keys to Giles."

The Widow Duck hurried as fast as her bulk would allow along the turnrows to B'r Charlie's house.

The preacher was on his porch, catching the breeze and feeling a certain amount of security, now that he had turned the events of the day over in his mind.

"You see, Sister Duck," he said in greeting, "hit's all a mole on de mountaintop. De Book say, 'De river shall pour hits water under de bridge and ye shall abide tharin.' Amen!"

The Widow Duck did not even pause. She stepped upon the porch, pushed Charlie back against the wall and leaned her more than two hundred pounds against him. "You paid Nud two dollars in cash to drive dat A-Model to Dry Prong!"

B'r Charlie wheezed an affirmative.

"Since when did you hold two dollars?" she demanded.

"I borryed hit," he said desperately.

"You rogued hit!" the Widow Duck corrected. "And f'm de glory box in de church, you rogue!"

IN HIS panic and pain, B'r Charlie made one supreme effort to wiggle free and failed. Then he went limp.

"Beat me," B'r Charlie pleaded. "Kill me off. But please, Mis' Duck, don't mash me agin de wall so hard. You's mashin' my gizzard plum out!"

The Widow Duck increased the pressure. "Killin' is too good for you," she declared. "Lemme see—"

Looking about for inspiration, she saw Uncle Henry approaching, toting his mule-medicine kit.

"I figgered Charlie might need a little doctorin', along about now," he said hopefully. "So I brang my linnyment and i-deen and my dranchin' bottle." He stepped on the porch and surveyed the wild-eyed disheveled preacher. "You's sho a mess," he announced pleasantly. "But I'll cyore you up. Efn Mis' Duck will hold yo' haid up and yo' goozle open, I'll dranch about a quart er dese saltses down you. Dat'll make you feel good."

The Widow Duck freed B'r Charlie and turned on the lot man. "Nawp," she decided. "He's a rogue, but he ain't no mule. Efn you mule-dose him, he li'ble to die off."

"And good ruddance," Uncle Henry chortled.

"Wid de Third Sunday comin' up," the Widow Duck reminded him, "us gonter need a pastor. He de onliest preacher we got for de Third Sunday."

"And I'm got me a tex' for dat Third Sunday already picked out," B'r Charlie put in eagerly. "My tex' gonter be: 'I stood in Beulah Land and chunked de first stone 'cause verily, I am widout sin.' "

"You would do jest dat," challenged Uncle Henry. "When all de time, you know de Bible say, 'Beulah was, Beulah is and ever shall be.' "

"Hesh up, Henry," the Widow Duck said. "De Bible don't say no sech. De Bible say Beulah is water under B'r Charlie's bridge."

"Dem two dollarses he rogued outn de glory box ain't water under his bridge," Uncle Henry insisted.

"Hit will be when I and you pays we's fine," she said.

"What fine?" Uncle Henry asked.

"To de committee," the Widow Duck explained. "De committee still in session, and hit's gonter fine I and you one dollar each, on account er us put de thaing on B'r Charlie and tempted him to rogue dat money f'm de glory box. So gimme a dollar, Senior Deacon, and I'll do likewise. And now, come on and leave our pastor study in his mind about dat tex' for de Third Sunday." She led the old lot man down the turnrow toward the bayou.

As they walked along, Uncle Henry began chuckling to himself. "I swear to my soul, Mis' Duck," he said, "efn hit wa'n't a sin to jedge my neighbor, I'd jedge you de holiest woman I knows."

The Widow Duck tossed her head airily. "And efn gamblin' wa'n't likewise a sin, I'd bet even money you's right."

THE END

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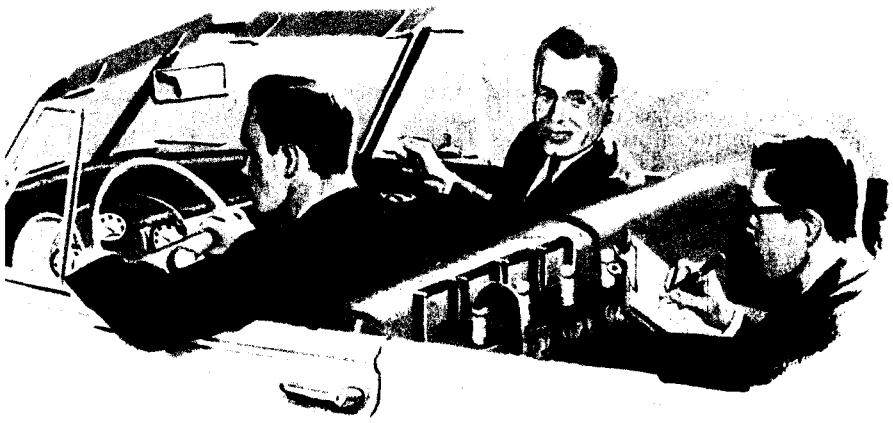

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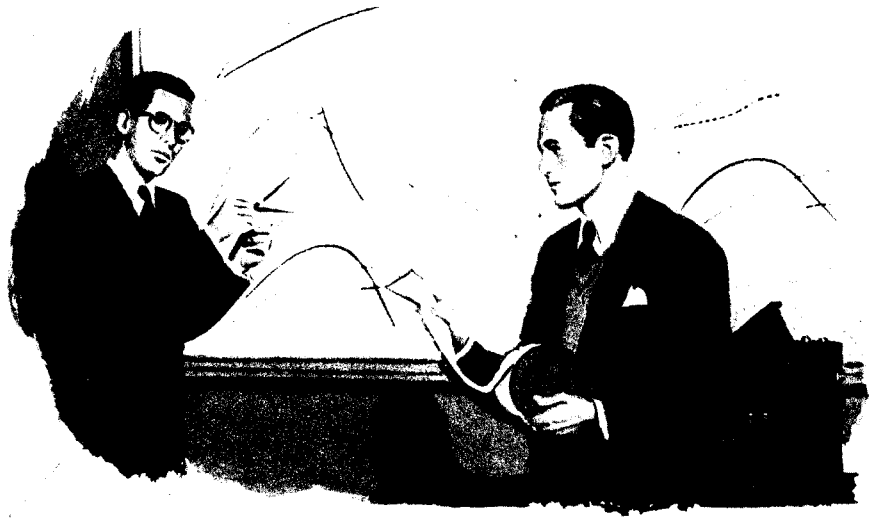

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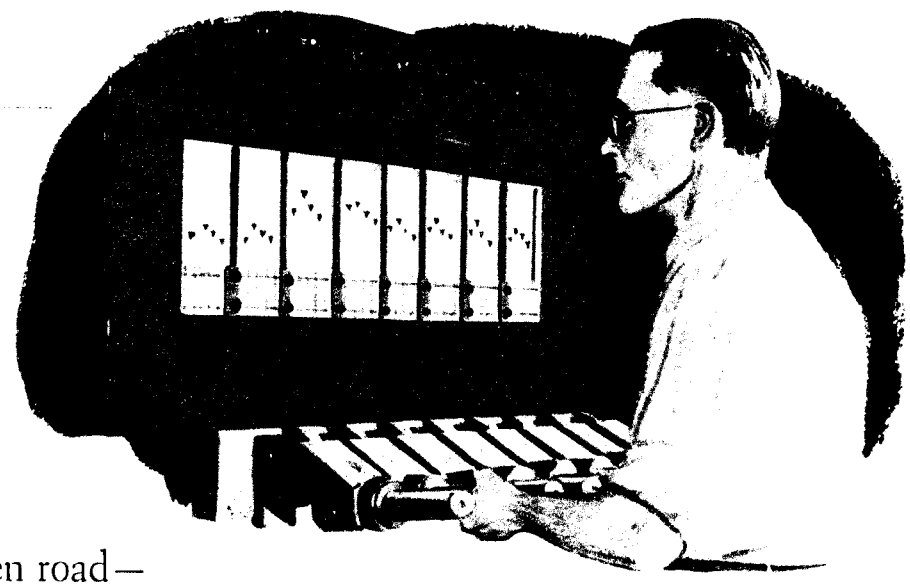

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MR. TELEVISION

Continued from page 19

dropping dollars by the millions and some are in serious danger of bankrupting themselves in the effort to win television leadership, his rate of loss is the smallest. This year his network may lose as much as $1,500,000 of his factories' profits, but that is peanuts compared to what some of his competitors will drop. For a rookie in the big leagues, Du Mont seems to be doing all right.

The thing about the man is that he never lets up. After a long day in the office, he is quite apt to spend a long evening in his field laboratory which, wired with coaxial cable, is the world's most fantastic house of television.

A View of the Montclair Lab

From the bottom of Montclair's highest hill, the laboratory, which is at its top, looks like a red brick, French château, complete with Norman tower. On the tower is a forest of aerials, including a radar trellis like those on aircraft carriers. Espalier apples grow against the laboratory walls, periwinkle blinks bluely in flowered borders, and what goes on in three of the rooms in this house explains a good deal about Du Mont, and even more about his steadily enlarging success.

In one room there are samples of every home receiver being made by the Du Mont factories. Whenever the first of a new model comes off the production line, it is brought here for Du Mont's personal test. For hours on end he twists the dials. He gives it every trial his experts' ingenuity can devise, and keeps a chart on its performance. His reports to his engineers on the performances of the sets are more severely critical than any customer's complaint is ever likely to be.

Another room is for trade comparisons. Here, ranged along two walls, each new receiver put out by his competitors is tested on a comparison basis. Watching the same face twitch and gargle on twenty screens at once could be a nightmare, but under Du Mont's able and animated guidance, it becomes a superb show.

"Television should not be watched in a totally dark room," he starts off. "Makes for eyestrain. Always have a little light." A pause—"The best distance from which to watch is when your fingers, held upward and at arm's length in front of the eyes, just block off the screen." A pause for a long drag on his Havana cigar.

Jumping up and limping across the room, he taps the screen on a set made by Competitor A. "See these squiggly lines, the lack of sharpness? These people are trying to cut costs and they've left out a couple of circuits which would cure that," he says. For a moment he stands watching the squiggle with a doleful, disapproving fascination. Briskly turning to the next one he goes on: "See this one's tendency to hump and fade? This company is trying to save on tubes."

Farther down the line a set goes haywire. Du Mont twiddles the dials, even gives the cabinet a couple of whacks, but the image continues to behave like a woman in a reducing machine. Then he bellows, "Hey, Oscar!" In runs a serious, sallow, bespectacled man who stands attentively by.

"Oscar," Du Mont half shouts, the volume of his normally quiet voice upped by exasperation, "take this thing apart and see what's wrong with it. Must be something wrong with it. Those people can't be turning out a thing as bad as that." Leaving Oscar to his problem, Du Mont leads the way to a third room—his broadcasting monitor room.

In this, eight Du Mont receivers are arranged in a quarter circle, in two tiers. Each remains tuned to a separate channel so that, turning them all on, he can see everything being put on the air in New York and Philadelphia at once. His lively interest covers the artistic quality of the shows, or lack of it, as well as the technical proficiency of the broadcasting.

"Watch," he says, pointing to a ball game coming in from Yankee Stadium. "When the picture switches from the plate to the infield, see how much darker it becomes. The camera covering the infield has been stopped down too far. Needs more light. A good director would catch that—those boys still have a lot to learn."

Suddenly focusing his attention on a horse race from Jamaica, he becomes intent. "Look at the way that image jumps!" For a second or two his fingers play a tattoo on his chair arm, then, with a happy sigh, he says, "They're having squally weather out there. I guess the wind is shaking the camera." A second later a panoramic shot shows a topcoated cameraman at his machine on the grandstand roof. The tail of his coat is whipped out horizontally behind him by the breeze.

Back downstairs in a beautifully decorated lounge, Du Mont glows like a new father when he is told that his field laboratory is a stunning thing. "Hey, Oscar!" he yells, and the breathless Oscar appears almost immediately. "Oscar," his voice drops, "have we got one of those new 20-inch tubes up here?" They have, and Oscar hauls it in, crated in a cardboard carton half as big as a coffin. Tenderly he takes it out and holds it for the guest to see. It has a round eye 20 inches in diameter and is colored beige-gray by the fluorescent compound which coats the inside of the glass.

The big eye is sealed in a metal cone which tapers down to a round, glass blister and then to a narrow glass cylinder like the neck of a chemist's flask.

Shorter Tube's Advantages

"Here's something new we've developed," Du Mont begins. "This is a tube for some new, big-screen receivers we're getting ready to put in production. It is only 19 inches long; the old ones are more than 30. That means we can get 'em into a cabinet that won't stick too far out into a living room. Also cuts down cabinet costs. This tube weighs 19 pounds, compared to 44 for all-glass ones of the same size. With all the savings this makes possible, we'll be able to knock many dollars off the price of the big-screen receivers."

Musingly, as if he himself were not also an engineer, Du Mont goes on: "Funny people, engineers. Always tell you it can't be done. They told me this idea wouldn't work; said the tube was too short to get a sharp image. Finally had to order 'em to go ahead and make it. Turns out it gives the sharpest image ever."

Du Mont's pace would kill a less vital or absorbed man. But he will not permit the installation of a single time clock in his factories. He worries far less about the occasional chiseler who chips a few minutes off working time than he does about the danger of becoming surrounded by people with an "it can't be done" attitude. The fear is almost obsessive, and it grows out of his own history.

A Brooklyn boy, he had a tough childhood bout with polio which left his legs, though serviceable for walking, no good for running. A lover of boats and water, he became a powerful swimmer, but most of his adolescent energy had to be thrown into sports a boy could play sitting down. So radio became his game. At eleven he

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built his first two-way set; at fifteen he qualified as a first-grade commercial radio operator. Thereafter he spent his high school and college summers working as a radio operator on tramp steamers. Following his hobby-occupation into college, he studied engineering at Rensselaer Polytech and his first job after graduation was in research for the Westinghouse Lamp Company at Bloomfield, New Jersey.

In those days, the early and middle twenties, commercial radio was in about the stage of development that television is today. Before radio could become a mass industry, home receivers had to be made better and cheaper, and the bottleneck was tube production. "At Westinghouse," Du Mont says, "they got so tired of hearing me criticize their tube production setup that one day they told me to go ahead and see what I could do."

In effect, Du Mont was being told to put up or shut up. He put up. In three years he racked up ten patents, each of which speeded or improved tube production; one of these was a machine shaped like a Ferris wheel which could season and test tubes at the then fantastic rate of 5,000 an hour. The bottleneck was broken, radio was on its way, and Du Mont won the Westinghouse prize for the most valuable contribution to company progress two years in a row. He was twenty-eight, and four years out of college, when he became production vice-president of the De Forest Radio Company.

Du Mont's primary assignment at De Forest was more tube production. But he found the company up to its neck in television. It had erected the first television transmitter in the United States at its Passaic plant, and while Hollywood was looking at itself with sound, De Forest engineers were trying to talk to themselves with pictures. The device they used was a Jenkins scanner, a spinning disk punctured with holes. It was bulky, complex, unpredictable and crude, and Du Mont flatly rejected it as impractical. "The way to develop television," he argued, "is to develop the cathode-ray tube."

Although the cathode-ray tube had been first produced in Europe way back in the nineties, it was still, in 1930, a laboratory curiosity in the United States. Such tubes as there were in this country came mostly from Germany. They cost about $500 each and had a normal life expectancy of about 30 hours.

Most of the De Forest engineers thought Du Mont's ideas could not be accomplished, and said so. The company, reorganized just a short time before that, rested on a shaky financial foundation at best, and the argument in favor of costly cathode-ray tubes soon had the company's underpinnings rattling even more perilously. The critical attitude that had got Du Mont a chance at Westinghouse helped get him a dismissal notice at De Forest. In 1931, he joined the depression-swollen ranks of the jobless.

"I decided," he says, "that I'd had enough of working for other people." But what he had really decided was to prove his faith in the cathode-ray tube.

Gambled Security on an Idea

In the year of Du Mont's decision, the depression had already begun to shake men's faith in themselves. The phrase "Social Security" was becoming a watchword. Du Mont already had what most men thought they wanted—a pretty wife; a healthy baby boy; a shiny new home on a hillside in classy Upper Montclair; a comforting collection of life insurance policies; and some money in the bank. Had he been in tune with his times, he would certainly have tried to save these by scampering for the security of an-

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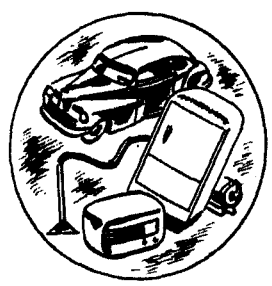

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other job, which, with his impressive record, would not have been hard to find, even in 1931. Instead, he gambled all that he had on an idea.

Leaving his new automobile out in the weather, he turned the basement-garage of his home into a laboratory. Henry L. Crowley, one of the De Forest directors, was mildly interested in his determined ex-employee and lent him $500 which Du Mont matched with $500 of his own. The first $1,000 was not enough even for necessary equipment and was gone in a few days. Crowley promptly lost interest, and Du Mont continued on his own. While he kept his family going with occasional fees from his services as a consulting engineer, he steadily depleted his savings, hocked his insurance and his house, and borrowed what he could from his wife's relatives.

"Those first two years ate up between $45,000 and $50,000," he recalls.

Company records show that in the same period the laboratory produced salable goods worth $1,920.

Movie Theater in a Bottle

As now developed, the cathode-ray tube is a mysterious, bulbous gadget which looks like a black glass demijohn having a fluorescent button and a chromium, spiked top. It is, in effect, a moving picture theater in a bottle, with a projector at the "top" and a screen at the other end, or "bottom," of the demijohn shape.

The projector is a "gun" which shoots electrons through a series of magnets and metal lenses, past a double set of gates shaped like miniature horse blinders and onto the fluorescent screen where the invisible impulses flower into patterns of light. Its miracle is that it converts impulses snatched from the air into wiggling images which, though sometimes still hard on the eyes, have proved endlessly fascinating and useful.

Looking back from 1949, with dozens of factories producing cathode-ray tubes by the hundreds of thousands, the obstacles Du Mont had to overcome seem unbelievable. A bare 18 years ago most of the raw materials now used in the tubes were not even in commercial production. Today, major glass companies, such as Corning, have invested millions in equipment to mass-produce the glass blanks from which the tubes are made.

When Du Mont started, his second employee was Stanley J. Koch, a young, blond giant of a glass blower who made them by hand.

Koch, still with Du Mont and now in charge of tube research, still looks like a boy fresh out of college, but he talks with an old-timer's air.

"What I remember most," says Koch of Du Mont and the early days, "is the man's drive. He made you want to work hard because, no matter how hard or long you worked, he worked harder. He made you have faith in him because he had so much in himself. Everything had to be done the hard way. We had to make the blanks by hand, and we had to find the right metal for the filaments and lenses by experiment.

"The problem of getting ingredients for the fluorescent screen is an example of what I mean. The basic material is zinc orthosilicate. Nowadays it is made synthetically and this is a sizable industry. But then nobody was making it and the stuff just couldn't be bought. In the evenings and on week ends, Dr. Du Mont (in Du Mont's plants everyone calls him Doctor in recognition of an honorary degree from Rensselaer) and his brother-in-law, Albert Steadman, a chemist, used to take gunny sacks up to an old zinc mine not far from here to buy chunks of willemite. They'd bring back filled sacks and spend evenings grinding the stuff up and picking out what they wanted. Crude and tedious, but that was how it had to be done."

By the end of the second year Du Mont had licked his problem. He could mass-produce cathode-ray tubes that were guaranteed to live for at least 1,000 hours, and he could do it at a fraction of the cost of the 30-hour, $500 German ones. But television was still a visionary's dream; commercially it simply didn't exist.

At this time Du Mont probably knew more about what a cathode-ray tube could do than any other man. He understood that he had a gadget of a thousand uses—one that could translate human heartbeats into squiggles on a piece of film, tell the difference between a Stradivarius and a mail-order fiddle, find flaws in steel, locate metal in man or earth, solve mathematical problems, measure a shotgun's recoil, and perform many other tricks.

But, since very few other people knew even that much, he saw that he would have to educate his market before he could sell his product. He decided to put his tubes in as many college laboratories as possible, so that young men going out into industry would feel an increasing need for them. Stretching his borrowed shoestring another inch, he moved his workshop into a one-story building in Montclair. By the end of 1933, the year's sales amounted to $12,261—not enough to meet expenses, but solid proof that cathode-ray tubes could be sold.

COLLIER'S "Did a DC-6 just fly through here?" NED HILTON

One result of Du Mont's invasion of the colleges is the presence in the company today of Thomas Toliver Goldsmith, Jr., a South Carolina boy who did postgrad work in electronics at Cornell.

Cornell Student Gets a Job

Once, as Goldsmith was nearing the end of his studies, a cathode-ray problem came up at Cornell, and Goldsmith was detailed to visit Du Mont and find the answer. After half an hour of electronic talk, Du Mont looked up suddenly and said, "Well, when are you coming to work with us?" Goldsmith, flattered and abashed, explained that he already had a job, but that when his six-month agreement was up, he would join Du Mont, and he did so in 1936.

"Since I first came here," he chuckles, "I've done a little of everything. I've been an officer, and I've swept the place out. But when I found I had to write a lot of letters, I began to wonder how I should sign myself. So I went to Du Mont and asked, 'You know as much about what your job is as anybody else around here,' Du Mont said. 'Pick out a title you like.' So I signed myself Director of Research. Now, although I'm also on the board of directors, I'm still Director of Research."

The call letters of the Du Mont network station in Washington, WTTG, attest to Goldsmith's importance to the company—they are his initials.

From 1933 on, sales mounted slowly and steadily. But each increase meant need for further expansion and new equipment, and financially Du Mont's back was always against the wall.

Today, however, some of his most ardent admirers are people who ruefully remember refusing chances to buy into Du Mont when the company was literally begging for stockholders.

By-Products Prove Valuable

All through the early, hard-driving development period, Du Mont was, and still is, meticulous about filing patent applications on by-products that his cathode-ray research created. One was the "magic eye"—also called the cathode-ray radio tuning indicator—which was sold to RCA for $19,750. The money helped to buy a three-story factory building previously inhabited by a pickle canner. Today, it is Du Mont Plant No. 1.

But the Paramount deal in 1938 permitted Du Mont really to get on the track of what he had been after all the time—television. But even with his transmitter up and working, the market for television sets still was insignificant. About the only buyers were proprietors of bars, who used them to supply fight programs to their patrons, and there just weren't enough barrooms to make receiver manufacturing a major industry. Thus, even with borrowings, earnings and occasional windfalls, Du Mont continued to have money troubles until war came.

It was the war that answered his expansion problems. Du Mont had known as far back as 1933, when the U.S. Army Signal Corps talked him out of filing patent papers on basic radar development (another of his cathode-ray by-products), that the same tube which is the heart of television is also the heart of radar, loran, shoran, GCA and a whole host of other related instruments the fighting services suddenly began to demand in quantities no man had ever dreamed of.

In a real and vital way, the U.S. was lucky to have Du Mont. "The government," he says dryly, "paid us $750,000 to show other companies how to make cathode-ray tubes, and then took all but five per cent of the money back in taxes. They also left us the competitors we created." But this statement is made more in humor than rancor. When the war ended, Du Mont was on a sound financial footing, able to handle expansion problems without scrabbling for money, and in a position to get into television on a scale never before possible for him.

The capital structure the company adopted in 1938, at the time of the Paramount deal, remains as its basic structure today. In it, Du Mont and other holders of Class A stock—there are 13,000 stockholders listed on company records—run the company. But Paramount is represented among the company officers and on the board, and it holds the right to veto any further financial reorganization which might freeze it out. More valuable to Paramount, perhaps, than the $10,000,000 it might get for its Du Mont stock, is the foot in television's door that ownership of the stock provides.

Du Mont no longer owns control of his company. But, with what he does own plus the proxies of his loyal friends and stockholder-employees, he can count on controlling more than 51 per cent of the stock in any company crisis. Thus, his position as company boss is virtually unshakable.

That Du Mont is no longer controlling owner is partly his own fault. After the stock was split ten for one, Du Mont felt a wave of generosity and gratitude toward not only old friends who had helped him with money at various times, but also toward employees who had stuck with him. How much of his holdings he gave away is his own secret, but a few samples may be indicative. To Crowley, the man who put up the first $500, went 25,000 shares (today's value, $337,500). To John Hinck, a mechanic technician who was Du Mont's first employee and is still on the company rolls as number one in seniority, went 5,000 shares (today's value, $67,500).

Such behavior baffles some of Du Mont's friends, and lends substance to statements that he is unworldly. But the real explanation is one of simple, everyday emotions. He is, today, deeply grateful to those who supported him during the period when most people discounted him as a crackpot or a fool.

The Cruiser Cost a Fortune

But there are other bits of behavior which also lead to the "unworldly" opinion—and have a different explanation. For example, some years back, Du Mont wanted to buy a 34-foot cruiser and, to raise the money for the boat, he sold enough shares to pay for it. By today's values that cruiser cost Du Mont somewhere in the neighborhood of $250,000.

But to Du Mont this disparity means nothing. He got as much out of the boat in terms of experimental knowledge as he did in pleasure, and what he learned was worth more than $250,000, if it can be valued that way at all. All during the war he had special Coast Guard permission to cruise the coastal waters, where he spent long week ends in search of "ghosts."

In television, a ghost is a shadow image on the receiving screen. It occurs when a television signal from a transmitter is bounced off a high building, or some natural obstruction such as a mountain or cliff. When this bounced signal comes up visually on your television screen, it's no longer merely television you're looking at, but television and radar. And, during the war, radar was what Du Mont was working on.

Now, Du Mont has turned in his old boat on a new, 54-foot one, and when he wants to get away from everything, he goes to sea with no one but his family (which has grown to include a daughter), perhaps a friend or two, and his television apparatus. Although he already knows more about television than perhaps any other company president in the business, he still confidently expects to learn something new every time he looks at a lighted screen.

Knowledge, plus curiosity, is the basis for Du Mont's prediction that, within the next four years, television will expand sevenfold to become a $7,000,000,000 industry and one of the nation's ten biggest. Whether he's right or not, one thing is certain: Whatever happens to television will also happen to Du Mont. THE END

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WE WON'T BE NEEDING YOU, AL

Continued from page 17

back just as easily, the routine of the thump and the throw releasing his mind for random enjoyment of the sun and the crowd.

Thump, throw, thump, throw, thump . . . Bud began to bear down. He had a single bad fault. When his curve didn't break, it came in shoulder-high and fat. Bud called it his balloon ball and laughed about it, but Menckendorf knew it worried him all the same.

"No balloon balls today," Menckendorf called suddenly.

Bud grinned.

PLAYERS were streaming off the field into the dugout, but the pitcher and the catcher stayed with their warmup until the last possible minute and then stood at attention while the band played God Save the King. Although the club was in a Canadian city, all but two of the players were Americans; anyway, the tune was the same as My Country, 'Tis of Thee. The anthem ended and Menckendorf slipped into his belly pad and ran toward the plate with his mask under his arm. Infielders and outfielders ran out into position, yelling at each other.

A clear voice came from the crowd. "Hey, Twinkletoes! Show 'em what they're losing!"

Menckendorf tipped his mask in the direction of the voice and smiled weakly as he whipped the mask over his head and crouched behind the plate.

On the fifth warmup pitch he stood and threw to second, slightly off the bag. He was accurate if he took a step before the throw, but that step often gave a runner the instant that made him safe instead of out, and for two years Menckendorf had been trying to perfect a throw from his crouch, or without taking a step. He still couldn't do it well more than half the time.

The first batter for the Grays, the opposition today, stood near the batter's box, rubbing dirt on his hands. He spoke sideways to Menckendorf: "What's the matter with Marty?"

"Split a finger yesterday." Marty was the Maroons' first-string catcher. The other one, Anderson, was pretty good too; but for some reason Joe Bentham, the manager, had picked Menckendorf to work this last day. Al Menckendorf liked Joe. It wasn't Joe's fault that Menckendorf wasn't a better catcher, and Menckendorf knew that.

"See by the papers you're being released," the batter said.

Menckendorf straddled the plate to get the throw-in from third and tossed it out slowly to Bud on the mound. "Yeah," he said, and crouched again, laying two fingers behind his glove to call for the fast one and setting the target low and just over the outside corner of the plate.

Bud came in a little higher than he should have and the batter hit it on the ground to deep second and Menckendorf was off at the crack of the bat, running like a plow horse to back up first. The second baseman took the bounce and flipped the ball to first, and the man was out. Menckendorf pulled up near the coaching line and trotted back into position, breathing a little harder than normal. The sharp twist in his chest that came with every infield ground ball receded, and he thought, as he always did, that it was too bad they used this ball diamond for football in the fall because it always pocked the infield some, and the groundman never had it in proper shape before July. Menckendorf worried on every ground ball because he had seen a lot of bad bounces on this field.

Bud struck out the next man and got two strikes on the third batter. He had a lot of stuff today. Waiting for the pitch, Menckendorf reflected that maybe this season would be the one that would make Bud a really good pitcher. Menckendorf hoped so. He was fond of Bud and Belle, and he hoped for them, as he had once hoped for himself, that the passage of years would take them up into the good leagues. Then Belle would sit among the tens of thousands and watch Bud throw strikes to some other catcher, past the best hitters in the world.

The pitch. Swing and miss. Strike three.

Menckendorf trotted to the dugout steps and settled himself in a cool corner, not bothering to remove his equipment because he was batting seventh and he'd have lots of notice if he had to hit in this inning. For a couple of minutes, while the warmup pitches were being thrown, he watched Schull, the third baseman for the Grays, a man almost as big as Menckendorf. When his teammates threw the ball to Schull it always came soft and easy.

"Do they only have that one movie film or do they just go to the same place and do the same things on their vacation every year?"

COLLIER'S — SCOTT BROWN

Schull had hit .404 last year to lead the league in batting, but when he went to a triple-A training camp this spring he fielded so badly that they put him in the outfield and he kept catching fly balls right between the eyes until finally they gave up on him. He'd spent a couple of weeks with a Class B club until the manager decided that he didn't need hitting quite that badly, and now Schull was back in Class D again, hitting .392.

THE manager, Joe Bentham, dropped down beside Menckendorf in the dugout. Menckendorf was a little embarrassed. Joe had told him three days before about his release. It hadn't been too much of a surprise. This spring the ownership of the Maroon franchise had changed. The old management hadn't had much money and Menckendorf probably would have played on with the Maroons for years if there hadn't been this sale.

The new owners, a group of businessmen, brought in Joe Bentham as playing manager. Just last year he'd played left field with St. Paul. He could murder this Class D pitching. They'd spent money to get him. They were spending money elsewhere, too. Marty and Anderson, the other catchers, were both new and both good and Marty was twenty, Anderson nineteen. So when Joe had called him into the bare little office back of the dressing room on Wednesday after practice, Menckendorf had guessed why.

"Al," Joe had said. "I'm sorry, but we asked waivers on you and nobody bid. After Saturday you'll be a free agent."

Menckendorf had said nothing, twisting his big square hands together painfully.

"You know we've got to get the player roster down to seventeen men by Saturday," Joe said.

"Yes."

"We don't need three catchers."

"No."

"We won't be needing you, Al."

"No, you won't."

"What will you do?"

"I don't know."

There was a silence for a minute and then Menckendorf got up, his eyes still averted from Joe's, and started to try to thank Joe for being as good as he could.

"Don't go," Joe said. "Sit down."

Menckendorf sat down again.

"I don't know much about you, kid," Joe said. "Where are you from?"

"Minneapolis."

"What did you do before you came here?"

Menckendorf was brief with his words but his memory was complete and now the commonplace became poignant. He ran through the teams he'd played with. "Legion ball." (In the state tournament he'd been his club's second-best hitter, and pro scouts signed the best hitter and the third and fourth best hitters and a kid shortstop who was a whiz but could hardly hit at all.)

"Semipro with a brewery team." (The Sunday they had foot races before the game everybody laughed when they matched Menckendorf and a fat old pitcher from the other team. Menckendorf won by only a few feet, although he'd run as fast as he could.)

Then old Ed Bush had come along one Sunday and signed him for sixty a month, plus board and quarters to go to the Maroons the next year to catch for this team that he, Ed Bush, owned and managed. (God, the excitement of that evening, telling Mother and Dad and the two sisters in the living room of the high old brick house three blocks from the ball park in Minneapolis; the excitement of that night in bed, unsleeping, the roar of the great crowds in Chicago and Philadelphia and New York in his ears. In the flickering light that came through his window from the streets he could see the large glossy prints—some old, some new—of Bill Dickey and Stan Musial and Jonnny Mize and Rudy York; he'd wondered what they were like, man to man, the way men would be when they played with the same ball club. When spring came Bush told him he could make an extra twenty dollars a month driving the bus and he drove it for a month and then a pitcher wanted more money, so Bush gave the pitcher the job of driving the bus.)

"I don't know, kid," Joe had said, and his voice was kind and sort of unhappy. "It's up to you, but maybe this is a good thing. You're still young and you can get into some other business. All you've got to do is try as hard as you have in baseball, and you'll make a million at anything else."

IN THE dugout now, Joe was on his feet, leaning his hands against the rim, yelling as Frenchy Aquirre, the center fielder, stretched a short hit into a double with a wild slide to second. In the minute or two Joe had sat beside Menckendorf no word had been spoken.

Bud slid along the bench and nudged Menckendorf, and Menckendorf grinned at him.

"Someday when we're coming back up from the other end of the league we'll drop in at your place in Minneapolis and see you, Twink," Bud said. "Maybe we'd better let you know in advance, and we'll come for dinner, the whole team, and it'll cost you so much you won't be able to buy that new convertible for another two weeks."

There was another crack of the bat and Frenchy was streaking for third. Then he took off in a looping dive and slid the last three feet on his chest, stopping with his outstretched forefinger on the bag, while Schull disgustedly looked down at Frenchy's grinning, sweaty face.

"You oughta be happy just catching one for a change, Schull," bawled Bud, "without worrying whether you tag the guy or not!"

Schull threw the ball back to the pitcher, who eyed the runners on first and third and got ready to deliver. Two on, nobody out. Menckendorf started to unfasten his belly pad.

"Come on, you bum," Bud was saying to Gus, the cleanup man, who was fingering the bats outside the dugout. "No use me pitching this no-hitter if you don't get me some runs."

For no really logically reason, Menckendorf remembered the day Bud had joined the club on the road last season. Nineteen, not yet married, cocky. On the way home in the aged, chugging club bus he had poked a water pistol out of the window beside him and poured a perfect shot into the shocked face of a driver who was passing with his window down.

They'd passed the car a second or two later. It had stopped beside the road and the driver swore and shouted and wiped his face and shook his fist.

Gus, the first baseman, bawled Bud out.

"It didn't hurt him," Bud protested.

"It might have."

"I'll mind my business. You mind yours."

"When I was a rookie I knew enough to let other people do the talking and play the jokes."

"When you were a rookie, you weren't as good as I am."

Bud was a favorite in the club now;

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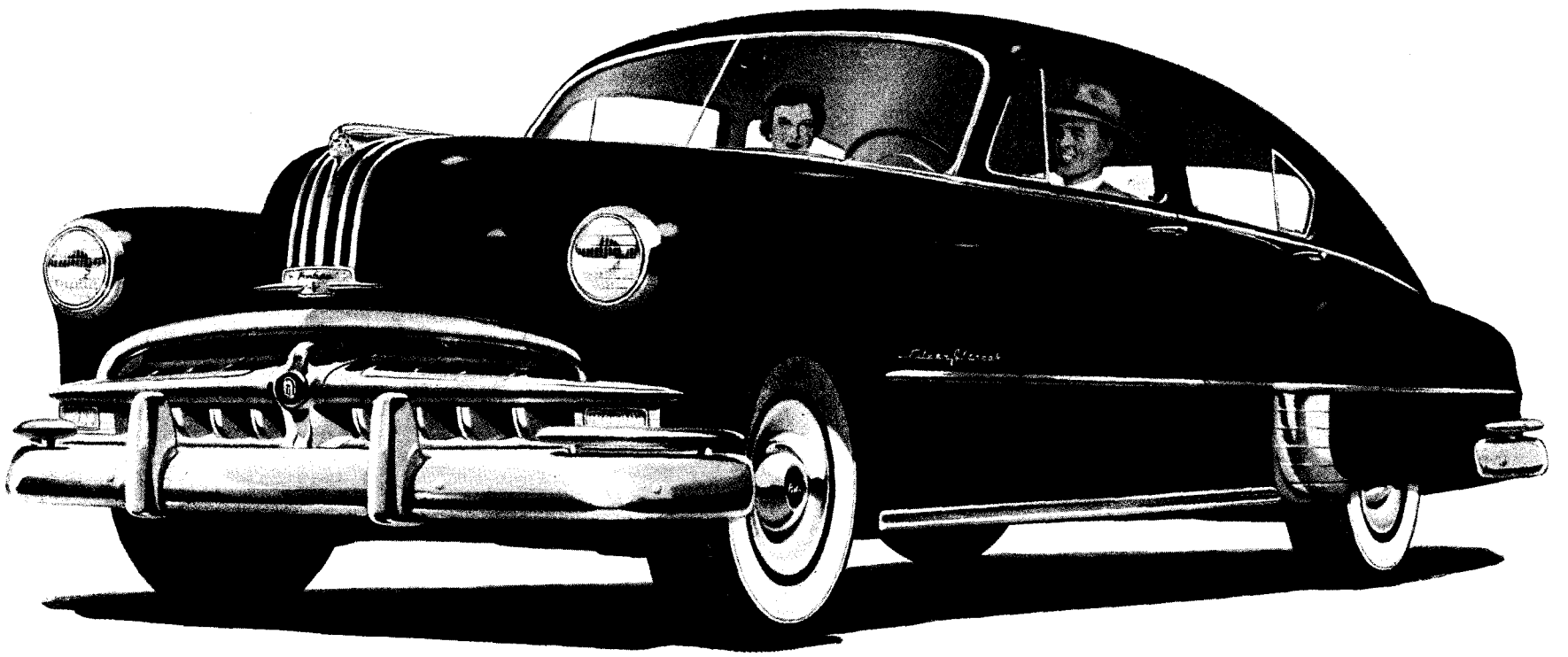

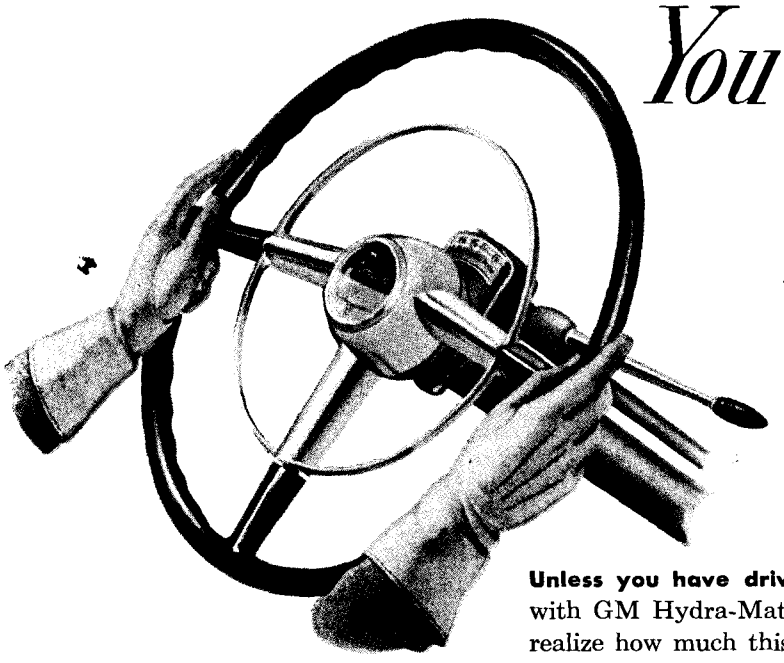

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PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION of GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

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he'd stopped playing practical jokes since his marriage. But he still kidded a lot. Last year the trainer had loaned him a bottle of smelling salts after he was beaned by a line smash back through the box. He'd been dizzy for a few days, needed the smelling salts, but he'd never remembered to give them back. This spring Mac, the trainer, who was no smarter than the law demanded, had asked for his smelling salts.

"They're all gone," Bud said slowly.

The trainer blew up. "All gone! You can use smelling salts a thousand times and they're still good!"

"Look, Mac," Bud said quietly. "I used them up."

The rest of the club, in the dressing room, were grinning at one another.

"You know that I work in a coal mine in Mississippi in the off season," Bud told the trainer. (Actually, he was a cashier in a Crookston bowling alley.)

"Yeah?"

"Down there we use mule carts. We go along about a mile down, see, and I shovel this cart full of coal. Then I lead the mule along the slope and dump the coal and it's taken up to the surface."

"Yeah?" The trainer's attention was rapt, and completely trusting.

"Well, this mule, see, kept balking. I'd throw coal from behind, drag from the front, do everything, and the mule wouldn't go."

"So?" said the trainer, puzzled but eager. "What's this got to do with my smelling salts?"

"So," said Bud, "one day I remember these smelling salts. I'd kept them in case I had dizzy spells again. I walk up to this mule and I shove the end of the bottle to the mule's nose and the mule breathes in the smelling salts."

"Yeah," said the trainer. "What happened?"

"The mule went like hell. But every trip after that he'd balk and I'd have to use the smelling salts and by the time March came around this year there just wasn't even a smell left in that bottle."

"By gosh!" said the trainer in wonderment, shaking his head as he went about packing towels and equipment.

THE third Maroon up bounced one toward second, and the Grays' shortstop held Frenchy on third before he forced the runner at second, allowing the batter to reach first on a fielder's choice. Gus socked a long double to center and two runs scored. Joe was up now, batting fifth, and Menckendorf slipped out of his belly pad and unbuckled his leg guards.

Bud was out in front of the dugout now, jubilant at the lead his mates were getting for him, yelling: "Hit this one, Joe! Hit it!"

In the few seconds before the pitcher began his windup, Menckendorf reminded himself without emphasis that this was his last day, that Joe had (contrary to custom, really) given him his walking papers in advance, that after today he wouldn't know what Bud was doing or what Gus was doing or what Joe was doing. Later today he would go home to the big house in Minneapolis (his bags were already at the bus terminal) and tell his mother and dad that he'd been released. His old room would be waiting for him and his mother would make half a ton of doughnuts because Menckendorf loved doughnuts and his mother always thought that if a man's stomach was full of food he loved, damage to other parts of his being or his ego took care of itself.

Joe slapped a single to left field and Gus scored. The next man up hit to right and the Grays yanked their pitcher. With men on first and second, Menckendorf hit a line drive over the left-field fence, a few feet foul. On the next pitch, he caught the top of a slow curve, and the ball bounced in front of him. The pitcher threw to the shortstop at second for one out and the quick throw down to first was there while Menckendorf was still two steps off the bag, throwing his heavy thighs and knees out as he ran and, even in the intense effort, hearing the groan from the crowd at the quick end to the rally.

Menckendorf kneeled, putting on his leg guards, and there was a hard lump in his throat that he couldn't swallow. Why couldn't that foul have been a few feet closer in? Fair, it would have scored three more runs. He slipped into his belly pad and trotted to the plate and took the ball from Anderson, who'd been warming up Bud. Anderson didn't speak. He was too young to know much about failure. Bud came down from the mound and Menckendorf went out to meet him.

"Tough luck, Twink," Bud said. "You really powdered that one."

Menckendorf smiled stiffly. "Let's mow 'em down, Bud," he said, and turned back to the plate. . . .

They held the three-run lead for the next three innings, but were held hitless themselves by the Grays' second pitcher. In the fifth Bud was nursing along a two-hitter when one of his curves failed to break and came in like a balloon and Schull, without effort, dropped it into the right-field stands for a home run.

There was some desultory clapping from the crowd for the ease with which Schull hit, and as he rounded third he waved his cap at the crowd, a crooked grin on his big, rather stupid face; but as he came down the base line Menckendorf noticed that the grin faded quickly. The only man at the plate to shake his hand was the next batter, and Menckendorf was glad that he was playing with Joe and Bud and Gus and the others; and quickly again came the thought that this was the last day.

The Grays' next man singled to left and went to third when an easy grounder off the next pitch took a bad hop over the shortstop's shoulder. The men on first and third both broke with the next pitch, and Menckendorf pretended to pitch to second but threw to the shortstop, who whipped the ball back home fast. Menckendorf kept a tight clutch on the ball and stuck his hands into the flying spikes coming at him.

"Out!" the umpire yelled with his thumb in the air.

The runner disconsolately dusted himself off and limped away.

Menckendorf tossed the ball back to Bud and sucked at the blood from the gash on the side of his right hand. He crouched to give the signal for the pitch.

They were getting into the low end of the Grays' batting order now. Bud struck out the next man. With two out, the pressure was off a little. The runner on second danced around but Bud ignored him and threw two curves past the hitter before he missed the corner for a ball. On the next pitch the batter hit a high pop foul, and Menckendorf whipped off his mask and followed it and thanked God that it wasn't in the sun and involuntarily began to circle under it and then desperately realized he was misjudging it and heard the crowd yelling and dived full length and caught the ball for the third out.

"Make it look tough, Twinkletoes!" yelled a deep voice from the crowd. Some of the fans were laughing. Menckendorf kept his head down as he walked to the dugout and looked up only when Bud came in, bouncing on his toes. "You should take that show on the road, Twink," he said. "I'm telling you, I thought for a minute you weren't going to get it."

BUD and Menckendorf grinned at each other. There was a look almost of tenderness in the pitcher's eyes for an instant before he went on down the bench, kidding somebody else. A couple of others met Menckendorf's eyes and grinned but the rest, especially the men new to the club this year, ignored the incident. Menckendorf stared out at the diamond and wiped the sweat and dust from his face with a towel. He rubbed his big square hands along his thighs and noticed how dirty his uniform was. It was always like that after the first couple of innings of a game, and that dive for the foul had added the final touch of grime. A good catcher would have got that foul easy, he thought. Lots of time. Marty would have had it without wasting a step. Marty's a good catcher.

"How's the finger, Marty?" he called along the dugout.

Marty, who had been quiet and self-conscious with Menckendorf ever since the news of his release, smiled a grateful smile. "Not bad, Al. Not bad."

The second time Menckendorf came up to bat, in the last of the fourth, he popped to the second baseman. Then he was crouched again behind the plate in the hot prairie sun, and the wet black sweat mark had seeped down his shirt to his belt, and his mitt was thumping with the warmup pitches. Bud threw one very high, and, as Menckendorf trotted back to the screen for it, conscious of the effort of moving these heavy awkward legs, he remembered the time a girl behind the screen had asked her escort, "Why do they call him Twink?"

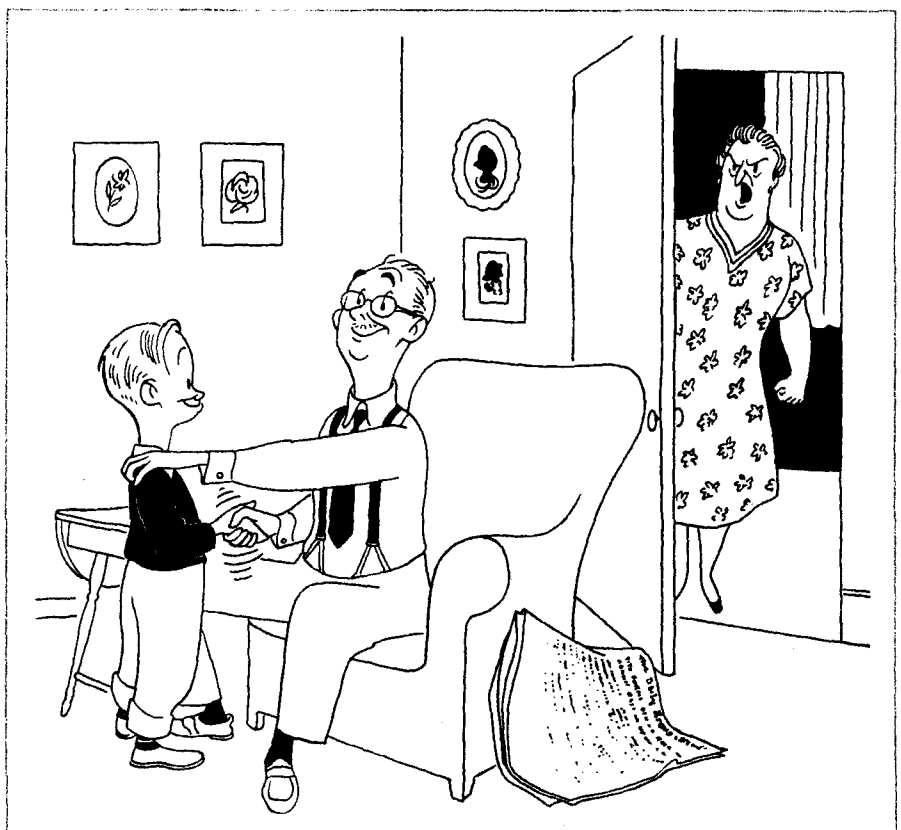
He remembered the male voice. "Short for Twinkletoes." And then the mingled laughter. They couldn't know that he'd heard, because baseball crowds don't understand the inverted acoustics

RODNEY DE SARRO

For Father's Day

Be-Kind-To-Animals Week is over;
No more porterhouse steaks for Rover.
Don't-Beat-Your-Wife Week came and went;
Let's-Buy-A-Bicycle Week left its dent;
For there's not a cause so obscure or drear
But rates its tribute some time of the year—
Even *Father* officially rates his *Day*,
So make the most of it, Dad, while you may!
(Coming: three hundred and sixty-four
When oblivion will be yours once more.)

—ETHEL JACOBSON



COLLIER'S

"George! Are you speaking to Vincent about talking back to me this afternoon?"

LARRY REYNOLDS

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which will allow a player to ignore the huge roars and hear only the small clear voices.

Crouched there behind the plate while the umpire whisked it clean and a batter rhythmically tapped his bat first on one foot and then on the other, Menckendorf grinned wryly. Twinkletoes.

Strike, ball, foul, single to left, stolen base, fly to right, strike, strike, strike, ball, strike, ball . . .

THE innings went on. They were getting to Bud a little and in the seventh added another run and in the eighth tied the score. Three all, one out, men on first and second. The pitcher who'd held the Maroons scoreless since the first was coming up to bat when the Grays' manager made his decision. He sent in a pinch hitter, gambling on taking the lead now and then holding the Maroons with a new pitcher in their last two times at bat. Immediately, a pitcher began warming up in the Grays' bull pen. The pinch hitter lined one to first, Gus doubled the runner off the bag, and the side was retired.

Bud didn't have much of a grin when he came off the mound that time. He sat swearing vigorously to himself at one end of the bench as Gus fanned, yelled when Joe rattled a double off the wall, groaned when the new pitcher, another left-hander, picked Joe off second and then got the next batter on a long fly. Menckendorf, who'd removed his leg guards, put them back on hastily and ran out to the plate.

This time his practice throw to second, from the crouch, was on the mark, and he felt good and added his deep shout to the peppery yells of the infielders. Hold them now, and then he'd be first man up in the last of the ninth and even if the Maroons couldn't score there'd be the tenth with the top of the batting order coming up. And maybe he would score. It would be his last time to bat, his last stop before the blank window of the bus and the flowing flat countryside as he rode home alone. Something to remember . . .

Bud got his stuff back, as he often did when the heat was really on. Sometimes he'd strike out five and six men in a row at the end of a game after seeming to have blown up in the middle innings, and Menckendorf had a feeling this was going to be one of those times. Bud struck out the first man, and Twink roared encouragement and pounded his mitt and argued with the umpire over a close one and they got the second one by a strikeout too. The third man walked, but on the first pitch to Schull, the next batter, Twink fired from his crouch; and, although his throw was high, the runner had hesitated and Gus caught him off the bag for the third out. . . .

In his mother's dining room (he always pictured himself as a boy, at home; no man, an oversize boy) maybe the team would come in someday on the way north or south, and they would all talk baseball and old times and ask Twink what he was doing. Mother and Dad would laugh with delight at his nickname, and Bud would kid Mother and tell her that Twink used to fire water pistols at passing motorists from the bus and that was why no other team in the league would have him. The long dining-room table would be set with coffee and platters of doughnuts, and Marty wouldn't feel so hot, eating them, because he'd be thinking that he and Anderson really had taken Twink's job.

AS HE stripped off his pads in front of the dugout, to get ready to bat, Twink caught Marty's eye and grinned.

"Nice throw, Twink," Marty called.

Menckendorf was trembling a little, swinging three bats briefly and then picking one and stepping into the batter's box with his normal left-handed stance and then stepping swiftly back out again.

A thought had just come to him. The pitcher was a left-hander and Twink hadn't hit against him before, since he'd come in the eighth. In Legion ball, when Twink was playing his best baseball, he'd been a switch hitter. He'd switched some in semipro, too; batting left against right-handers and right against left-handers, getting the advantage of having the ball cross to him. He'd done it the first year here, until the day a sports writer wrote tersely that Menckendorf should concentrate on learning how to hit from one side before he tried hitting from both. It was the same sports writer, older and more tolerant now, who'd written an affectionate farewell column about him in this morning's paper.

Viewpoint

"Oh, boy! You oughta see Charley! That little stinker! Think I musta broke his jaw!"

"No, nothing serious. I was wondering about Charley . . . Not a scratch, eh? They had a fight . . . Thought you knew about it"

COLLIER'S — DAVE GERARD

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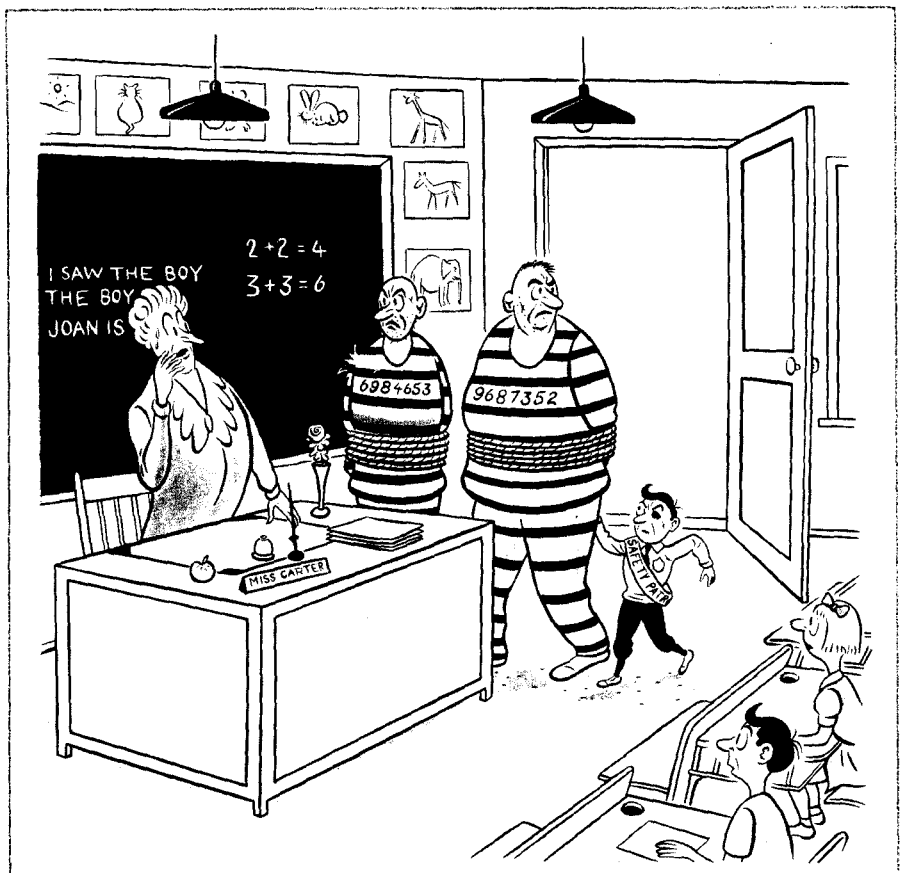

"That's fine, Bobby, but all you're supposed to do is direct traffic so the children can cross the street safely"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

Twink rubbed his hands in the dirt, switched his grip on the bat, and stepped across the plate to bat right-handed against the southpaw.

There was an instant of silence followed by Bud's yell to the pitcher, "Yay! He'll outwit you, you dumb southpaw!"

The first pitch was a ball. Twink crowded the plate, hunched over it, his mind a blank except for a racing consciousness of excitement.

The second pitch was a ball. There was no signal from Joe about what to do.

The third pitch was a cripple and Twink leaned into it and as he dropped his bat and started to run he saw it soaring toward the scoreboard in left center, bouncing along as he rounded first. He remembered that once Gus had got a home run inside the park on the same kind of hit. He noticed with a piece of his eye that the center fielder was bending for the ball as he neared second. He knew that two poor hitters were coming up next for the Maroons. He thought as he rounded second that, if he made third, a long fly from either of them or even a deep infield grounder might bring him home with the winning run.

He forgot for the instant that he was Twinkletoes Menckendorf and not Jesse Owens. He saw Joe's upraised palms when he was so far along the base line that he was lost anyway and then he was thudding laboriously down on the hunched figure of Schull. The long heave from the outfield bounced once—Schull wheeled quickly to tag him—he was sliding for the base—

He was seeing the umpire's hands flattened toward the ground to signal him safe while Schull reached down to pick up the ball he had neglected to catch before he tagged the runner.

And he was seeing Joe's face white for a second before he grinned a slow grin, half of amusement and half of astonishment, and turned toward his men in the dugout, shaking his head while he clapped his hands and yelled at the next man up to bat.

And he was listening to the razzing Schull was getting from Bud and the others—listening with an embarrassment that he recognized as sympathy for this other man who, despite his magnificent hitting, was in some ways an even greater dub than Twinkletoes Menckendorf.

He was thinking: A fast runner would have made third easy; a good ballplayer would have caught Joe's signal soon enough to stay at second; here I am at third and I can score the winning run.

The batter, eighth in the line-up, a shortstop who was hitting .211, nine points less than Menckendorf, slapped a fly to center field, and Twink scored the winning run with another slide. And even in the midst of the cloud of dust, while Bud was hauling him to his feet and Joe was thumping him on the behind, he was thinking: A good man would have been home without a slide.

THEN he straightened up. Some of the fans were yelling at him through the wire. There was affection and good humor in what they said and the way they said it. Twink walked through the passage under the creaking stands into the dressing room and yelled back and forth in the showers with the others, none of them mentioning that this was good-by except Bud, who had dressed quickly to join Belle and came up to Menckendorf and said in a low voice, "Belle and me, we'll see you at the bus, Twink."

Half dressed for the street, he stopped and opened his senses to remember the smell of sweaty bodies and liniment, and the clatter of lockers and the beefing of the shortstop because that bad hop in the fifth had been scored as an error against him; the wet towels on the floor; Marty, silent, with his hand outstretched; brief words of good-by as players hurried outside to meet their girls; the audible counting of Mac, the trainer, as he checked in from the cleaners a bundle of road uniforms for use next week; the look of Joe as he grinned with his lips compressed and shook his head with the same amazement every time he caught Twink's eye; the wet plank floors; two naked, lean, brown kids throwing soap at each other and laughing. He slipped on his jacket and picked up his bag and looked around at it all, carefully and without hurry, because although his bus was leaving for the south in an hour and he wanted to be sure to catch it, this was all disappearing and he must remember. THE END

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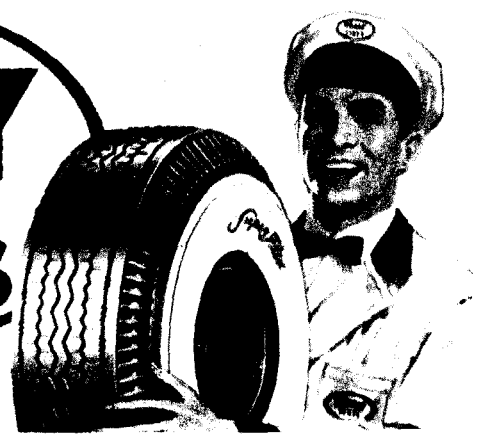

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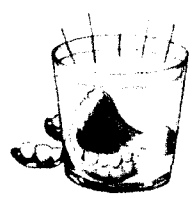

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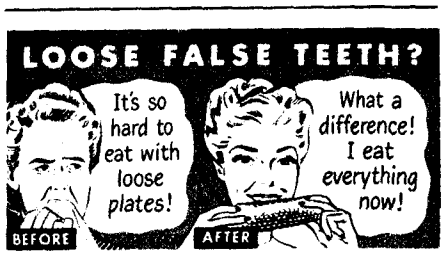

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THE MAGIC CANE

Continued from page 24

would have no trouble in taking Effie away from Otis Riley. . . .

I thought my mother never was going to get up and get breakfast that Sunday morning. It wasn't that I was hungry and wanted to eat. I wanted to get started with Effie's pa's cane, and I did not want to stir up any nosiness by leaving before the rest of the folks got up.

Even as it was, my mother took notice. She wanted to know how I came to get up without her pulling me out of bed. I said just because, and she looked at me like she was wondering could I be losing my mind. She put her finger under my chin and lifted it and said:

"Joe, I have been aiming to ask you something."

I said "What?"

She said, "Why on earth you been out so much at night lately—and why you carrying in shoulderloads of green dogwood sticks?"

I said, "I'm just hunting me a good cane. With all the bitin' dogs 'tween here and the schoolhouse, a person ought to have a cane."

I don't think she believed that. From the best I could tell, I'd puzzled my mother for the first time in my life, and as I walked down the river road with my cane, I glanced back and saw her standing in the door, watching me.

But I couldn't think about that any more. I had to start looking out for Effie's pa's flock of geese, and when I turned around a bunch of willow bushes, I saw them way down the river road.

THEY seemed at peace with all the world. They were resting on the ground under a wild-cherry tree, and they all had their heads tucked under their wings except this one old gander—and he had his head up and was looking up and down the river road.

I thought maybe a goose'd be smart enough to know this was Sunday and that I wouldn't be on my way to school.

But anyway, whether they knew it was Sunday or not, the old gander saw me at about the same time I saw him. He let go with a mean honk that echoed far up and down the river. It was enough to wake up every goose in ten miles.

Then the other geese took their heads from under their wings, got up and huddled around the old gander. It looked like he was the leader of the flock and they took combat orders from him.

They didn't honk loud now, but only huddled and chuckled and muttered. The best I could tell from goose language, they were getting set, and each goose was being told where to bite me on the legs.

They began to whet their bills, and it sounded something like when you whet a mowing scythe with a flint rock. Then they'd try their bills on the grass under the wild-cherry tree.

They came out in the middle of the road where the hot sunshine beat down, and in single file they came to meet me. The old gander led the charge, but he was quiet. I wondered if they kind of dreaded me since I was growing up now, and maybe it wouldn't be so easy to take a billful of the calf of my leg as it used to be—or whether it was a solemn moment like when soldiers start to go over the top or take a machine-gun nest. But of course, I couldn't tell for sure what was passing through the minds of the geese. I only knew the battle was shaping up. They didn't move to the right nor the left, but pressed straight toward me. Once, I stopped and considered.

I decided that there was no reason why a person should keep on being run over by a flock of geese and driven out of the road. This was a public highway, and I had heard people say it was against the law even to shoot a gun across the public highway. I remembered in my history books about men and rulers and kings and nations coming to the end of their patience. I remembered the words of Patrick Henry when he said, "Why stand we here idle? Our chains are already forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston."

I remembered the history books called them fighting words. And if Patrick Henry could throw words like that at England, why should I let a flock of geese drive me off the public highway?

With these thoughts boiling up, and the geese coming at me, I tried Effie's pa's dogwood cane for swing and balance. My first thought was to stand in the middle of the road and crack the old gander on top of the head with the dogwood cane. But then other thoughts came that kind of upset that plan—thoughts of the hereafter, and turning the other cheek, and the sin of aggressors, and things eternal and in the heavens. I decided if there was to be any sin connected with this battle with this flock of geese, I would wash my hands and put all the blood on the geese.

So I turned and broke to run, and, naturally, that was to the advantage of the geese, 'cause that turns the calves of your legs to them, and that's their choice meat. Besides you can't outrun a goose—they can come up partly on wing, kind of half fly and half run. Pretty soon the old gander had his bill full of the calf of my leg. His reinforcements come up fast, and I half turned, and let him have one little crack on top of the head. He went down and started flopping and bouncing up and down there in the road, and the other geese seemed to quit me and started marching a circle around their dying leader. I stood back and watched.

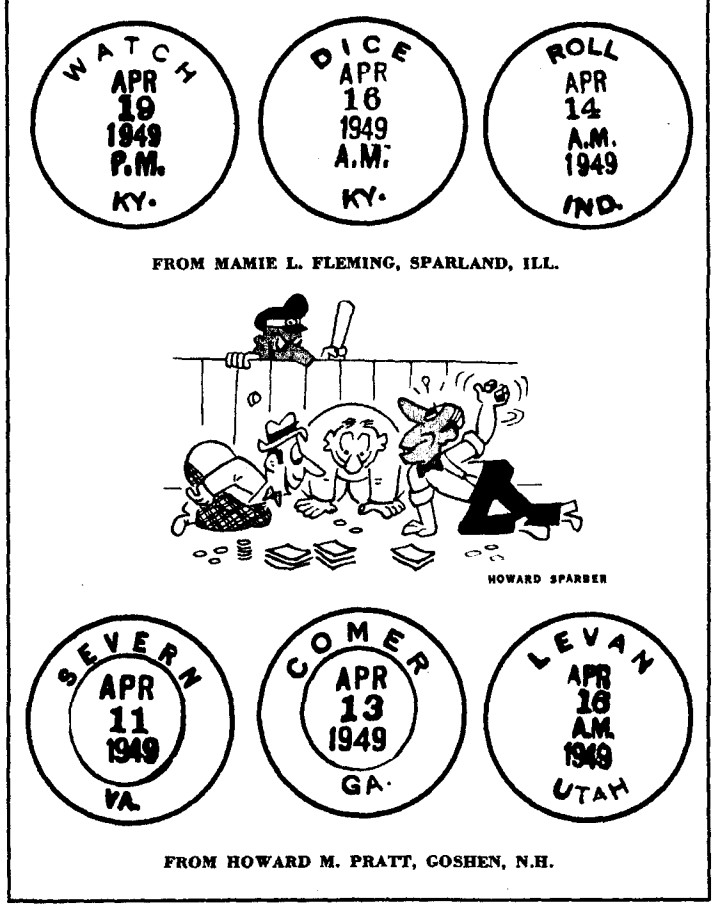
BUT I couldn't stand long. No telling who might come in sight. I guessed that maybe that very day Effie's pa might take a notion to count his geese, and me being the only boy in the neighborhood seen to be up this early of a Sunday morning, there was no telling what the hereafter of the thing might be. So I picked up the old gander and found a hollow stump and put him in it. Then I tried to throw the feathers out of the road where the old warrior had flopped. But you can't do any good throwing feathers, and they floated back at me, and I stuck them in my pocket.

The rest of the geese circled the black stump and quarreled a while and then went on off to the river and started to float with the summer blossoms on the water. I started on down the road, but something made me stop and consider. I thought maybe this was not the honorable thing I was doing. Maybe I should go back to the stump and get the dead goose and take it to Effie's pa along with this magic cane. But before I got back to the stump, I remembered something in my history book about another boy who got into trouble on account of a book he had borrowed. It rained on the book and this boy had done the honorable thing and took the wet book back—and he was rewarded for his honesty by being allowed to pull fodder for three whole days for that one book—when there's nobody can help it raining.

No, I wouldn't try to do like Abraham Lincoln. I wasn't giving any thought to being President anyhow, and I sat down on a log by the road and considered some more. I could not remember anything in my history books—in all the acts of mankind—that exactly compared with my case, but I did remember certain cases where disaster and misfortune had turned out to favor the unfortunate.

I remembered another boy named Grant, whose mother didn't have any butter for breakfast one morning and she had to get the boy out of bed and trot him off to the store to get butter, and the boy happened to see the morning paper where there was an opening at West Point and went around and woke up the congressman and got it before any of the other boys saw it. I thought that was good luck for Grant, and that it had come more or less out of disaster, as I couldn't imagine anything worse than his ma pulling him out of bed that early in the morning. Considering that out of Grant's disaster he had a turning point in his life that enabled him to help Abraham Lincoln save the Union, there was no telling what this dead

Picture Postmarks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DICE APR 16 1949 A.M. KY.
ROLL APR 14 A.M. 1949 IND.
FROM MAMIE L. FLEMING, SPARLAND, ILL.
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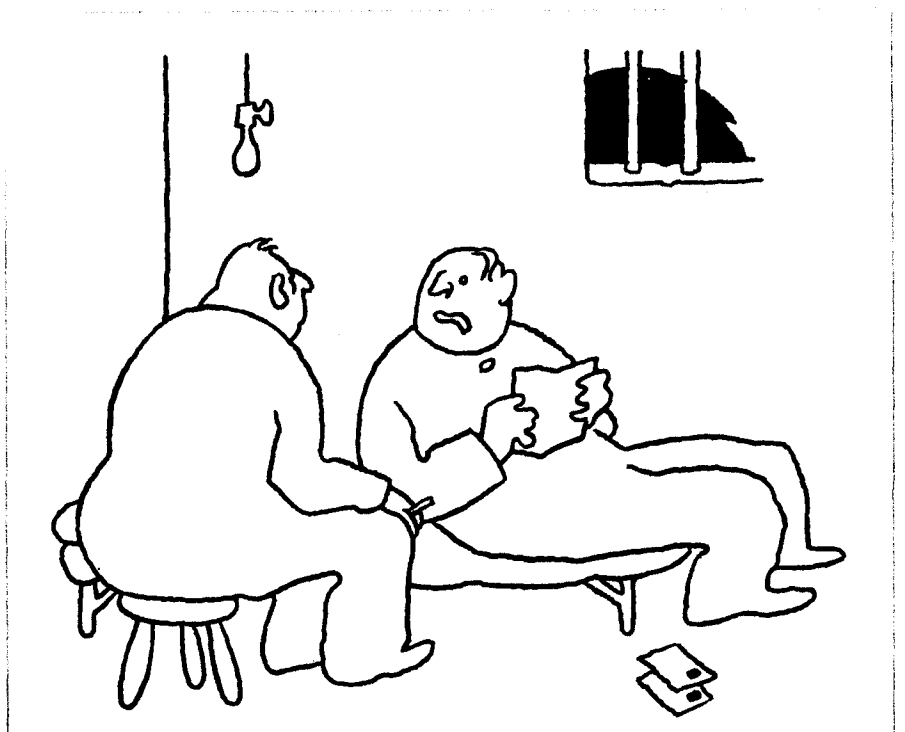

"From what I hear from the outside, we'll look back on this as the happiest time of our lives"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

goose might amount to in my own career.

So, I considered how to make the dead goose turn out to my advantage. I figured with the fighting goose dead in the stump and the others having retreated to swim on the river, the road was practically open for me to walk by Effie's house of mornings and carry her books to school.

But there was one thing that still bothered me. There was still this Otis Riley. It seemed to me that me and Otis both could not be happy with taking turns at carrying Effie's books. I just had to figure some plan out to break Otis Riley away. I remembered what Effie had said about Otis trying so hard to find her pa a back-savin' cane. So I took the cane I had cracked the goose in the head with and ran across the ridge and whistled Otis Riley out of bed. He got up and came out to the fence, stuffing his shirttail in his britches as he came.

The thought struck me not to let Otis see the magic cane until after I had felt him out, and so I hid the cane in the tall weeds.

"Otis," I said, "you know what today is?"

"Sunday," said Otis. "Why?"

"What else besides Sunday?" I said.

Otis scratched his head. "I don't know," he said.

I said, "Ain't you been searchin' the woods for a birthday present?"

"Oh," said Otis, "it's Effie's pa's birthday. Yeah, her pa has miseries in his back when he stoops over to pick up things, but they ain't no such a cane in these mountains as her pa wants."

"They is, too," I said. "I found one. How much'll you gimme for it and you can take it to her pa?"

"Shucks, I ain't got no money," Otis said. "Let's see the cane."

REACHING over in the weeds, I got the cane and stepped on it and showed Otis how it was crooked in the right places so as to jump back up in your hand when you stepped on it, and Otis' eyes widened.

"I got my dog, old Bounce," Otis said, "and I got my .22 rifle."

"Aw, I don't aim to hold you up for the cane," I told him. "You can have it cheaper'n your dog or your .22 rifle, and you don't need a penny of money. There. Try it. Step on it."

Otis took the cane and stepped on it and it curled back up to his hands.

"That'd sure be a back-saver for her pa, wouldn't it?" he said.

"Best cane since Moses," I said.

"What I gotta do?" said Otis.

"Only carry a dead goose to Effie's pa," I said, "and give him his cane along with his dead goose. Effie's pa's old gander bit me and I hit him on top of the head with this magic cane. I hadn't any idea a goose was that easy killed. And I was just thinkin' that with you bein' in good standin' with Effie and her pa on account of you been searchin' the woods for a back-savin' cane for him, he wouldn't say a word if you took his dead goose to him."

"Sure," Otis said. "That's easy."

"But remember," I said, "you gotta tell him his gander bit you and you killed him, see?"

Otis scratched his head again. "I ain't sure about that part of it," Otis said. "Ever notice Effie's pa's arms? Big as fence posts and hairy as stumps in a bamboo patch."

"Yeah," I said, "but you still a minor, Otis. You ain't in six years of bein' a man yet, and it's agin the law for a man to hit a boy, same as it's agin the law for you to shoot across the public highway with your .22 rifle."

Otis said, "Why didn't you take him the goose and the cane?"

"Because," I said. "The flock of geese was layin' for me by the road. You see I ain't liked around their house, not even by the geese, but you got a stand-in down there."

Otis acted a little cold to the idea, and said there was no telling what attitude her pa might take with respect to the dead goose.

"But it could make you great," I said. "Ain't ever been but one other cane like this. Moses had it. Remember? And remember that Pharaoh was Moses' stepgrandpa, and Pharaoh had great magicians who could turn their canes into snakes and make 'em crawl. But know what? Moses went out in the woods and found a cane that he could turn into a snake and it swallowed his grandpa's cane-snakes."

"Where's the dead goose?" said Otis, and I told him in a hollow stump by the road. He tore out back to the house to comb his hair and change his shirt and I waited.

Then we went to the stump and got the dead goose out, and Otis put it across his shoulder, holding it by the feet, and he took the magic cane in the other hand, and I stood and watched him go off down the river road toward Effie's pa's house. I turned and started walking slow back along the river road, thinking I had just done a smart piece of maneuvering. I figured you had to be pretty crafty to shift a dead goose from your shoulder to the shoulder of somebody else. . . .

It all seemed so good, I just sat down on a mossy rock by the river and for a long time I watched the summertime blossom petals float slow on the still, deep water. I thought of my girl, Effie, and from where I sat, it looked like I had cleared the road. I couldn't imagine anything else but what her pa would blow up when Otis told him he had killed his goose, and that he would run Otis off the place, and tell him to stay off. Under the circumstances, Otis wouldn't be coming by of mornings to carry Effie's books and walk with her to school.

AFTER a long time, I got up and moseyed off slow toward home. It was up toward noon when I got back to the house. The door was locked and my mother was gone. I couldn't imagine what had happened, as she had said nothing about leaving that day.

I could not get in the house, and I was hungry now. I eat some sweet cherries from the tall sweet-cherry tree, and then got down and lay on the ground in the shade of the cherry tree, and dreamed of my girl, Effie, and the great thing I had done for her pa in finding him a magic cane, with him not even knowing I had found it—and it could always be a secret feeling of a kind in my heart.

But as the day wore on, I got lonesome. I even wondered what had happened down at Effie's that day, and how she and Otis might be spending the day, or had Otis come home yet. I got up and meandered over to Otis' house to whistle him out again, and see if Effie's pa had hit him or run him off.

But when I whistled at Otis' house, nobody answered except Otis' dog, old Bounce. He came out and greeted me, and I played with him a while, and then came back home.

About dark, my mother came home.

"Effie's pa had a birthday today," she said, "and they had him a big birthday dinner, and they called up and wanted me to come have dinner with them, and Otis Riley's folks were all there, and we had the grandest time! They phoned for me to come."

"Did you see Otis and Effie? What were they doing?" I asked.

"Oh, Otis took Effie to church," my mother said. "Effie's pa sure is putting a lot of store by Otis Riley. Know what? Otis killed Effie's pa's old gander this morning, and it sure pleased the old man the way Otis acted about it. Instead of hiding the dead goose like some boys would do, why Otis upped with it on his shoulder and carried it to the old man, which the old man says shows the kind of stuff Otis Riley's got in him.

"And what's more," my mother went on, "Effie's pa had lost his cane, and that boy, Otis Riley, actually searched the woods—just like you did—until he had found the kind of a cane the old man wanted. It's a crooked cane, and the old man showed me how he could step on it and it would jump back up in his hands in case he dropped it, and it saves him the misery of bending his back."

"And didn't he blame Otis none for killing his goose?"

"Goodness, no," my mother said. "The old man said it reminded him of Abraham Lincoln when he took back the ounce of tea. Besides, him and Effie both said they had been expecting somebody would have to knock that old gander in the head, he was so bad to fight, and he said the cane Otis brought him was the most magical cane since the days of Moses.

"And oh, yes. Here," my mother said. "Here's a sandwich Effie sent you. I know you ain't had a bite to eat today!"

I took the sandwich, and I was hungry in the stomach and in the heart—but I could not swallow a bite of it, for it was roast goose. THE END

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Summer Coolers

By CHARLOTTE ADAMS

ICE, INGENUITY AND THESE RECIPES WILL HELP BEAT THE SEASON'S HEAT

DURING these hot days you'll be serving a lot of cold drinks—iced tea and coffee and all the rest of them. So here are some hints you should remember:

Iced tea should be made by brewing a strong essence, diluting with cold water to taste, and pouring over lots of ice. You can add a few sprigs of mint to it if you like.

Iced coffee is properly made by pouring freshly made, strong coffee over plenty of ice. For a rich touch, add whipped cream.

White wine with soda is one of the most delicately cooling of all drinks. Then there's the whole Collins family. A good Collins is made by combining the juice of one-half lemon or lime (or the equivalent amount of canned or bottled juice), with sugar to taste, and adding one and a half ounces of gin, rum or whisky. Add plenty of ice, and fill the glass with soda water. Eliminate the liquor and you have a lemonade or limeade for the youngsters.

The tall, frosty mint julep is not to be forgotten, either, and this drink is properly made with bourbon whisky. And of course you'll want a supply of ice-cold beer on hand throughout the summer.

You can please the young fry by keeping plenty of bottled soft drinks in your refrigerator.

They'll probably prefer to drink these right out of the bottle. Soda pop, in any flavor, beaten up with ice cream is delicious, too.

Above all, be sure that whatever drinks you serve in the summer are just as cold as you are able to make them. THE END

DRAWING BY RENO BIONDI

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THE GOLDEN DART

Continued from page 30

"Maybe you can, maybe you can't. That doesn't really matter, does it? *Now.*"

"I must see Jimmy! He'll understand!"

"He might and again he might not."

"He—you—must do something—get Jonathan—get that thing away—out of my room—*somehow?*" There was nothing but desperation in me. I began to weep, letting myself go in a luxuriant, deliberate loosening of pent-up horror, and even as I did so, wondered if I would be able to stop when I wanted. It had the effect, however, of further convincing Jones that I was in a state of abject helplessness. "You said you were here to protect me," I sobbed. "Take him away—take him away—*please!*"

"It's not as easy as that," he said sharply. "And stop that noise!"

It was an interesting point that I was making scarcely any noise at all, although I might look like it. I hoped it meant he was more nervous than he looked. God knows, I told myself, he would be more than human if he wasn't. I began to laugh hysterically but softly.

HE BENT down and slapped my face, hard. My head jerked. If I had had my pistol then, I might have killed him. I judged, however, that the blow would justify a return to sanity. I stopped laughing and looked at him in scared surprise. "You hit me," I said.

"And I shall hit you again if you don't pull yourself together!"

I cowered down in the chair and continued to look at him while he explained the self-evident situation.

"But I told you," I said desperately, "that I had changed my mind—how could I know his reasons for killing that girl? I came to my senses—I would have been mad to give him away, a richer man than I had ever dreamed would want to marry me."

He nodded briefly, as if this were a point of view he understood and which he had expected to have found in me much earlier. I had had that advantage over all of them, even over James Belsin himself: What could be my motive in wanting to ruin my great chance? Even if I had telephoned to Superintendent Bull, what more likely than that I had changed my mind on reflection?

"Oh, why did he kill her in the first place?" I wailed.

"He had good reasons," he said. "Keep your mind on *this,* will you?" I noticed he did not deny that his master had killed Louise Frempton.

"I think I'm going to faint—smelling salts—small bottle on my dressing table—"

I could sense him looking at me, then after a moment he went into the bedroom. I did not move while he was away; he returned in less than a minute and held the bottle to my nostrils. I coughed and opened my eyes.

"I want Jimmy," I said. "I want him—where is he—why isn't he here? I need him."

"Presently," said Jones. "Tomorrow—he'll come tomorrow."

"No! I can't wait—I *must* see him!"

"Look!" he said sharply. "He can't come here now—with this job to be completed."

"But will it take you long—what are you going to do?"

"That's my worry. I had better tell you now," he went on, "that I am going to bury him not far away, but you won't know where. His disappearance, a man without friends, will not rouse much curiosity. You will be able to say he told you he was clearing out because you are marrying someone else. But our insurance for your good behavior is the body. It could be found if necessary. Also there will be some photographs—to be produced if necessary."

"It won't be necessary," I whispered shakily. "Oh, now I understand—about what happened to that girl! I've been a silly little fool playing detective—Jimmy, oh, where is Jimmy?"

I could feel Jones's impatience behind me through the high back of the chair. Finally I got him to ask Jimmy to come.

"All right!" he said. "I'll tell him what you say. If he feels like coming, he'll come. That's all I can do."

"*Now!* You'll tell him *now?* The telephone's by the bed."

For a moment I thought he was going to smash his fist into my face, then he pushed me round and into the chair again. "Stay there!" he said. He took the torch from his pocket and went into the bedroom.

I moved faster than I had ever moved in my life. He would leave the door open and his back would be toward me for no longer than it took him to reach the telephone at the far end of the room.

Keeping within the shelter of the chair, I unzipped my frock and wriggled out of it, fighting the cloying weight of velvet with the silent fury of need to waste no fraction of the precious seconds.

I left the frock in the chair with its skirt trailing from the seat and folds overflowing at the sides so that from behind it would look as though I were still there. I slid off my shoes, leaned forward and lifted the poker from the hearth with only one small clink of its steel on the fire irons as it relinquished its place.

THEN keeping low, I covered the six feet of space which separated me from the nearest point outside the field of vision through the door of the bedroom. My petticoat was full, flounced and beribboned, but the carpet was soft under my stockinged feet and I moved soundlessly.

"It's me, sir," I heard Jones say in the dark room beyond. "Everything is satisfactory . . . yes, sir . . . but something's come up. She's in a bit of a state—and wants to see you. No, sir, she says 'now' . . . I suggested that, but she doesn't seem to trust me . . ." He paused. "Oh, yes, sir. I'm pretty sure—yes, it would be quite—er—convenient. Everything is under control."

This was the crucial moment, a more important moment in time than I had ever imagined I would have to live through. Everything depended on James Belsin's decision.

"Well, sir," Jones said, "in my opinion . . . no, sir, I mean as I see it, she understands very clearly what the position is . . . I would stand by until I saw you arrive . . . oh, no, no difference to my present plans . . . okay, sir. The side door . . . I think three quarters of an hour would be plenty."

The receiver made a small clatter as he rang off. He came quietly to the door but no farther.

"All right," he said, pitching his voice to reach the armchair. "You can let him in at the side door in forty-five minutes."

Would he expect me to answer him? And because I did not, would he now come farther into the room, to the chair, to see what was the matter with me? I raised the poker.

But he turned back into the room, and I heard him draw the curtains across the windows; then the lights went on. After that there were several moments of silence punctuated by a number of slight clicks, and I remembered what he had said about photographs.

Would he take another look at me before he went? It would not be the end of my plan if he did not, but I preferred that he should, that I might confine our business to these two rooms.

At last I heard him coming. Again he stopped short on the threshold. "I'm off now," he said, and I thought I could detect the relief in his voice.

This time the silence and immobility in the chair bothered him. He muttered something under his breath and came forward from the doorway. As he came past the edge of the door I brought the poker down reasonably hard on the crown of his head.

He gave a grunting choke, a short, horrid sound, and then broke at the knees, folded up in a convulsed heap at my feet, and lay still. I hoped I had not killed him.

But he seemed to be breathing. I stood there in a nightmarish inability to move, as though the vivid movement of the minutes into the hours of the dwindling night was too fast for me, for all that had to be done before day came.

Jones made an animal noise in his throat, and my body became my own again. I judged that he was still some way from conscious. I searched him, found a stubby revolver and in his side pocket a small, chromium-shiny camera with a fat lens.

I tried to open the camera to let in the light, but my fingers were dithering like waves in the wind. So I dropped the whole thing into the bowl of roses on the table.

I took the pistol into the bedroom with me and saw the long, uneven roll of bedding on the floor. I could look at it, but that was all.

I remembered a roll of surgical tape once used to bind a hockey stick, and stuck four overlapping strips of it across Jones's mouth and the rest round his wrists and ankles, which I then drew together behind him with the cord of my dressing gown.

My hands became steadier while I worked, and it seemed to me that from the way I went about it I might have had lessons from Jones himself in the arts of his profession. I found myself anticipating the smaller details of what I was going to do, and this gave me confidence and, with the confidence, more courage.

I PUT on dark linen trousers, polo sweater and rope-soled shoes, thrust Jones's revolver in my hip pocket, made sure that both outer doors were locked, took the key of the sitting room with me, and went fast along the passage to the main corridor and George Wick's room.

I went in, closed the door after me, and reached the bed as he awoke.

"George," I said, "can you take something in really quickly? Don't speak until you can say yes and mean it."

It seemed to me that he did not hesitate at all.

"Yes," he said. "After all, I'm used to it."

"All right: James Belsin is a murderer."

"It's that Mrs. Frempton business—"

"He killed her." I put out my hand in case he began jumping out of bed. "And Jonathan—just now—he had him murdered."

"Oh, God!" he said.

Then I told him why as shortly as I could, leaving out everything except the bald facts. And I did not tell him the way in which the thing could be settled once and for all; I kept to immediate needs. That we must take Jonathan's body to the Peacock and bury him at sea, that Jones must be there and also James Belsin. That we would then discuss what to do.

I outlined his part in this as I saw it. Charlie would help in the heavy work. I explained also why I would include Father and Gonzalez.

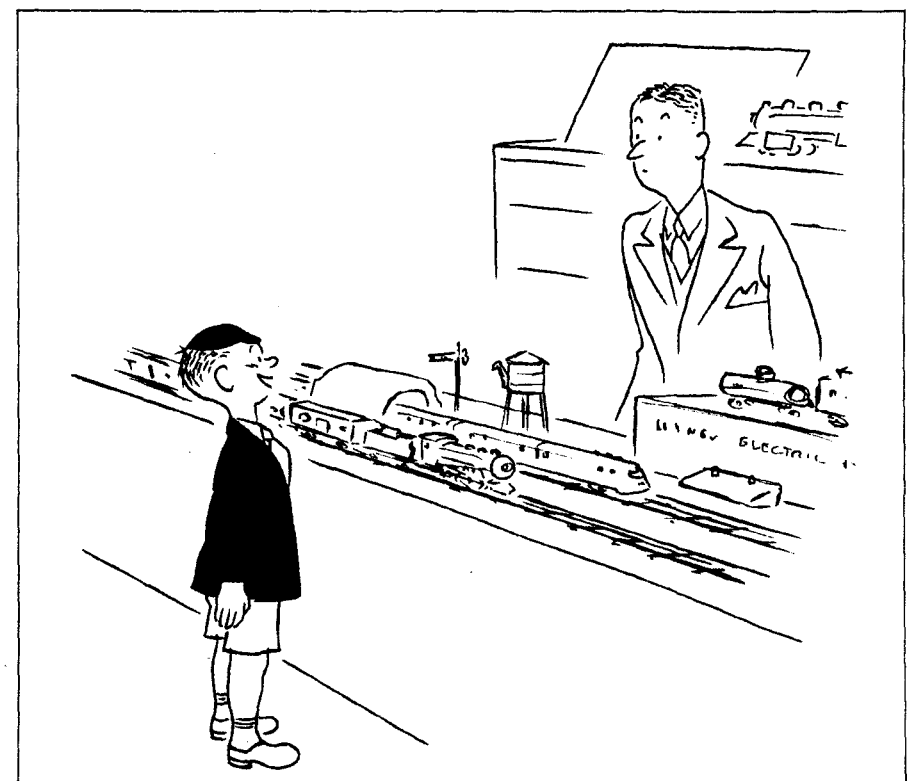
This took four minutes of rapid talking. He listened in tense silence and made only one comment: "That tape is good and tight?"

By this time he was out of bed and groping for his trousers on a chair by the dressing table. I heard him chuckle under his breath. It was almost a sound of enjoyment, and it did more to reassure me than anything he could have said. Then he paused, his trousers half on over his pajamas:

"What about Nerinda? She'll be useful."

"But the thing is stuffed with danger and God knows what possibility of more tragedy. She's a girl."

"And you?"



"Wrap it as a Father's Day gift and charge it to my old man!"

COLLIER'S NED HILTON

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Why the New Hudson is America's "4-most" car

1 most beautiful

Voted by millions—"America's *most* beautiful car!" No wonder! A low build is the basis for really modern beauty, and the New Hudson, with exclusive "step-down" design, is the lowest-built car of all—yet there's full road clearance. Graceful contours just come naturally to the New Hudson!

2 most roomy

Not just "more" roomy—here's the *most* seating room in any mass-produced car . . . the *most* efficient use of interior space. Amazing head room, leg room to spare. You enjoy the *most* riding comfort—as you sit ahead of rear wheels and within the base frame, down where the riding is *most* smooth, *most* relaxing.

3 most road-worthy

Not just "more" . . . the *most* road-worthy car built. Easy to see why: with its unique "step-down" design, the New Hudson has the *lowest* center of gravity in any American stock car. You know it instinctively—and gratefully—when you feel how safely it hugs the road, even at high speeds and around curves.

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*Optional at slight extra cost.

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"That's different. I began this. It's my responsibility."

"The truth is," he said slowly, "that it would be a wonderful chance for me to see what she's really made of."

"That would make a difference?"

"All the difference, I think. It would bring together two rather separate things in me."

"Then yes, for her sake as much as yours."

He touched my arm.

"That's a nice way of saying a nice thing. I think I'd do anything for you."

"It seems to me you're about to do it," I said, and gave him the key of my sitting room. "And you'll tell Nerinda? Make her wear something dark. You've got about thirty minutes."

***In next week's* Collier's**—**the first installment of a new four-part serial. It's the boisterous story of the antics of Mrs. Robert Lee Charles, a delightful old thing who, from the moment she slipped the ant poison into Mr. Conejo's highball to the time she took Jack April's bullets right in the belly of her bulletproof vest, was a menace and a nuisance and a pain in the neck to everyone who met her.**

The Iron Butterfly

By JAN FORTUNE and WELLS ROOT

USING shock tactics, I got both Father and Gonzalez into the Long Room and made them hold their questions while I called Charlie.

At last Charlie came on the line and I knew I must make these three who listened to me not only understand and accept incredible facts but also agree simultaneously to what I proposed to do about them, about trying to right the situation.

I used the shortest possible sentences and kept my voice as objective and devoid of emotion as I could, realizing that as a method of reaching their comprehension it might at first be slow but in the end would force them into reacting in the same key.

Having given them the facts, I went straight on:

"So there it is. James Belsin will be here or near here inside twenty minutes. George is already doing what he can alone, or perhaps with Nerinda, to get Jonathan's body and the man Jones down the back stairs. He should have managed it by the time you, Charlie, can get to him. Bring that handcart which is in the tithe barn, but not into the courtyard itself because of the cobbles. But the turf comes closest to it at the top of the drive. They'll have to be carried to it. The moon is off the courtyard by now, and if Mary or the girls *should* hear you, they won't be able to see you. But I don't think there's much risk of their waking.

"The idea is to bury Jonathan from the Peacock with Belsin and Jones present. After that we'll see what to do next. Gonzalez will help Father to get aboard. He'll have to use the hand chair—the motor chair would certainly wake the servants and the Boy. They will start immediately. In the meantime I shall go to meet James Belsin and keep him away from the courtyard as long as I can before bringing him to the beach. You and George had better wait near the boat shed in case I have any trouble. I think I can get him as far as that, but not to go aboard the ketch willingly.

"Have any of you any questions which can't be answered by this? My only alternative is to give in, to ignore two murders, the first of a woman, the second of a man we all know and who was one of us, one of our household, and allow James Belsin to blackmail me and the rest of you into the acceptance of these murders. And for me to marry him on the twenty-first of August. That would give me three weeks or so to get my trousseau together. The honeymoon would be in Monte Carlo—"

"Stoppit!" said Father in as violent an explosion of suppressed rage as I had ever heard from him, and I saw that he was nursing his big, silver-plated .45 pistol.

I still had my ear to the telephone, waiting impatiently for Charlie to say something. I could almost hear his thoughts, his angry, hurt and disappointed thoughts at having been left out of this until the last moment.

"All right, Charlie," I said. "Father and Gonzalez are just starting. George will know what to do with Jones when you get him aboard. See you presently."

"Yes," was all Charlie said. We rang off.

"Where's my damned leg?" Father was demanding.

"And bring your prayer book," I said.

I fetched the .32 and my leather jacket from the cloakroom, put them on and went to keep my appointment with the man who had killed Diana's mother and my poor Jonathan.

I walked slowly down the dark drive and out into the road which curved away, a pale narrow strip, between the bushes and brambles of the heath to meet the distant turnpike. The moon was low to the southwest and a mackerel sky was beginning to cloud it with thin, fitful vapor through which it shone now and again with sudden moments of brilliance. The night was very quiet, and as I walked along the spongy turf on the verge I listened for the first sound of his coming.

I knew the exact place I would wait for James Belsin: one of those lumps of smooth granite which appear unreasonably on the heath, relics of the prehistoric sea bed. It was a foot or so from the road at the widest point of the first bend; on it I would be silhouetted against the moon and the whiteness of the road and he would see me at some distance. He would have time to stop the car before he overshot the place.

I sat down on it and continued to listen. Finally the Bentley came round the second bend into the fifty yards of straight road. It wavered very slightly to the left, as though his hand tightened involuntarily on the wheel as he saw me.

The car stopped and he got out of it and stood looking at me. He was perhaps ten yards away. The moon was momentarily free of the encroaching clouds, and by its light I could see him clearly. He was still in his dinner jacket.

I raised my head slowly to let him know that I realized he was there. He looked over his shoulder and then to each side at the low bushes, presumably either for some sign that Jones was within call or perhaps to make sure that he was not close enough to eavesdrop at an intimate scene unsuitable in policy for his hireling ears. A murderer had his place. . . .

He walked toward me, and I made a gesture with both hands as though to keep him from coming nearer.

"I thought you would be at the house," he said from a dry mouth, for the words rasped a little. He coughed and made as though to touch my shoulder.

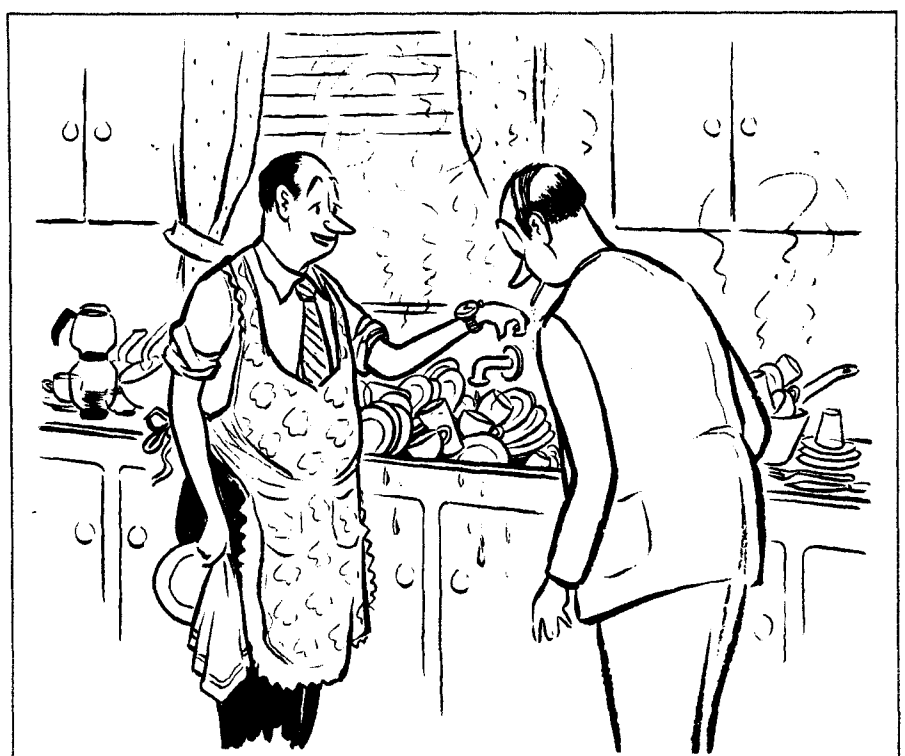
I shrank back and swung my feet to the ground on the other side of the stone.

"Eve!"

But I did not speak; I began to walk back the way I had come—sideways, crablike, so that I could keep my eyes on him. He followed, trying to stop me, to wake me from the daze of fear or grief or whatever ailed me.

"It's all right." He said it three times before he found a more positive approach: "Stand still and listen to me! You've more sense and courage than to behave like this."

"You—killed—Jonathan," I said.



COLLIER'S

"This is the wrist watch my wife gave me for my birthday—it's waterproof"

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

"That had to be," he answered. "You know that."

"Don't come near me!"

"He knew about Louise through you, and you were going to the police with no thought at all for the real issues—"

"I changed my mind," I said, trying to keep the panic out of my voice. "I changed it! Now you've killed again—and how many more times must you kill!"

I turned completely and began to walk more quickly, crying that I had been mad to want to see him.

He caught up with me and swung me round to face him, so that I stumbled to a standstill.

"Killing people is always a clumsy way to settle things," he said savagely. "D'you think I *like* it?"

"I loved you—and you did this."

"I loved you—and you planned to betray me."

"No!"

"You had to be taught a lesson—for both our sakes, and for both our sakes I had to protect myself. And because of all the people—the thousands of people—who look to me."

I held up my left hand and the moon shone darkly on the ruby.

"I loved you. Can't you believe that no sooner had I put down that telephone I knew that I could never do it? Even before I saw you behind the door—but *now*—"

"But now?"

"Oh, God!" I cried. "I want to die! To stop thinking—feeling—seeing! To hide what I saw!"

And this time I began to run in earnest, not ahead of him but in a blind way, with his hand sometimes on my arm as he hurried with me.

"For God's sake, Eve, will you pull yourself together!"

I did not turn into the drive, saying under my breath, "Not the house! I can't go there—ever—ever—"

He saw the wisdom of letting me go past it toward the marshes before making a final effort to bring my hysteria to an end.

I LET him stop me again on the path just before it rose from the side of the big dike to continue along the level top of the main wall. He would not be able to see the creek from here, and if George and Charlie had not quite reached the beach they would have time to do so while I played out the scene.

He held my shoulders while I shivered and gasped for breath. It was not difficult.

"It's not like you, this," he said. I heard the note of doubt in his tone; it was not suspicion, but it might be disillusion. He had so built me up to match his conception of the woman to reign with him that this abject display of ordinary female lack of backbone was beginning to disappoint him. If I let that go too far, it might be most dangerous for me. I thought of Louise: That, in effect, was what had happened in his relationship with her.

So I turned to his vanity.

"I thought you were strong," I said. "I thought that you fought with your wits—I made you into a shining knight, more than a man—"

"It takes wit and brain to get away with something outside the law," he replied grimly.

"To teach a woman a lesson?" I suggested.

"That takes more than either; it takes genius. And to protect myself—"

"And you think you've taught me?"

"You'll see that I have when you stop being so stupidly sentimental about the deaths of two unimportant and insignificant people. You and I, Eve, have a great deal to do in the world together. That comes first, above everything! For God's sake, can't you see that?"

I let myself consider this point of view

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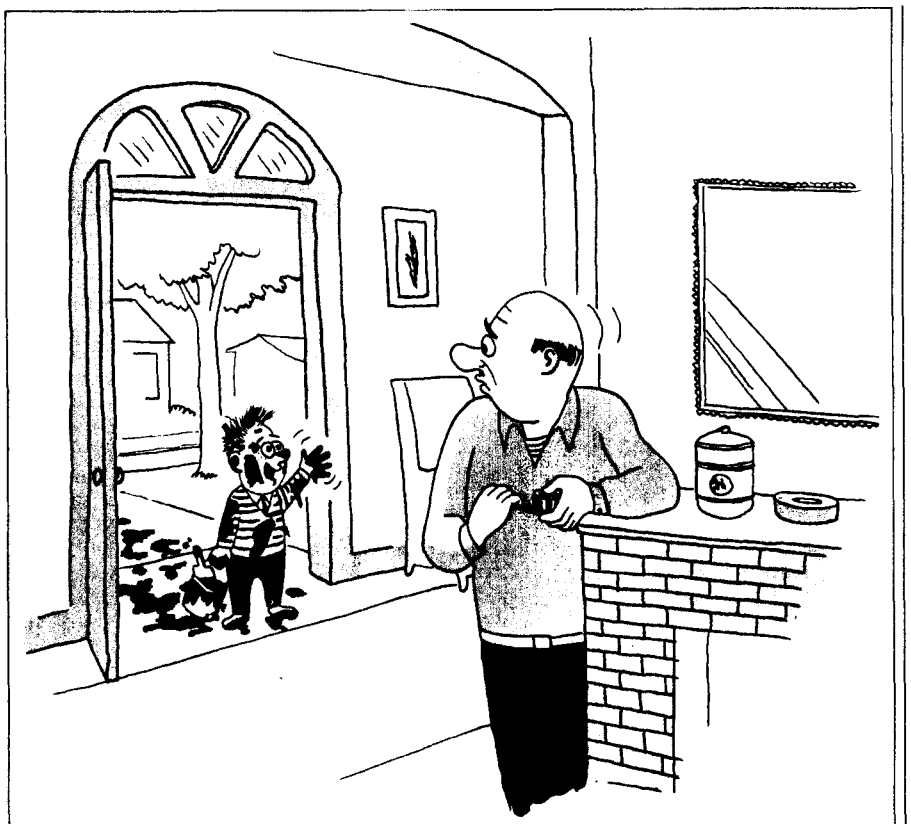


COLLIER'S "Happy Father's Day! Come look at the car!" LEW FOLLETTE

in a silence I knew must not be too long —in this still air any sound from the beach could carry here.

"I wish I had your clearness of vision," I said weakly, "but it's—it's so difficult —*murder!*"

"Values, Eve, are so comparative. What is wise or foolish, good or bad, useful or futile—most of it's talk for pseudo philosophers, preachers—mystics. It's not life. Life is war. An endless fight for survival. Men or nations, individuals or groups—self-interest, self-survival. Starve or eat. Kill or be killed. Eve, my own Eve—usually you see so straight. See me as I am! Aren't I worth a thousand Jonathans—a thousand love-sick women?"

I made my lips say it.

"I'm sorry—"

"That's better!" He sounded almost like a normal man who sees peace at last through the fog of a woman-made scene.

"I'm in an awful state," I said. "Oh, Jimmy!"

He looked at me for a moment in a withdrawn way. Was he uneasy? I felt keenly that it would be a mistake, perhaps a fatal mistake, to let my transition move too suddenly from near hysteria to what he called straight thinking but which meant, in fact, a slavish surrender.

I pressed the back of my hand against my forehead and braced myself.

"I've been a fool," I whispered. "I thought I could handle something too big for me—and I can't even handle myself. I *am* sorry, Jimmy—I'll be all right in a little while."

I turned from him and walked slowly up the rise of the path. It was risky in some ways, but I did not think he dared let me leave him until he had pressed home his victory.

"Where are you going?" he said.

"A walk will clear my head," I told him; "and I want to be sure that I can go back to my room with my nerves all in one piece."

"I'll come with you." He drew level with me.

"I'd rather be alone—don't misunderstand that. I'll be myself again next time you see me."

"I can't leave you like this, Eve, please—"

I hid the triumph in my heart. He spoke only once during the next few minutes while we walked side by side along the wall toward the beach.

"Just one last thing," he said, "before we forget this business forever. You'll be able to stop that policeman coming, or think of something to say to put him off the subject? You hinted pretty broadly that you had a story worth his while."

"I'll think of something. In fact, I have already. He'll be quite satisfied, I promise you that."

He did not ask me what I had thought of. Not that I would have told him.

Now and again he glanced at me, and I sensed his deep satisfaction with himself. He had proved once again that risks run with open eye and ruthless hand ceased to be dangerous almost as they are faced, that he could solve the worst of problems, overcome all perils, and even in so doing increase his power. No circumstance could withstand his attack, no man his will.

THE Peacock lay dark and deserted-looking on the black sheet of water in the dimming moon. She betrayed nothing of her readiness to move from her moorings.

The boat-shed roof was a darker triangle between the creek and the raised lip of the land. I could see now the one thing which set at rest any anxiety that I was too early: the black object on the edge of the water which was the dinghy.

"Do you know," he broke the silence, "this is the first time we have been really alone together. I wish you could feel as I do about that." He sounded wistful, the young lover again, prepared to be gay and happy if only his beloved would lose her somber mood.

"I suppose," I said, coming to a standstill, "you realize where we are?"

He looked about him.

"It's getting rather dark, isn't it? Hullo! That's your ketch, isn't it? It was on board her that I first saw you. I was in Sophie's boat, and we came alongside. And you affect not to remember? I can't understand that. You were on deck with several people. Sophie tried to introduce us—but—"

"Just there," I said, pointing, "is where I found Diana, and the clothes. And below, in the muddy patch, the shoe. Louise's shoe."

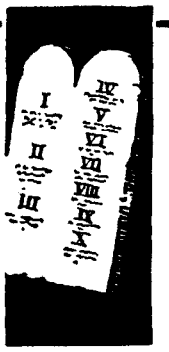
The moon was hidden now and I could not see his face, but his head moved as his body went tense.

"Eve, I warn you—"

"You warn me?" I cut him short, but he went on:

"You still do not seem to realize what

LET'S STICK TO MOSES!



When they were preparing to produce the motion picture "The Ten Commandments," the director and the author of the story consulted a professor who had been recommended as an authority on the Law of Moses. They expected a scholarly explanation, but when the professor had finished, there was little left of the Ten Commandments — and no story.

After the interview, when they were alone again, the disgusted director remarked: "We'll stick to Moses."

Yes, let's stick to Moses! There may be those who would abolish the Ten Commandments, but let's stick to the Commandments as God gave them to us through Moses.

And there is no better way of doing so, than by sticking to Jesus Christ, Who gave us the Commandments of love—the love of God and the love of our neighbor. All other Commandments are contained in these two.

"Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God..." The observance of Christ's first Commandment will establish in us a strong, dignified personal relationship to God. If we love the true God, we will give Him the honor that is His due... we will respectfully use His Holy Name... we will not think it too much to spend one day of the week in His company.

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," said the Savior. Who should hold first place among our neighbors, if not our parents... or our own children?

And it should be obvious that if we love our neighbor, we will not take his life, or damage his health. Decent human love surely excludes the burlesque of love called adultery and the fierce attack which this lust makes upon the innocent and unprotected.

We would never steal from the ones we love; nor would we rob them of their good name. Certainly we would not lift a covetous hand to deprive them of the things intended to make their lives full and contented.

Let's stick to Moses, whose Commandments forbade human beings to break the bonds and destroy the relationships that preserve human dignity, develop character and guarantee human safety.

Let's stick to Christ, Who, in a more spiritual way, pointed out that if we love rightly and well, we will obey the law of God... protect all the relationships that guarantee our own happiness and make life safe and happy for the people who are our neighbors.

The Ten Commandments are God's design for human living. Are you familiar with them? Do you understand how important they are in your daily life? Write today for free pamphlet on this subject. Ask for Pamphlet No. 12—C.

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I am!" There was a sting of anger in his tone, but it was no less cold. "I can hate more easily than I can love."

"That makes sense."

"I hated Louise," he said.

"Then hate me quickly. One more murder won't matter to you. I promise not to struggle. I shouldn't want to." And I laughed again, shrilly and crazily, and began to descend the shallow earth steps of the path to the beach. He exclaimed and followed quickly, stumbling and calling to me to stop.

"What's the matter, for Heaven's sake? I thought you'd come to your senses! Eve! Listen to me!"

"I was hysterical once, when I was five," I said. "A horsefly bit my leg. It swelled up and I thought I was going to die. But I'm older now and the thought of dying doesn't frighten me—"

"Eve!" He could not reach me to hold me back because I was below him and the path was not wide enough for two. "Can't you get it into your head it's all over and done with?"

I reached the landing place and ran on toward where the dinghy waited. He ran after me. To my right I saw a dark shadow leave the side of the boat shed and come swiftly in Belsin's wake. At almost the same moment, when I was five yards from the dinghy, a figure rose up from the far side of it.

I slackened my pace. Charlie materialized at Belsin's shoulder and George stood up from the shadow of the dinghy to face him.

"What's this?" he demanded in a high, thin voice.

"A funeral," I said, and to Charlie I added that I did not think Belsin was armed.

"Take your hands off me!"

"No gun," Charlie agreed. "Get into the boat, you."

"I refuse! What *is* this foolery? Jones! Jones!" But although I think Jones could hear that desperate cry, he could not answer it; for once, perhaps for the first time, his master was alone. The man pulled himself together, and thereafter I did not again hear panic in his voice. Indignation, contempt, self-justification, yes—and consuming hatred. But not fear.

THE flutter of gray in the east was less than dawn; its weak fingers lifted the curtain of night and touched the faces of the scattered group on the Peacock's deck, showed them pale and almost as lifeless as the hidden face of the dead Jonathan. His long, straight form, still cocooned in sheets, lay on the plank, its feet weighted and pointed to the sea.

Nerinda was the only one close to me. She was quiet and still. Gonzalez and Charlie were on either side of the plank, and George was standing with his head slightly bowed, his hands loose by his sides, his eyes never straying far from James Belsin, who stood by himself, aloof and silent.

Jones was conscious, his blank eyes open and fully aware. He was still held by my hockey-stick tape, propped up against the roof of the cabin, but his mouth was free. The Peacock was three miles and more from land, drifting with the first movement of the tide's inflow across the waste of water above Prawl Deep. We were in a small world, as isolated from the larger as the setting moon from the approaching sun.

The masthead light of the nearest fishing boat was far away to the south; ours was unlit. Indeed, the only light showing aboard at that moment was the torch held and shaded by Gonzalez so that its restricted beam reached no farther than the open book in Father's hand. His low voice was the only sound; even the tide in its gentle turning might have been sentiment, so noiselessly did it push against the Peacock's intruding hull.

". . . We brought nothing into the world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out . . . to this His mercy and protection we commit you . . . the Lord make His face to shine on you, and be gracious unto you . . . and give you peace both now and evermore . . . we commend the soul of our brother departed, and we commit his body to the deep . . . the sea shall give up her dead; and the corruptible bodies of those who sleep in Him shall be changed and made like unto His glorious body; according to the mighty working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself . . . Amen.

FATHER closed his prayer book, and Charlie bent down and lifted the head of the plank. The rigid form slid down it with a sighing rustle and then almost unexpectedly was gone.

I made the first move after a long pause and went to the companionway; Charlie lifted Jones and followed with George shepherding Belsin. Gonzalez put his hand under Father's elbow to take the weight off his leg and, together with Nerinda, brought up the rear.

"Here comes Daddy, with our new portable television set"

COLLIER'S JERRY MARCUS

We would not be long in the cabin. A case had to be stated, and the answer to it, if there were one, would be heard. . . .

The cabin is comfortably large, but that night it was overfull with everyone at the table.

Father was in his usual place on the chair at the far end, his back to the sleeping cabins; we had put Jones on the port-side settee, with Belsin the other side of him. Jones had to sit with his head and shoulders thrust forward over the table to allow room for his arms and hands bound behind him. Charlie was on the outside next to the door; Gonzalez, George and Nerinda, in that order, were on the opposite seat.

I stood at the end of the table, facing Father, the door to the passage and the companionway behind me.

It had not taken me long—for it was the third time within a few hours that I had told the story in outline—to tell it again, to fill in the structure of the case against Belsin as I would have given it to Billy Bull had I gone to him two days ago, and which now he would never hear.

While I told it no one looked at Belsin, except perhaps Jones, who once or twice twisted his face to his master, perhaps to learn if he could what a faithful servant might do or say to help him. But his eyes were too devoid of light to reveal any clue to his thoughts. It was like having a wild but impotent beast in our midst; if he were to speak, one would be shocked and surprised that he could do so.

Gonzalez listened with a completely still face; and I thought even then, when my mind was so full and nerves so tightly strung, that he was enjoying himself in some subtle way, as though drama were nearer his natural fare than the business reasons for which he usually found himself sitting at mahogany tables.

Charlie was a little different from the Charlie of every day, but I had seen him in moments of crisis before, and I noticed the characteristic flexing of his jaw muscles. He stared at the smooth surface of the table in front of him and had not once looked in my direction.

George's hair was curiously in order, considering what he had been doing since I had wakened him, and I could not tell whether this was due to the physical effect of a secret psychological process which the proximity of danger had stimulated or merely to a less secret comb in his pocket.

Nerinda's eyes were more brilliant than ever in her solemnity. She was not making any other effort to show herself able to face this grim business. She was successfully taking it in her stride and did not know that under George's watchful immobility was a somber satisfaction with her.

Father had his damn-the-customs-and-excise expression. He had an idea he was doing wrong, but nothing on earth or sea would stop him seeing it through to whatever end it might come. He had a slightly sulky look; he did not think I should have been allowed to handle this by myself; Gonzalez had almost told him that he did not know his own daughter, which, being what he himself was prone to suspect, had not softened him.

And finally James Belsin.

He was sitting tight with an air of contemptuous certainty that this was a silly waste of time, this post-mortem into things he had done and which could not be proved.

"Where does any of this stuff get us?" he said when I had done. "We have solemnly buried Penrose, who should have known better, and if that is to be a lesson to someone—" He shrugged his shoulders. "You"—he looked at me with a smile of confidence—"are being more incredibly stupid than I should have thought an intelligent young woman could possibly be. Why you should want to drag all these people into it, I cannot think. It puts them in the same cart with yourself. You've forced them to compound your felony. You couldn't go to the police before. Do you think in some strange way that you've made it possible now?

"Let me explain it in simple words all over again. You have no evidence at all. No evidence. You *say* that I killed Louise Frempton. On what do you base that? You followed a cabin boat from your beach to Lowestoft after finding her clothes. You saw two men leave the boat whom you later identified as being in my employ. Subsequently, you say, you asked me to explain it and that I did with a cock-and-bull story which fell to pieces when you discovered I had had an affair with the woman.

"You say that a man called Hooker told you this and that. Where is he? You claim that this man Jones here, who I will admit, and am ready to go on admitting, is employed by me, killed your ex-lover at my instigation in order to prevent you starting an inquiry into the death of Mrs. Frempton. You *say* all this. Who can support a single one of the things you put up as *facts?* Where are your witnesses? Are you so ignorant as not to know that what so-and-so told you about something, or what someone else said or didn't say, *unless corroborated,* is *not* and never will be allowed as evidence in a court of law?"

There was a moment's silence. I said, "This isn't strictly speaking, a court of law. It is, however, a court."

"Oh, it is?" Belsin said. "What kind of *court?*"

"A small group of human beings capable of thinking for themselves, able to weigh and add up two and two, and three and three, and arrive at the right answers. It's precisely and only because there is no direct evidence or even more than a glimmer of circumstantial evidence all the way through this frightful business that we are dealing with you in this particular way."

"You can't all be such fools," he went on, "not to see the extraordinary danger you're running yourselves into. I'm not just anybody."

GONZALEZ spoke for the first time: "You know—that is what to me makes it seem quite unbelievable."

"I'm glad you at least see that element in this wild attempt Miss Gill is making to get out of what she's done—"

"I meant," Gonzalez corrected him quietly, "that you of all people, with all the alternative means at your disposal, should have had to kill two people to solve a simple problem like a worn-out emotion of the heart. I am quite astonished."

"He came to murder," I said, "inevitably. It was the logical development not of the situation he found himself in, but of himself. Of his creed. Hooker said she was strangled."

Jones made a sound between a laugh and a sneer. "Hooker's dead by now."

"You talk when I tell you to!" Belsin snapped at him. "In fact, if you must say anything, tell them what you saw at the Marsh House tonight. How you were sent there by me to keep an eye on things in case the newspapers started bothering Miss Gill. You saw Penrose at the open window of her bedroom and heard the quarrel, the continuation of the quarrel which I saw and heard in the garden. You saw the knife in her hand. Go on, Jones, tell the *court.*" He laughed again. He was sure he could control this nonsense.

"All right," I told Jones before he could speak. "That's your evidence. Uncorroborated."

"Uncorroborated—my foot," Belsin said. "Is it an act of innocence to throw the body in the sea? *I* can give evidence on that."

Father spoke. "Yes, he saw us do that."

Belsin stared at him.

"First evidence of anything I've heard so far," remarked Father heavily, "that might be called by the name." Then he laughed. "The hell with evidence!"

(To be concluded next week)

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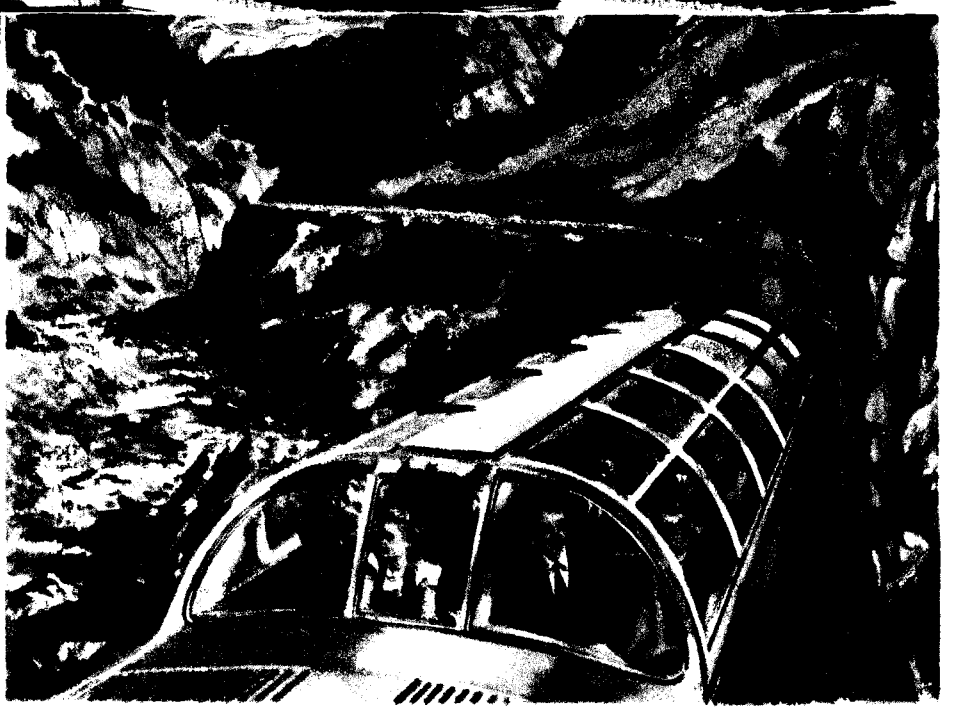

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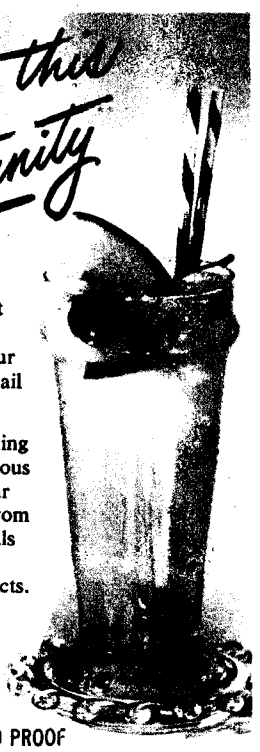

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THE LITTLE COURTESIES

Continued from page 20

"No. Here's a neon sign." He began to open and close both eyes together, holding them shut for an instant, then popping them open, staring at Eve. "Goes on and off, you see."

She glanced up momentarily. "Okay," she said, and holding the button to the cuff with her thumb, began pushing the needle through the cloth.

"A neon sign," Tim repeated. "Now, what am I advertising? Look."

Once more she glanced up. Tim, both eyes opening wide, then snapping shut simultaneously, was smacking his lips, opening and closing his mouth audibly, as though tasting something delicious.

"Candy?"

"No," he said, "beer. Cool, delicious, foaming beer. And what marvelous advertising this is; it's certainly convinced me, anyway. Honey"—he looked at her in wide-eyed appeal — "how about whisking out to the refrigerator and getting me some of this wonderful beer? You can have some, too," he said hastily. "Look!" He began smacking his lips and blinking his eyes again. "It's delicious, yum, yum, yum!"

Eve tightened the thread around one hand and with a little tug snapped it off cleanly at the button. Then she pulled at the button, testing its firmness, and held up the shirt, shaking out the wrinkles, examining it. "I don't want any beer," she said, and smiled. "But while you're up, you might bring me a root beer."

The neon sign went off. "While *I'm* up? Now, look, in all fairness—I've been lying here twenty minutes waiting for *you* to get up. And finally, when I began to think you'd sewed yourself to that chair, I devised this amusing little plan. Make a game of it, the psychologists say. Make it fun for your wife to get up and get you some beer. Now, are you normal? Do you react naturally to the stimuli devised by leading psychologists, or is there some dark twisted secret about your reflex—"

Eve grinned at him. "Put some ice in it, too."

He raised up on one elbow, glaring at Eve. "Listen, sister," he said ominously, "this town isn't big enough for you and me."

"Tim, what in the world do you do to your shirts?" Eve frowned, holding the shirt up, fingering the cloth. "Now, here's another button off the front."

Tim stood up. "I snap them off," he said, walking toward the kitchen, "breaking out ice for my wife's homemade root beer."

VERY soon he returned, carrying an empty glass and an opened can of beer in one hand, and a glass of iced root beer in the other. He started to set Eve's glass on the table beside her.

"Don't put it on the table like that," she said. "Use a coaster."

There was a coolness in her tone, a slight edge in her voice, and Tim looked at her for a moment, then turned to take a coaster from a stack on the radio. "What's the matter?" he said quietly, and he put her glass, in a coaster, on the table at her elbow.

"Nothing."

Tim sat down on the edge of the davenport and, holding his glass at an angle, poured the beer down its side, half-filling the glass. He set the can on the floor, tasted the beer, then looked over at Eve and said, "Okay; what's the trouble?"

For a moment she didn't answer, then she shrugged a shoulder and without looking up said, "All that fuss about getting me a root beer."

"Oh, Lord!" said Tim, and sat back on the davenport.

"And I really think you'd have let me get up and get you your beer."

Tim looked at her curiously for a moment. "Sure I would," he said then. "I'd have been glad to." He took a sip from his beer, then he spoke again, gently. "Now, look, honey, that was a game, a gag, as you know very well. And it was me who lost. I got you your drink instead of vice versa."

"Well, there shouldn't have been any question of vice versa." She began to hunt through the button box on the table beside her, poking at the mass of buttons with a forefinger. "I've been noticing lately. You pay no attention at all to the little courtesies. The other night, going over to the Steins', you walked all the way on the inside of the walk. And you never once took my elbow crossing a street."

"What is this?" said Tim. "What brought this on all of a sudden?" He paused but Eve didn't answer. "Honey, that outside-of-the-walk business is a relic of the Middle Ages. It really is. They threw garbage out the windows, and the man walked on the outside so that he'd get the—"

"I don't care what it is, and that's not the point. Those things are a mark of *respect*, Tim—the natural courtesy of a man toward a woman, like taking his hat off when they meet on the street, another thing you forget half the time."

"Well, maybe I do, but it's because I think of you as an equal, not a clinging vine. You're a competent, intelligent, capable person, not a delicate flower, and you're not up on a pedestal in my mind and I wouldn't want you to be. And neither would you. Those so-called 'little courtesies' are actually the old condescension of the superior male to sheltered inferior womankind. I should think you'd see that."

"Yes, I know," said Eve. "I know you've never tried to play the heavy husband, the boss. I know your ideas on that subject and I've always appreciated it. We're equal partners and all that. But just the same—" She hesitated, then went on. "Well, a woman wants *other* people to know that her husband appreciates her. She wants him to show it so that they can see it, too."

"How would it be if I wore a little badge saying, 'Tim loves Eve'?" He grinned. "At night it would light up."

Eve smiled. "Now, don't try to laugh it off; I mean it."

FOR a time she was silent, plucking the old threads from the place where the missing button had been.

Tim drank his beer, glancing idly through the remaining pages of his book, and occasionally Eve paused to sip her drink. Then she spoke again, her voice normal, conversational. "That reminds me," she said, "I saw Fredric March today."

"Really?" said Tim. "Where?"

"Well, I was crossing Madison Avenue going toward Fifth on my way to Lord & Taylor's, when this cab pulled up at Abercrombie's, and this man got out. Well, I thought he looked familiar, and sure enough, it was Fredric March."

"Well, well," said Tim, and for a moment he was silent, sipping his beer, and Eve began to sew on the new button. Then Tim spoke again. "I don't get it," he said.

"Get what?"

"The connection. One minute you are bawling me out for my boorish lack of elementary decency, and then you are reminded of Fredric March."

"Well, his wife was with him. I recognized her, too. And you should have seen how he treated her; it was just

COLLIER'S "I'm afraid you're in for a bad few minutes" BARNEY TOBEY

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beautiful to watch. The way he helped her out of the cab, so gently and gracefully. It was—well, you've seen him in the movies—it was actually *courtly,* it really was. Then he handed the cabdriver a bill, and went on ahead and opened the door and held it for her. They went into Abercrombie's. Why, he made her feel like a queen. And it was the same way inside the store."

"I thought you were going to Lord & Taylor's." Tim poured the rest of the beer into his glass.

"Well, naturally I went in, too. You've been wanting some more of those socks Abercrombie's have, and I thought—"

"I understand," said Tim.

"Well, I *didn't* stare at them, if that's what you're smiling at." She looked up at him, then bent her head over her sewing again. "I acted very unconcerned; they must constantly be embarrassed by people staring at them, so I paid no attention at all. And really, Tim, he was so wonderfully courteous. In the elevator—"

Tim grinned. "I can see you were ignoring them like a Pinkerton detective."

"I simply got on the elevator when they did," Eve said. "What should I have done—walked upstairs? The socks are on another floor—and they were waiting for the elevator, too, so when it arrived we all got on, naturally."

"You didn't step on their heels, I trust. That would be almost as discourteous as to breathe down their collars."

"No, I did not, and Fredric March did not keep his hat on in the elevator, either. He took it off—really, he's *so* handsome—and then when the elevator stopped, he stepped to one side and sort of bowed his wife and me out before him. And he smiled at me, too, a little. *Such* a nice man."

"I have always liked Fredric March," said Tim judiciously. He held his half-filled glass up to the light, looking through it as he talked. "But the tide is beginning to turn. As long as he stuck to the movies he was okay with me. But if Fredric March thinks he's going to start interfering in my private life, imposing his foppish Hollywood mannerisms on me—"

"It might do you some good."

"Maybe so," Tim's voice admitted to some justice in her complaint, and he smiled at her. He finished his beer and Eve took a sip of her root beer, then continued her sewing. "You know," Tim said then, "it's a funny thing—you can walk around New York for months at a time and never see anyone you recognize—anyone famous, I mean. And then all in one day the celebrities seem to be out in droves. You see Fredric March, and I saw Katharine Hepburn."

EVE looked up at him eagerly, excitedly. "You *did?* Oh, I wish *I'd* seen her. Where?"

"Going into Saks."

"Well, for Heaven's sake." Eve resumed her sewing. "What'd she look like?"

Tim rolled over, lying on his side, his head propped on one hand. "What do you mean, what did she look like? You've been to the movies."

"Well, I *mean,*" she said patiently. "You know what I mean."

"Well"—he hesitated, thinking, then shrugged. "She looked just like she's supposed to look. That same wonderful face. And that same wonderful voice, too. When I talked to her, she—"

"You talked to her?" Eve looked up, her needle motionless, poised in midair. "You actually spoke to her?"

"Sure." He grinned complacently.

"Well, *how?*" she said impatiently. "I mean how did it happen?"

"Well, she was standing at a counter—"

"Oh!" Eve smiled triumphantly. "So *you* went into Saks, too."

"I certainly did." Tim grinned. "And strangely, there was nothing at all I'd been meaning to buy at Saks. I went in to look at Katharine Hepburn, and for no other reason. I followed her, to put it crudely."

"I don't doubt it. And what happened then, at the counter?"

"Well, she took off her gloves."

"What was she wearing, by the way?"

"A coat. A kind of light coat, I guess. Didn't notice her dress. And some kind of little hat."

"I can just see her," said Eve, "you make it so vivid. Okay, and then what?"

"Well, she dropped her gloves; brushed them off the counter with her elbow. So there was my opportunity. I walked over and—talk about politeness! —I tipped my hat, very gently and gracefully, and I said, 'Pardon me, Miss Hepburn, but you dropped your gloves,' and I pointed at the floor and she stooped down and picked them up—"

Eve sighed, shaking her head. "I might have known. Katharine Hepburn," she said scornfully. "You didn't see anybody. Though you probably *would* have let her pick up her gloves herself."

"So then," Tim continued calmly, "she straightened up and said, 'Thank goodness!'

" 'Thank goodness, what, ma'am?' I said. Polite, you see. Courtly.

" 'Thank goodness,' said Miss Hepburn, 'there are still a *few* men left who don't drive a woman crazy with these irritating little courtesies. Always opening doors in your face! Grabbing your elbow! Singeing your eyebrows lighting cigarettes! Now, you take that Fredric March—' "

"I thought she'd get around to him," said Eve. "Go on."

" 'You take that Fredric March,' she said. 'He's very nice and all that, but he's perpetually yanking his hat off, always throwing his coat down in puddles. Really!'

"Well," Tim went on, "I sympathized with her and we talked a little while longer—she suggested I ought to be in the movies—and we walked out of the store together. I pushed her out the doorway and the look of gratitude on her face was something to see. On the way back to the office, I ran into Sinclair Lewis and I was telling him—"

"Okay," said Eve, "that's enough of Celebrity Night. Here"—she smiled and tossed him the shirt—"here's your shirt, though I think a lumberjack shirt might be more appropriate for you."

She thrust her needle into a red-tomato pincushion, and began to gather up her spools and the rest of her sewing equipment, putting things neatly in their places in the small leather sewing box on the table beside her. She plucked all the loose thread ends from her skirt and dropped them into an ash tray, and found the scissors which had slipped down behind the red-leather cushion. She finished the last of her root beer, sipping it slowly, then snapped her sewing box shut and glanced at her wrist watch. "It's eight fifteen," she said. "What are we going to do tonight?"

TIM put down his book, gazing at her affectionately. "Anything you want. You are my true love, my bride, my morning star and evening sun, worthy of infinite courtesy, and we'll do absolutely anything you want to do, anything your heart desires, so long as it doesn't involve my moving off the davenport."

Eve looked at him warningly. "We haven't been to the movies for a long time."

"For that, I've been offering up daily prayers of thanks. But I'll go," he added hastily. "We'll pick out the worst movie we can find, a difficult decision, and I'll take you, walking on the outside of the walk for all the world to see."

"We might just do that," said Eve coolly. "It won't hurt you to go to a movie for once."

"Okay." Tim sat up. "I don't quite know how it happened, but somehow I have been maneuvered into a position of moral disadvantage, so I might as well yield gracefully." He took the paper from the table beside him, found the movie listings, and folded the page back. "Nine Gals and a Gob. How's that?"

"You're making it up. There is no such picture."

"I am only reading what it says here. How about this? A double feature: Atomic Blonde and Sierra Maverick."

"Keep looking," she said. "There must be something good."

"I know of nothing in our experience to warrant such optimism. Here's a thing called The King and the Courtesan."

"That might be all right. It got good reviews—pretty good, anyway. It's historical; you like historical movies?"

"Well, it's hard to say." Tim paused and put the paper in his lap. "There's a certain peculiar quality about historical movies, a certain recurring feature about them that's fascinating. Do you know what I mean?"

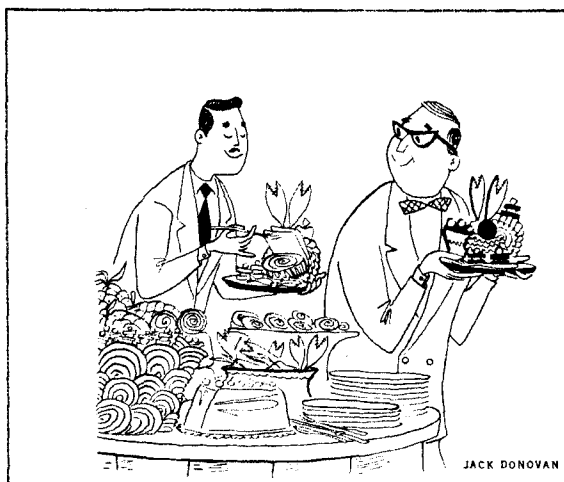
"No."

"Well, in every historical movie I ever saw, this same kind of thing happened invariably, and I got so interested that—although I hadn't meant to tell you—I finally wrote one myself, it seemed so easy. It's a Civil War movie, pre-Civil War, really. You want to hear about it?"

"No."

"Well, the picture begins—no, wait. This deserves a little less perfunctory treatment; after all, it's the New York *première.* Picture the scene. Just before we leave for the theater, we are standing at the door here. You are wearing a corsage of gardenias and hollyhocks, a token of my esteem."

"Yes, I know. You remember to bring



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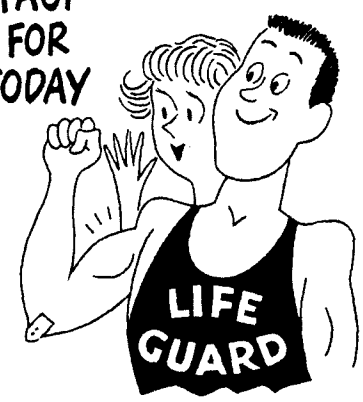

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flowers home every time you write a movie."

"I open the door, bowing you out with a click of my heels. We enter the elevator and I snatch off my hat and kiss your hand, my lips moving thrillingly from your wrist to your elbow. Outdoors, I move quickly to the very outer edge of the sidewalk. As a matter of fact, I am so polite I walk in the gutter, tipping my hat at every third step."

"I can't stand it," Eve said. "Let's take a cab."

"Better than that. This is a world *première*, so a grateful studio provides us with a limousine. In the lobby of the theater, thronged with adoring starlets, I speak a few modest, dignified and obscene words into the microphone, and we are immediately shown to our seats. For the first and only time in our lives, we are about to see a picture from the beginning. I help you off with your coat, nuzzling your hair in the darkness, and the curtain rolls back.

"We hear the muffled beat of drums from the sound track and the title flashes on the screen. Sons of the Blue and Gray, it says, by Timberlake Ryan, Academy Award Winner, and a murmur and then a burst of applause sweeps the house. You lean close and whisper, 'I knew you could do it, darling. What a lucky day it was when you clipped that coupon and mailed it to the Write-Right Correspondence Institute.' "

Tim grinned at her. "The screen darkens and, very faintly, far in the background, we hear The Battle Hymn of the Republic. Then a voice, the narrator, says, 'Eighteen fifty-two! The lush verdant prairies of Illinois! A new frontier, and a new nation emerging into lusty young manhood!'

"The screen brightens and we see two men walking along a country road. They wear old-fashioned clothes and side whiskers, and in the distance we see a village—houses, a church steeple and stuff. One of the men says. 'There it is! Springfield! Mark my words, it'll be the biggest city in Illinois!' Then he laughs—yak, yak, yak—and says, 'There's one little jerkwater village up north claims *it's* gonna be the biggest city in the state. Bigger than Springfield, even! Can you imagine that!'

" 'Absurd,' says the other guy. 'What village you talking about?'

" 'Waal,' says the other, scratching his head, 'I fergit. Some sort of outlandish name. Oh, yes,' he says, 'I recollect, now. *Chicago*,' he says 'Now, ain't that somethin'? Yak, yak, yak!' "

TIM looked at Eve. "Do you begin to recognize the one fascinating feature of practically all historical movies?" he asked.

"Just barely," she said. "You make it so subtle."

"Just then," Tim continued, "our heroes pass a young man in a field at the side of the road. He's an unusually tall and lanky guy. He wears homespun pants, he has a big sharp nose, needs a haircut and he's very homely. He's working in the field *splitting rails*. He straightens up, wipes his brow, and says, 'Howdy, neighbors.'

" 'Howdy,' they reply, and as soon as they've passed, one of them says, 'Who was that?'

" 'Him?' says the other. 'Oh, he's just some no-account yokel. Came up here to Illinois from *Kentucky* not long ago. Some kind of half-baked lawyer. And get this—he's got political ambitions! Yes, sir, he runs a little grocery store and stays up half the night a-studyin'. Wants to make something of himself. Wants to be a state senator or something. Maybe even *President* someday! Why, the crazy young fool! He'll never amount to nothin'!'

" 'I don't know,' says the other. 'There's something striking, something unusual about his face.'

" 'Don't you kid yourself,' says his friend. 'That jerk's never going to get anywhere.'

" 'What's his name?'

" 'His name? Waal, now, I don't rightly recall,' and he pushes back his hat, staring up in the air, scratching his head. 'Oh, yes!' he says, 'I remember now! Yak, yak, yak! His name? That *rail splitter* from *Kentucky*, you mean? Why, that feller's name is George. Yes sir, George V. Henderson, and he'll never get *any*where!'

"The voice of the narrator comes in again as the screen darkens, and says, 'And he was right! George Henderson ran for the Senate, lost the election by twenty-six thousand votes, and was never heard of again!'

"Then," said Tim, "to the music of John Brown's Body, the picture ends, and here we are home again, in time to read a good book, saving a full hour and a half of dull aching misery."

Eve did not smile. "Okay," she said,

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

"so you don't want to go to the movies either."

"Either?" Tim looked at her. "What do you mean, 'either'? That was the only suggestion made, that I know of."

"You know what I mean, all right." She sighed. "The polite Mr. Ryan, always thinking of his wife."

He grinned at her. "How would you like a poke in the nose?"

Eve smiled, then shrugged a shoulder. "Well, I don't care. This business of just because a man is married, he has to forget all the little—"

"—courtesies."

"Exactly. And—"

"Look." Tim got up from the davenport, crossed the room, and sat down on the arm of Eve's chair. "Fredric March, singlehanded, is not quite enough to account for all this." He smiled down at her. "Who were you talking to today?"

"Talking to?" She looked up at him. "What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean."

"Why, I was talking to various people."

Tim smiled suddenly, triumphantly. "Including Marge?"

"Marge?" She sounded puzzled and a little indignant, as though she'd never before heard the name. "Marge who?"

"*You* know who. They live in the building across the street. Marge, the model wife of the model husband."

"If you mean Marge Vetter"—Eve shrugged—"why, yes, as it happens, I ran into her today in the supermark—"

"I thought so." Tim grinned. "All is clear to me now. And I'm ashamed of you, trying to shove all the blame onto poor Fredric March. Well, it took me a while to figure it out, but how *is* dear Walter? How is that wonderful man who brings flowers home to his wife for just no reason at all? The man who calls his wife up in the middle of the day just because he was thinking of her and wants to know how she is. The man who puts his wife's galoshes on for her. That notorious puller-out of chairs. The perpetual valentine. The wonderful man who pops up and down like a piston every time the ladies, bless them, leave or enter the room. How *is* that darlin' man? I'm sure you heard all about him."

"I most certainly did," said Eve. "They've been married six years and he still—"

"I know," said Tim. "And I'll get him kicked out of the union if it's the last thing I do." He grinned down at her. "However, I can see what you've been through today and you have my sympathy. It must be galling to the average wife to have to listen to Marge on the subject of Walter, and have so little to brag about when her turn comes. Well" —he stood up—"from now on, Walter's my model. Walter and Fredric March. Look; I'll *take* you to the movies. I'll put on a tie, and you pick out a—"

"No," Eve said. "There really aren't any good ones showing, and it isn't just the movies anyway. It's—"

"How about a little cassino, then?" Tim said hastily. With an exaggerated gesture, bowing from the waist, he offered his arm. "Come. I'll escort you to the davenport."

"All right," said Eve, and she stood up. "One game, twenty-five points."

Tim walked to the desk and got out the cards, then moved a lamp closer to the davenport, and they sat down, the cards and a score pad on the cushion between them. Tim gathered up the cards. "Now, let's see," he said. "would Walter try to pawn off the deal on his wife? No, never! So I'll shuffle." He smiled, widening his eyes in exaggerated solicitude. "Comfy, dear?"

He dealt out the cards and they began to play. They played through the deck, and presently, when they had finished, Tim gathered up the cards and counted points. Eve had won nine of the eleven points in the deal.

"You play very well, dear," he said. "I'll shuffle again, and if you care to refer to me as Lord Chesterfield, it's only what I deserve."

AGAIN they played through the deck, and as Eve won the last card and began to count points, Tim looked at her, frowning a little, and said, "I wonder if it's true what I heard about Walter just recently."

"No," said Eve. She wrote their scores on the pad. "But what is it?"

"I hear he wears a nightcap to bed so he can tip his hat to his wife just before—"

"Oh, shut up," said Eve, and she began to laugh.

Tim dealt out the cards and picked up his hand. "Too bad Marge found him first," he said, leering. "Here"—he discarded the deuce of spades—"here's your chance; little cassino." Eve picked it up with the deuce of hearts. "Of course," Tim continued, "he's no Fredric March. As a matter of fact, he's just Walter Vetter, though that's hardly his fault. But he *is* polite."

For a time they played, quietly, Tim shuffling and dealing and counting up points. Presently, Eve won the final card of a deal and Tim said, "You've got the most cards, obviously, and I'll count spades." He thumbed through his cards, counting rapidly. "Spades, too," he said, "and that puts you out." He smiled at Eve. "Always let your wife win; that's my advice to young husbands who are in bad."

"*Let* me win," said Eve. "I can just see you." She smiled. "This never was your game."

Tim grinned at her and picked up the cards and score pad and put them on the table beside the davenport. "Should we read in bed for a while?"

"Yes," Eve said, and she stood up and crossed the room to pick up her sewing box.

Tim snapped off the lamp beside the davenport, then came over to Eve and put his arm around her shoulders. "Maybe you're right at that," he said gently. "Maybe it's true; I suppose I haven't been paying enough attention to the little husbandly courtesies."

"Well . . ."

He kissed her gently, then smiled down at her and said, "I guess you *are* right. So how will it be if I start practicing the little courtesies right now?" He stepped to one side and, smiling at Eve affectionately, gestured toward the living-room doorway with one arm, his palm turned upward. "*Après vous, madame*," he said, bowing her through the door before him.

Eve looked at him for a moment, and her eyes were wide now, very gentle and soft. Then she drew herself erect, tall and regal as a queen, nodded graciously at Tim, and walked past him, her head held high, smiling proudly.

As she passed, Tim turned and—not painfully, but not gently, either—brought his knee up in a swift little kick, throwing Eve off stride, and she gasped in outrage and started to turn. But then she stopped, hesitated for an instant, and instead she walked on. She started to giggle as Tim snapped the last light off and followed her into the bedroom. THE END

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Sing PIGEON *Sing*

Continued from page 29

"I'll give you 48 hours, you bum," was the answer.

In less than 24 hours a phone call came through, and Shooey was off to make the kind of pinch that most delights a policeman's heart. He was going to nab a cop killer.

Cugino and his young bride were picked up. But, true to his code to the end, Cugino destroyed the only witness who could testify against him. He hanged himself in his cell while awaiting trial.

Charles ("Lucky") Luciano, an old stool pigeon himself, can trace his fall to a canary. She was a woman scorned. "Cokie Flo" Brown was her name and she filled in the vast gap between Luciano's hirelings and the boss himself.

Luciano was clever enough to make his organization do all the dirty work. When Tom Dewey busted up Luciano's gang he was confronted by the fact that the ranking members remained loyal to Luciano even though they faced jail. But Jimmy Frederico, one of the big shots in the gang, had the bad taste to toss aside Cokie Flo and then to ignore her pleas for help when she was arrested.

Flo contacted Barent Ten Eyck, one of Dewey's assistants, and said she could tie Frederico to Luciano and thus tie Luciano to the rackets. Her letter was so intelligent that she was questioned by Dewey himself. He, and his staff, knowing she was a dope fiend, were afraid that she might betray them to her boy friend and his boss. They grilled her all one night and when the grilling was over everybody agreed that dope fiend or not, Cokie Flo could be trusted. They were right. Luciano got from 30 to 50 years.

Mystery Behind a Pardon

Luciano, who started his career as a stool pigeon, may have finished it as one. After serving only about ten years, he was mysteriously released by gubernatorial pardon. He left the country. No explanation of this clemency has been given although there has long been a rumor that Luciano gave information that helped in the invasion of Sicily. That might be so. New York detectives shrug and say, "Maybe he gave information about Sicily. Maybe not. But you can bet he gave information about something."

Few donors of information have the spectacular success of Luciano. But there are times when a wise governor will chop a few years off a prisoner's sentence as a reward for helping in the solution of a brutal crime. One lifer in Sing Sing cut his term appreciably by giving information that solved seven murders.

He had to do it the hard way, which means climbing up on a witness stand. Eventually the courts objected to his frequent appearance in murder trials. Despite his testimony he was never harmed and is now an honest salesman.

This stool pigeon was the perfect informer. He was fearless, angry, grateful and sick of jail. He was angry because his friends had abandoned his sick wife and two children. He was grateful because a smart detective arranged for him to see his two children once a week in such a manner that they didn't know their father was a jailbird. Like many other good law-enforcement men, the detective played the Good Samaritan on his own day off and at his own expense. He knew a good stool when he saw one.

The lifer obviously had to sing quite a few songs before he could gain his freedom. So when he had done his share in solving the murder of two policemen he was transferred to "Canary Cottage," where he was asked for further proof of his willingness to help law and order.

Every large city has the equivalent of what New Yorkers call Canary Cottage. It is a psychological trap set for criminals who would otherwise escape. If the police are long on knowledge about a crime, but short on proof, they will toss their suspect into what he thinks is just a jail but is actually a nest of stool pigeons.

All the pigeons are volunteers and all are bucking for clemency. The suspect will find himself surrounded by a dozen different personalities. If he likes jokes there will be somebody around who knows every gag Milton Berle ever told. If he likes the great outdoors he will find a gregarious fellow lover of the open air. Somewhere along the line the suspect will meet a pal and start talking. The information he gives fills in the holes in the police department's case.

Many canaries sing to get out of jail.

". . . We also find that interdepartmental morale has risen steadily, as of January seventh, last, since the abandonment of the policy of conducting our enterprises as one big happy family . . ."

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

But there is the classic case where two of the great Al Capone's betrayers begged to remain behind bars as their reward for giving T-man Frank Wilson information. The men, both Capone bookkeepers, were adamant in their refusal to talk until Wilson shrugged and said, "Okay, you can go. Capone knows we picked you up. What do you think he'll do to you when you get outside?"

The boys gave some thought to their likely fate if they got outside. Then they made a deal. "We'll talk," they said, "if we can stay in jail until things cool off."

Stool pigeons not only put crooks in jail but they keep them there. Every prison warden in the nation has an attentive ear for any informer. A well-planned Montana jail break was foiled because a convict wanted an extra pack of cigarettes each week. He suggested that the warden apply a hot iron to the outgoing and incoming mail of certain inmates. This procedure disclosed that plans for a prison break were coming and going. The plans were written in lemon juice which doesn't show up until subjected to heat.

New York police were forced to use stool pigeons to save the lives of that city's less influential dope users. Nineteen impoverished dope fiends died of malaria in a matter of three weeks. One addict, who survived, said he had used the same needle that had been used by a couple of his friends who had died. The survivor had obtained the needle from a South American sailor. The sailor, in turn, admitted that he had recovered from a bout of malaria before sailing to the States, and that he had lost his hypodermic needle.

The police called in a dope addict stool pigeon and told him of the "hot needle." The stool got the word back to the world of junkies and not another malaria death occurred, although the hypodermic was never recovered.

Because informants cannot always be frightened, detectives must deal with them thoughtfully and diplomatically. A good detective will use his own money to help pay a reliable stool pigeon's rent. If the canary is in jail, the detective may slip the indigent family a few dollars. When a sleuth thinks a fellow sleuth is wooing away a favorite informer he will defend his property with his fists.

Every good detective has had to tell an overeager prosecuting attorney that he will not, or cannot, deliver the source of information to the attorney's office. On the other hand, a stool pigeon can expect nothing more than a recommendation for mercy in return for information. No police officer can promise him anything, and be sure it will be kept.

Although the detective is terribly dependent upon the stool pigeon he rarely likes the breed and never trusts him. No detective will tell a stool pigeon he suspects someone of a crime. He will merely give his informant a little information and wait for the man to come back with, or without, confirmation of the sleuth's suspicions. Who knows but perhaps the pigeon owes a greater debt to the suspect than to the detective?

Chili Acuna, a truly great stool pigeon, was the perfect example of the canaries who cannot always be trusted. Chili got himself beholden to the cops because he was caught managing the business affairs of several practitioners of the oldest profession. The police used Chili to put the finger on his colleagues of both sexes, as well as some bookmakers, gamblers and numbers salesmen. But when the Seabury Investigation came along in New York, Chili turned stool pigeon on the police. On the witness stand he informed on several policemen who had been shaking down persons on whom Chili had put the finger.

It is frequently necessary, for purposes of identification, to have the stool pigeon with his victim when the arrest is made. Both are dragged to the police station. The canary is frequently "questioned" first in a room next to the one in which his betrayed friend sits. The informer usually sits down and smokes a cigarette while a couple of detectives throw chairs against the wall, slap their hands together to simulate punches, and indicate to the comfortably smoking canary when he is to scream. If the informer is frightened enough he will request a punch in the nose to supply the really convincing blood and black eyes.

Gangsters' Cruel Vengeance

Being a stool pigeon is hazardous. The vengeance is quick and sadistic. New York police were unable to locate one of their most reliable canaries for weeks. They found him strangled in an automobile which had been parked directly in front of police headquarters. The late pigeon had been subjected to an ancient Chinese trick—trussed up in such a manner that he had to strangle himself.

Dutch Schultz cluttered up the bottom of the Hudson River with blocks of cement-encased people he suspected of being stool pigeons. Al Capone disposed of his by personally beating them to death with a baseball bat, or sticking ice picks in their skulls.

Sometimes a criminal who has turned informer becomes so depressed that he takes his own life rather than risk the sadism of his victims. One of the Murder, Inc., witnesses talked to keep himself out of jail. Then, on second thought, he climbed out of a Brooklyn hotel window and jumped to his death.

Hoodlum George Weinberg stood in court and identified Tammany politician Jimmy Hines as the friend and confidant of thieves. Weinberg was hidden away, but he kept muttering, "Who'll protect me when Dewey is out of office?" He committed suicide rather than find out.

When next your home-town newspaper carries a four-column picture of the chief of police shaking hands with a grinning detective and congratulating him for the "finest piece of detective work I have ever seen," don't be surprised if the news story gives no hint of how the miracle of detection was performed. Somewhere along the line a canary chirped. And the only reason he chirped was because the detective knew his business. So the police chief would be right. That's detective work.

If the picture of honest minions of the law consorting with underworld characters seems sordid it might be well to reflect upon what would happen if detectives shunned such persons. The streets would be cluttered with trigger-happy thugs ready and willing to rob and kill somebody. You, for instance.

Professional law enforcers are skillful and grateful users of all the aids supplied by modern science. A veteran plain-clothes man proudly showed me his city's mobile crime laboratory. He spoke reverently of the contributions of science in fighting crime. "But," he added, "the greatest invention of them all was the telephone booth. It made it easier for the stool pigeons." THE END

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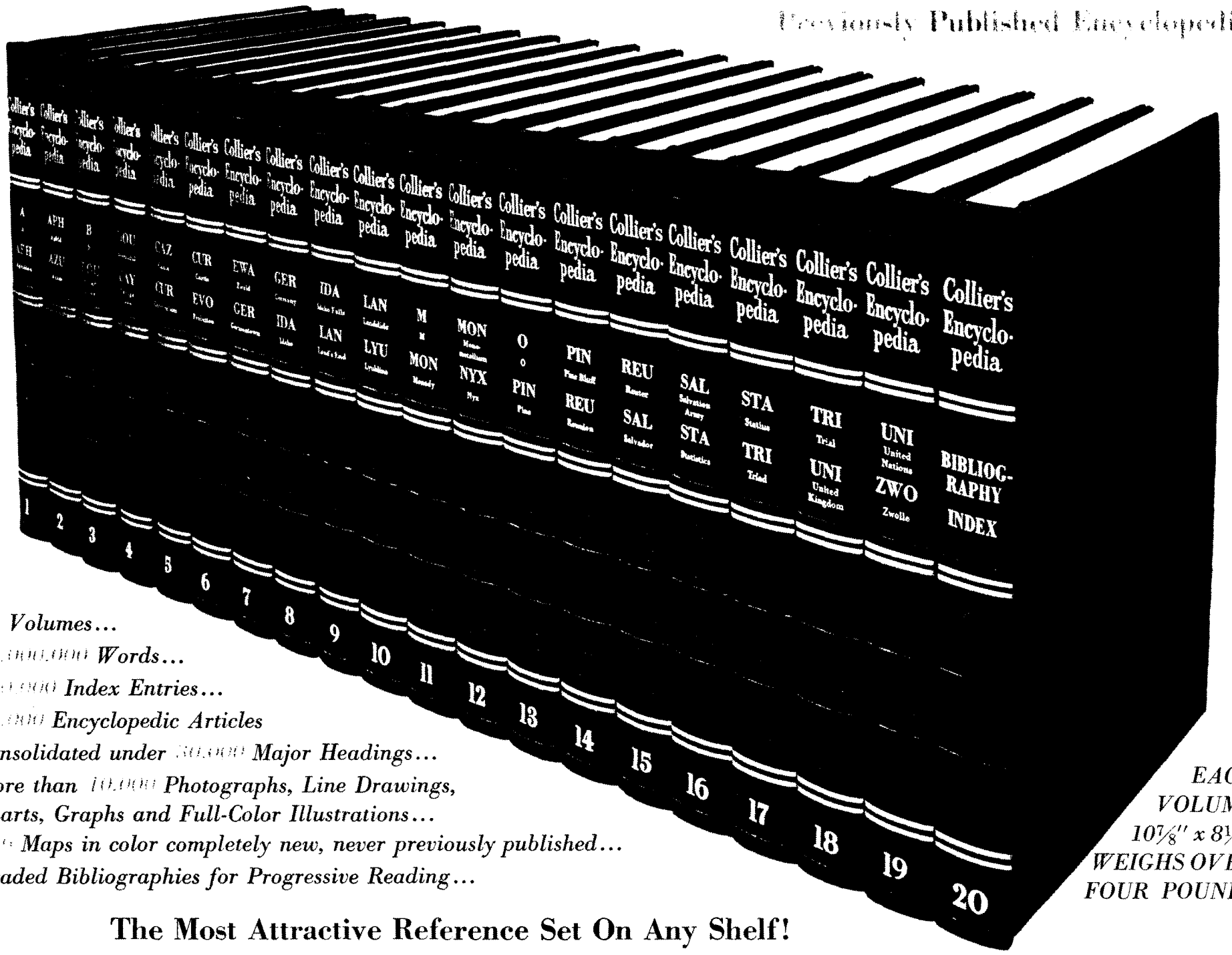

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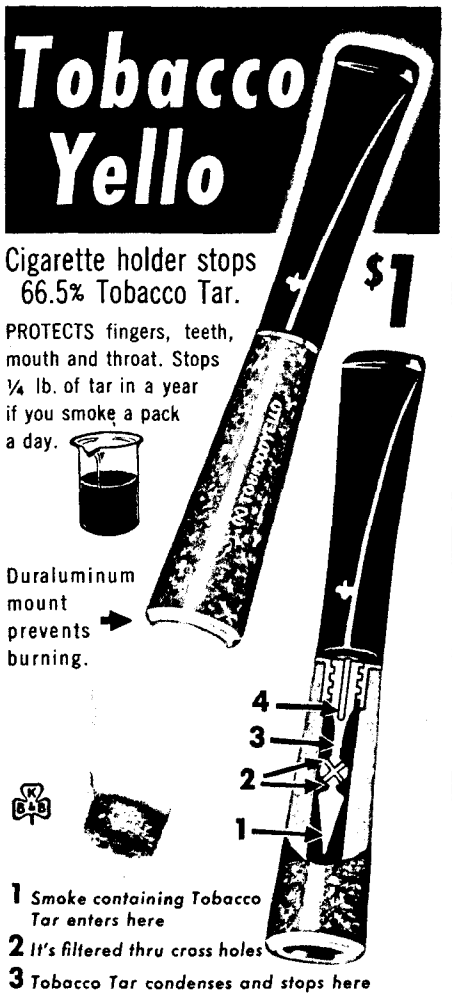

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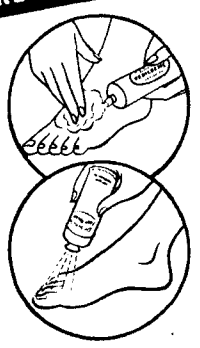

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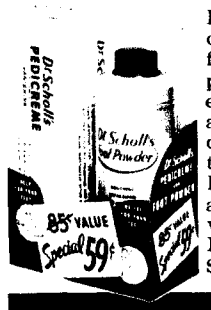

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THE FANTASTIC STORY OF THE TUCKER CAR

Continued from page 15

pouring his troubles out in barnyard Anglo-Saxon, Tucker looked somewhat less than the suave and forceful promoter as he gunned his pearl gray Tucker car along Lake Michigan's shore.

A federal court had cut off his $50,000-a-year salary and even more lavish expense account and barred him from the silent and cavernous Tucker plant. He faced possible indictment on mail-fraud charges. The U.S. Tax Court was after him with tax-fraud charges, and he was peppered with many lawsuits. His small, thin-lipped mouth and wide-open, disarming eyes showed the strain.

"I've got the number one demand car in America," Tucker said, patting the telltale preselective gearshift rod which revealed the car to be equipped with a modified Cord transmission. The car was the 29th of the Tuckers to be made by hand. Powered by its costly airplane-type engine (the original engine in the world *première* Tin Goose model had been quickly scrapped as inadequate), the Tucker shot by other automobiles on the road.

"Why, I can *exhilerate* so unprintably fast," Tucker said, "nobody can catch me. That's why Detroit's afraid of me, and the invisible forces of government are out to stop me. I'm the most investigated S.O.B. in the whole unprintable world."

Tucker led the way into his eight-room, Lake Shore Drive apartment which commands a breath-taking view of Lake Michigan and Chicago's gold coast. He introduced his wife, Vera, a worried-looking woman of about forty, and his youngest son, eighteen-year-old Johnny. Married at seventeen, Tucker has five children, three of them married.

Rugs Show Signs of Wear

He broke out a bottle of rye and, glass in hand, showed his apartment. It presented a picture rich in Louis XV and Chinese antiques, luxurious in walnut and ebony panelings and silk hangings. Someone obviously had lavished a fortune on these. But now the hangings were frayed, the rugs scuffed.

"Cost the people before me $750,000 to fix this up," Tucker said. "Got it practically for nothing. Forty thousand for the apartment—it's co-operative—and $28,000 for the furnishings."

He pointed to a twelve-foot-long dining-room table.

"Real, Genoa silver marble," he said. "Look at the gold-plated legs. Cost $60,000."

"Some dining-room ceiling!" Tucker continued. "Real silver leaf."

In the master bedroom, decorated in red and black, were two rare jade lamps. "We call this our passion parlor," said Tucker.

Back in the 20- by 30-foot living room, Tucker scuffed the Austrian silk and wool tufted rug.

"I tell you this joint is fabulous," he said. "The most expensive apartment in the world."

But he frowned. He had been caught short, he said. Planning to sell the furnishings and the apartment, he had called in an appraiser just a few days before. The expert examined the fine French commodes and elegantly tapestried couches and shook his head sadly.

"The people before us were small," related Tucker, "so they cut down the legs of these antiques." He curled his lips in disgust. "Ain't worth a four-letter word."

He slid into a needle-point, museum piece of an easy chair and ran his hand through his thinning, silky hair. A straight, thin nose testified to a once handsome face. Under a chin that receded slightly, emerging jowls bespoke good living and approaching middle age.

"How in the hell did I ever get here?" he mused. "Me, a plow jockey from the back 40 acres."

He expressed his bitterness in a soft, pleasant voice, punctuating his remarks with an occasional, boyish laugh.

The fraud charges of the SEC?

"A pack of fantastic lies," said Tucker. "I didn't steal a dime. I'm basically honest. If I caught the boys doing something wrong, I'd saw their heads off. Why, I've just had to sell my wife's Cadillac and my boy's Pontiac to get money to eat.

"Starting a business is a Herculean task. In the summer of '47, I flew 400,000 miles to show my car (the non-reversing Tin Goose already described) to dealers and investors. It costs money to entertain dealers. I didn't want those unprintable parties. (One shindig, the World Première and the party that followed, cost $60,000.)

"The spirit of America is behind my car so bad—it's pitiful." He fished in his pockets and drew out a letter from an ex-Wac. To it was pinned a $5 bill.

"I'm so interested in seeing your wonderful cars being made and sold just in a steady line," the letter read. "I'll keep $20 on hand for you to help tide you over a rough spot."

Contributions like these, Tucker explained, poured in daily "to use as I see fit in my fight for American enterprise." The contributions, including a $2,000 check from an aged Chicago couple, exceeded $200,000.

"The lawyers told me to send it all back. I haven't kept a cent. Hell, that's a big chunk of dough!" he said. "If somebody wants to give me a buck, I ought to be able to keep it, shouldn't I?

"The big fellows haven't licked me yet. All I need is dough. If I could raise ten million, the RFC would match it. Money could solve a lot of problems.

"We've got one line set. Got our jigs and fixtures. I can build five cars next week. I'll dump the facts at 'em so fast! You watch what I'll pull."

Watching what Tucker will pull has occupied a constantly widening circle of people ever since the Tucker promotion got under way in 1944. In that year Tucker, then little known to Detroit and Washington, started his snowball rolling by getting himself some colored drawings of his coming "Tucker Torpedo" and by teaming up with a co-promoter.

Prepared by a Detroit artist, the drawings depicted a teardrop creation promising some startling firsts: front fenders that would turn with the wheels; the Cyclops eye; and a driver's seat located in the center because, Tucker said, racing car builders had found that at high speeds a car can't be controlled from the sides. (When car builders sought to reduce these drawings to blueprints they found the car, as drawn, had room for only one motorist in front and one in back.)

Tucker's new co-promoter was A. H. Karatz, a former Minneapolis lawyer who had served a three-and-one-half-year term in the Illinois State penitentiary for a Chicago bank swindle which had also involved "Long Count" Dave Barry, referee of the second Dempsey-Tunney fight. Barry appealed and went free but not Karatz.

Important Job for Ex-Con

Karatz struck it off well with Tucker and was soon so deep in Tucker's car promotion that when the state attorney's office inquired into the ex-convict's association with Tucker Corporation, it found that "Karatz knows more about Tucker Corporation than Tucker himself."

Karatz was the boy who saw the bankers. He led his younger associate to Floyd B. Cerf, a Chicago broker whose modest, $87,500 company had engaged only in bush-league financial deals up to this point.

Tucker displayed his portfolio of car drawings.

"I want to raise $20,000,000 to produce a car," he said.

"Have you got a prototype model of a car?" Cerf asked.

"No."

"A plant to build the car in?"

"No."

"We can't finance just an idea," said Cerf. "We must have a plant, and an organization and the semblance of a product."

"If that's what it takes, I'll go out and get it," said Tucker.

This was in the fall of 1945, a few months before he announced the birth of the "Tucker Torpedo . . . descended from champions of the speedway . . . with engineering principles proved by 15 years of rigid tests . . ."

The announcement to the car-hungry public came in January, 1946. A free-lance newspaperman, Charles Pearson, who later went on the Tucker pay roll at $15,000 a year and received a block of Tucker Corporation stock, wrote in the now defunct magazine, Pic:

"The first super auto job to get off the drawing board into the production stage is being put together at Detroit . . . It is the Tucker Torpedo . . . rear-engined car . . . aimed to sell for around $1,000 . . .

"The Tucker Torpedo is the first serious threat to the supremacy of estab-

COLLIER'S "It's midnight. You may unmask" ROBERT DAY

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lished automobile manufacturers and . . . may make models now in production obsolete almost overnight.

"Preston Thomas Tucker, designer of the Torpedo . . . has a recognized place in automotive engineering . . . As an associate of the late Harry Miller, builder of world-famous racing cars, he had a part in the design of speed creations that won 14 out of 16 races on the Indianapolis oval."

One interested reader was Mrs. Harry A. Miller, widow of the racing car designer. What she read made her seek a lawyer. Tucker, she told the attorney, had never had any part in the design of any of the Miller cars. Once, in 1935, he had promoted a deal with the Ford Motor Company for the conversion, by Miller, of ten Ford V-8 cars into racers. In this short-lived and ill-fated deal (the racers got nowhere at Indianapolis) Tucker served only as a business agent. He took no hand at all in the engineering and construction work on the cars, she said.

Other readers of the magazine article,

Tucker lounges in his $750,000 apartment on Chicago's fabulous Gold Coast

just as interested as Mrs. Miller but less critical, swamped the publication with urgent inquiries.

"When can we buy a Tucker?" wrote would-be customers, including G.I.s from overseas.

"How can I get a dealership?"

"Is there stock for sale?"

Spurred by this overwhelming reaction, Tucker and Karatz formed a syndicate in Detroit to raise "fight money" for promotion. To these associates Tucker displayed what he did have in the way of a car to date—a cylinder block from an old Miller racing "Special," from which the Miller name had been ground out and the Tucker name etched in. He also had what he described as a torque converter, which engineers said could just about power a scooter. And he had some beautiful drawings.

The syndicate soon broke up.

Undaunted, Tucker and Karatz set out to get a plant. In Washington, Tucker aimed at nothing less than the giant B-29 engine establishment in southwest Chicago. Consisting of 14 major buildings covering 6,000,000 square feet, this had been built by the government for $71,000,000 and stocked with $100,000,000 worth of machinery. Many competitors sought this plum, including a group of businessmen headed by Brigadier General Patrick Hurley.

But Tucker got the lease. How he got it was described by Senator Homer Ferguson (Republican, Mich.) as "one of the most flagrant cases of maladministration and mismanagement in the handling of our plant disposal program."

Here is the story as Senate investigators reconstructed it:

Agreeing to pay a $1,000,000 rental deposit in four payments, Tucker first gave a $25,000 personal check. The WAA never cashed it. Then he sent a check for $150,000 which the WAA misplaced. When Tucker sent a replacement check, WAA official Oscar H. Beasley inquired at Tucker's bank and found that Tucker had less than $3,000 on deposit there. But Tucker got the plant anyway, under a new agreement which gave him time to raise money.

Beasley (who later received $1,000 monthly payments from the Tucker Corporation) and other WAA officials showed as little concern for Tucker's financial status as they did curiosity about his character or his past.

Had they gone to the U.S. Patent Office, they would have found (in 1946) that no automobile invention patents had ever been issued to Tucker, "the automotive inventor."

Had they gone to the United States Tax Court, they would have found Tucker accused of filing fraudulent income tax returns for 1942, 1943 and 1944. The Internal Revenue Commissioner charged that Tucker had failed to account for savings-bank deposits of $163,000 and owed the government $93,300 in unpaid taxes and penalties.

One protest was raised. The then housing expediter, Wilson W. Wyatt, sought to have the government break Tucker's agreement and turn the plant over to a prefabricated housing manufacturer.

Attorneys Write an Opinion

Tucker's attorneys, the famed Washington firm of Davies Richberg Beebe Busick & Richardson, called on additional help. They asked William Boyle, now executive vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, to help write a legal opinion. In Boyle's opinion the government could not legally break the agreement. Tucker held on to his plant.

And so, in the summer of 1946, Tucker had his plant.

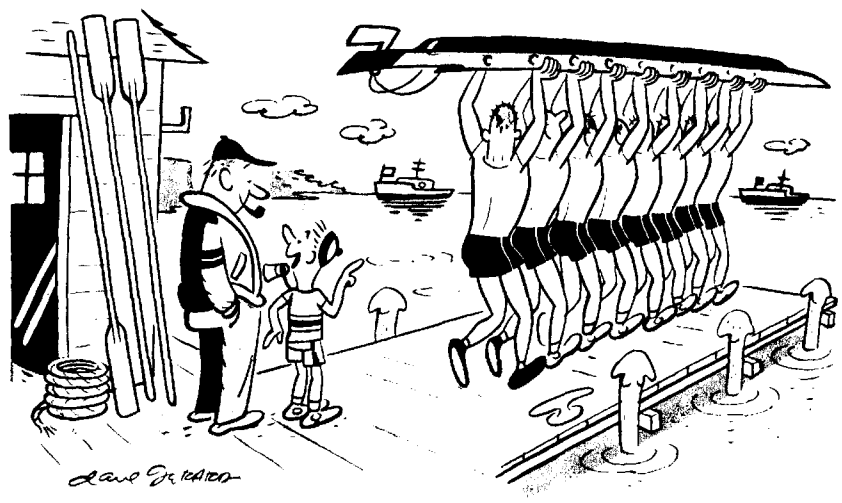
Tucker's people at this time were a mixed group. Shuttling with him between Chicago, Detroit and Washington were Karatz and another contact man described in a pamphlet of the William J. Burns International Detective Agency as a "check passer and confidence man" wanted by police of two cities. In his entourage also was a Countess Consuela Talalla, of piquant accent and vivacious manner, who had met Tucker in a New York night club. Divorced later, she was seen much with Tucker and once sought to intervene with Chicago police when they jailed another Tucker aide for passing a bad check.

With a corporation formed, executives hired and a plant rented, all Tucker now needed was money, $20,000,000 worth, a tidy sum to get together, but not for a man who had already accomplished so much with so little.

His first idea: sell dealerships.

Tucker and his associates combed the lists of those who had made inquiries after the initial publicity blast. Approached, the prospects eagerly parted with their money, some plunking down as much as $50,000 apiece. Soon the Tucker Corporation had several hundred thousand dollars of working capital. But more money was needed.

Tucker and Karatz went back to broker Cerf. Bankers usually investigate propositions patiently, turning account-



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nts and engineers loose on them, sometimes for months. But Cerf needed only one fruitful day with Tucker, from 4:00 P.M. until 4:30 A.M., to make a deal. In longhand, Karatz wrote out an agreement. Cerf undertook to sell $20,000,000 worth of Tucker shares at $5 apiece.

This step taken, Tucker found Karatz' convict record embarrassing. Exit Karatz.

Then, as all security-selling promoters must, Tucker had to go to the SEC. Here he found one government agency that asks questions.

Piqued by the facts Tucker laid before it in his registration statement, the SEC wanted to know more:

Why did he hide the role ex-convict Karatz had played in promoting the venture? Why didn't he mention the clandestine deal by which he sought to pay Karatz off? The deal: Tucker Corporation paid James E. Tripp, California press agent, $3,500 monthly. Tripp kept $1,500 for services and paid the $2,000 balance to Karatz. When the payments ceased after three months, Karatz sued Tucker for $900,000.

Other undisclosed facts: The Tucker car had not been completely proved. The pilot model needed "extensive testing and might require material changes in engineering."

Tucker omitted so many facts and misstated so many others that the SEC issued a special warning to investors: The way Tucker Corporation money had been used "raises grave questions as to whether a proper stewardship of corporate funds has been maintained."

The SEC gave this warning to the newspapers and sent it to 4,000 brokers —many of whom were to handle Tucker stock.

But the promoter's reputation was safe. Who ever reads the fine print in SEC prospectuses or the single-spaced, heavygoing SEC opinions?

Flow of Money Is Stopped

In a whirlwind campaign during the summer of 1947 Tucker flew his handmade car, the nonreversing, seldom-driven Tin Goose, to world *premières* in New York, St. Louis, Boston, Toronto and other cities. There the car attracted 1,500,000 spectators and helped sell stock. Tucker would have hit his $20,000,000 target had not California barred the promotion, charging fraud and thus stopping the money flow at $17,000,000.

Back in Chicago, Tucker ordered his advertising agency to describe in double-spread ads published in the nation's leading magazines, "The Success Story of The Year—How Fifteen Years of Testing Produced The First Completely New Car in Fifty Years."

Out in the plant, engineers did a double-take when they read the implication that problems they hadn't even tackled yet were solved.

"We're still flubbing around with the most primary and elemental questions of basic design," Engineer Robert D. Walder protested to Tucker executives. D. McCall White, the car designer called in by Tucker, took a worried look around the plant then went back to his hotel room.

"I was so at my wits' end at the chaos I found," he later related, "that I got down on my knees and prayed for guidance.

"Tucker didn't have a tested car of a sensational character," White told the SEC. "He had a bundle of untested, unproved and highly questionable engineering ideas in an early and experimental state of development."

Said Tucker's master mechanic, William Stampfli, "I couldn't even get blueprints, although I tried for four months."

The first thing Tucker had to do was get an adequate engine and transmission. (He also lacked the disk brakes, torque converters and suspensions he had advertised.) Car producers usually design the engine and chassis first, then build their car around it. But Tucker, starting with a body design, found, when he failed to develop his own engine, that only two companies in all America made power plants that would fit the rear space in the Tucker car. He purchased three Franklin air-cooled airplane engines and sent them to a machine shop, nominally owned by his mother but in fact controlled by himself.

Known as the Ypsilanti Machine and Tool Company, and located in part in a barn in back of the Ypsilanti, Michigan, home of Tucker's mother, the shop began to play an important role in Tucker Corporation affairs.

The shop's assignment: to convert an air-cooled airplane engine into a water-cooled automobile engine. The shop had neither engineers nor adequate equipment, so Tucker Corporation sent both —and then paid the machine shop $114,000 for the job.

When federal probers looked at the machine shop's books to see how it had arrived at this figure, they found these items:

For blankets and household expenses to Mrs. Holmes (Tucker's mother), $50.

For Cord auto parts, $300.

To the family's machine shop Tucker entrusted another vital task (in the spring of 1948): the design of a transmission. The corporation paid the shop $223,105. What it got for its money was 25 reworked Cord transmissions. Traveling expenses for Tucker's son, Preston, Jr., and for other employees accounted for some of the money. Young Preston scoured Middle Western junk shops for the remains of old Cord cars, from which transmissions were extracted and sent to Ypsilanti. There the Cord parts were reassembled into a stronger transmission for use in the handmade Tucker cars. Built for the 90 horsepower Cord motor, the transmissions occasionally stripped gears when harnessed to the 150 horsepower Tucker.

Life with Tucker inside the plant was as unconventional as the car's engineering. When his first controller took over in the spring of 1947, the expert found the corporation records comparable to "a spindle system of record keeping handled by one female employee." The controller, thirty-two-year-old James D. Stearns, who had left a promising career with General Motors, straightened out the accounts, then hired four engineer-accountants to check and control money spent on engineering work.

Dubbed the quiz kids, the engineer-accountants' questions were soon resented by Tucker's aides and they were barred from the departments they sought to investigate. Then they were locked out of the plant altogether. Locking out an executive was the favored Tucker method for firing aides who had fallen from grace.

Sometimes he varied the firing technique. One day he summoned two executives to his office.

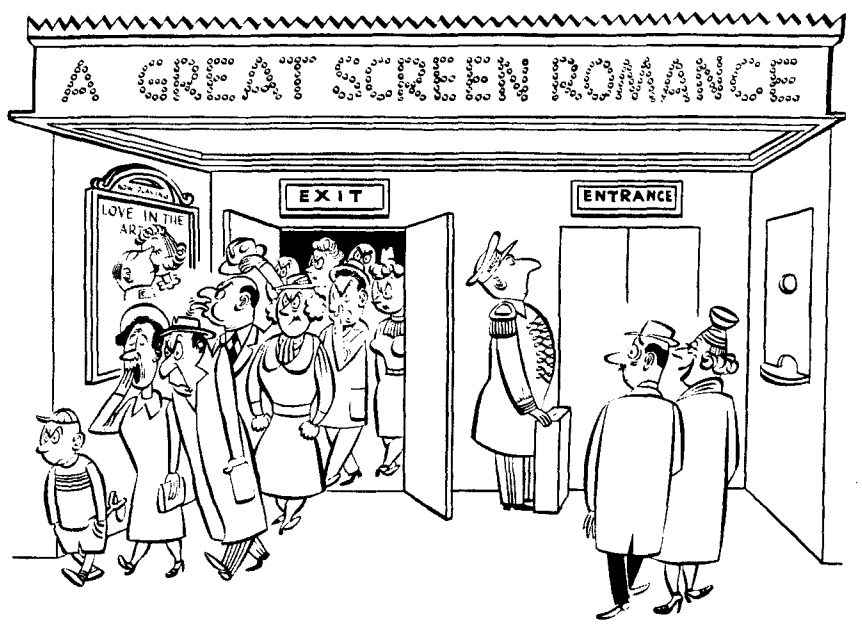
"The SEC is after you boys," he disclosed. "Maybe you'd better get out of the country till things blow over."

Tucker handed one a check for $6,000 and urged him to take a company car and drive to Canada. To the other he gave a $1,000 check and suggested he visit Mexico.

"Let me have your resignations so I can show the SEC you're no longer with me," he said.

When the two men had gone, Tucker called a meeting of other aides. He named one executive and said, "He's made off with $6,000 and a company car." Later, when the two returned, they found themselves locked out.

Tenure with Tucker was short. In 18 months he went through four treasurers, the last one a "hot rod" mechanic with an Indianapolis Speedway background.



"Oh, good, we must be coming in at the end of the picture"

COLLIER'S — IRWIN CAPLAN

Inquisitive, Tucker took to tapping the telephones of his executives and concealing sensitive microphones in their offices. The listening was interesting.

From a meeting between Vice-President Fred Rockelman and importunate dealers came this wire recording:

"You say you're sick to your stomachs! (Rockelman talking.) Well, I tell you I'm sick to my stomach. Two years—and no cars!"

"I told them, 'I've got you wired for sound all over the place'," Tucker told this writer gleefully. "They wouldn't believe me. They found out soon enough, though, and started using the nickel phone down the hall. The poor boobs didn't know I had that plugged too."

A new executive coming fresh to Tucker was bound to find it an original experience. Secundo Campini, the Italian inventor and father of the turbojet engine, was lured from Italy with a promise of a $25,000 yearly and a $60,000 advance bonus. He showed up in Tucker's office to close the deal. Waiting for him were Tucker and a vice-president named Philip Lochner, who came from South Africa, and has since returned. Tucker handed Campini three checks, totaling $85,000, and offered to help the Italian, who spoke no English, to open an account in his personal bank.

On the way to the bank two propositions were broached to Campini: Tucker was willing to sell him one of his two co-operative apartments, a "steal" at $30,000. Lochner was willing to borrow $45,000—for a couple of days.

Campini knew enough English to say, "No!" to both of these.

At the bank, the account opened, Tucker wrote out check number one in Campini's book for $30,000.

"Don't protest here," Lochner told Campini. "It'll embarrass Mr. Tucker with the bank people." Campini signed the check reluctantly, after Lochner assured him that he would get his money back. Lochner then made his own $45,000 touch.

Thus baptized, Campini learned another English word, "lawyer." He hired one, and got his money back.

Honors for an "Inventor"

In the meantime, Tucker was getting awards as an inventor. At Los Angeles, the World Inventors Exposition, a show owned by two promoters named Harry M. Joyce and Monroe Manning, was drawing large crowds with its exhibit of a handmade Tucker car. To show their gratitude, the promoters asked a board of judges to give Tucker an award as an inventor. The judges protested that a car was a manufactured product, not an invention.

The promoters then asked Tucker what he'd like for a gift. A large loving cup suitably engraved to state his accomplishments in the automobile industry, replied Tucker. The promoters got a secondhand loving cup and had engraved thereon:

World Inventors Exposition
Los Angeles, Cal.
First Award Presented to
Preston Tucker

"Cheap and revolting," Tucker fumed as he rushed the cup back to the promoters. "Why doesn't the inscription mention the safety features embodied only in my car?"

The promoters bought another secondhand loving cup and wrote a new inscription, this time to Tucker's taste. The corporation house organ, Tucker Topics, and the company's first annual report, mailed to 50,000 stockholders and 2,000 dealers, told about the award:

"At the World Inventors Exposition in Los Angeles, the Tucker '48 was hailed as the outstanding invention of the year, winning first award in competition with creations of distinguished scientists, engineers and inventors all over the world. Presentation of the coveted trophy was marked by attendance of film colony's top stars and executives."

Inventor Tucker had his loving cup in March, 1948, but with the first annual stockholders' meeting approaching, he still had no production line turning out automobiles.

The stockholders would be coming to the plant. What to do?

Employees worked furiously for two weeks improvising a going assembly line. When some 1,700 stockholders were ushered into the plant, they were delighted to see an assembly line, seemingly in operation, with forty-odd car bodies (their parts rushed to partial completion by hand) spotted along the line.

President Tucker spoke: "Bodies and chassis are moving on the actual production lines, blazing the way for mass production models."

When the happy show for the stockholders was over, Tucker and his associates held a gloomy meeting. Money was running out. Without additional cash—at least another $20,000,000—there could be no mass production.

But Advertising Manager Cliff Knoble had an idea.

"All those people waiting to buy Tuckers, but no Tuckers," he said. "Why not sell them accessories—seat covers, heaters, luggage? If we offer them a priority on a Tucker, they'll buy!"

Knoble—and Barnum—were right.

Although no car was in production,

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$2,300,000 of accessories were sold. But that wasn't enough. Now, time as well as money was running out for Tucker. The corporation had sent its first annual financial statement to the SEC. It was the beginning of the end.

The agency's experts, glancing at the statement, gave out with a startled "Gee whizz!"

The report showed no assembly lines, no cars in production and practically no money. Tucker, by early 1948, had sailed through $22,000,000 of investors' and dealers' cash and had less than $2,000,000 left. (The report was filed before the accessories were sold.)

The SEC sent out a team of investigators. Their findings, 700 pages' worth, made such exciting reading that the SEC turned them over to Attorney General Clark, who handed them on to U.S. District Attorney Otto Kerner at Chicago and his chief assistant, Lawrence J. Miller. The prosecutors read the report and called a grand jury.

Under the SEC (and F.B.I.) probers' scrutiny, Tucker's career looked less brilliant than it had in the press interviews and paid ads. Born 45 years ago at Capac, Michigan, Tucker grew up in Detroit. During his two years at high school, he flunked mechanical drawing, mechanical arts and algebra. He entered but didn't finish technical high school.

Young Preston started his business career as a mail messenger at General Motors and then moved on to shipping and traffic department jobs at Ford which paid 75 to 90 cents per hour. He hired out as a motorcycle cop at Lincoln Park, Michigan, but was fired when his mother complained that he was under twenty-one. Later he rose to the position of traffic manager of a Detroit brewery—and was fired on charges that he sought to win stockholders' proxies and get control of the brewery. Hired as a vice-president of a company distributing Packards in Indianapolis, he was fired again. "It's hard steering Tucker along the right lines," his boss said.

During the war, Tucker promoted a combat car, which he built, and a gun turret and fire interrupter for which he holds patents. He interested Andrew J. Higgins, the New Orleans shipbuilder, in the combat car and gun turret. Higgins thought the gun turret had possibilities and hired Tucker to form a company and develop it. After a year, Tucker was fired from this job also.

As Seen by Mr. Higgins

"We kicked him out," said Higgins, "for faking expenses, overdrawing salary and showing little regard for the money we advanced him." In a suit, later settled, Higgins asked that Tucker account for some $845,000 and said he believed Tucker "had diverted for his personal gain, $118,000."

The picture Higgins paints of Tucker provides a startling preview of the larger portrait later painted by the SEC.

Within 18 months, Tucker took from the corporation: $80,500 in salary and salary advances, $70,000 in expenses, and $123,000 in unexplained "miscellaneous items"—a total of $273,500. The SEC estimated that he drew a total of $750,000, if funds from the family machine shop at Ypsilanti are counted.

Some other Tucker deals:

He sold the same racing car twice to the corporation. The car was then sold to Preston Tucker, Jr., who paid for it with a note for $17,000. As owner of the car, Preston, Jr., then gave the corporation permission to race the car at Indianapolis, and for this permission received $10,000.

"A dollar for a haircut! Why that makes five cents a hair"

COLLIER'S — CHARLES PEARSON

Tucker put Preston, Jr., on the board of directors because, he said, "I want my boy to learn how a modern corporation does business."

Here is how the modern Tucker Corporation bought coal. From the Hughett Coal Company came an offer to supply coal. The Hughett Coal Company was the property of Emory Hughett, bookkeeper for the Tucker family machine shop at Ypsilanti. Its only address was a post office mailbox; its offices were in the Ypsilanti Machine and Tool Company. The Hughett Company had no credit at the banks (having just been formed) and asked the Tucker Corporation for a $35,000 advance to use as working capital. In return, bookkeeper Hughett would sell the corporation coal at $1.30 *more* per ton than it was then paying. Fair enough?

The Tucker Corporation grabbed up the offer and bought $83,000 worth of coal. The $35,000 advance was never returned. Also, some of the coal proved so inferior it had to be rejected.

By late summer last year, Tucker scraped the bottom of a barrel that had once bulged with $26,000,000. He shut down the plant and fired 2,000 employees. He, too, was unemployed, but not unoccupied. Disillusioned stockholders and dealers sued him in such droves that one Chicago observer estimated some 500 lawyers, for and against Tucker, were involved.

Some lawyers went after him with the zeal of public prosecutors. One, Luis Kutner, who lectures at Yale, even hired a staff of investigators and pushed his own one-man grand jury probe.

When the multitude of hostile lawyers sought to throw Tucker into bankruptcy, he pleaded with United States District Judge Michael L. Igoe to stay all suits until he could raise additional millions.

Judge Igoe assented and for five months was regaled periodically with reports by Tucker of imminent deals with "angels" eager to bail him out. Rumored as angels were Glenn McCarthy, the Texas oilman, Howard Hughes and Sonja Henie. This led one wag to predict "rear-engined autos on ice skates for Chicagoans to use on wintry days."

When the angels turned out to be ghosts, Judge Igoe said:

"I don't have the least bit of confidence in the statements of Mr. Tucker."

Soon after, Judge Igoe named trustees for the Tucker Corporation under chapter 10 of the National Bankruptcy Act.

The debacle has stirred demands for more stringent federal protection for investors. Why was Tucker permitted to trade airy promises for little people's hard-earned savings? If the SEC is a "securities policeman," why doesn't it do its policing *before* people get hurt?

The Law and the Public

When Congress passed The Securities and Exchange Act of 1935, it decided the government should not pass judgment on a promotion. If the government were given such powers, it would have a life-or-death veto over new business ideas and even over going firms which seek to raise money from the public.

This would hardly fit into a free enterprise system. So Congress decided on a disclosure law. The promoter must tell all to the SEC, which then passes on the facts to the investor. After that it's, "*Caveat emptor:* Let the buyer beware!"

The SEC made Tucker disclose all, sure enough. Yet what did the SEC do with the torrid facts it so brilliantly dug out? It published them in stilted and tortured legalistic English in a closely printed, 15-page opinion which, to the average man, almost required an interpreter. And Tucker's publicity was so easy to read!

Why didn't the SEC state its case in simple, newspaper English, in four pages instead of 15? The facts might then have trickled down to the public.

While the SEC could and did make Tucker admit for the record that he had only an experimental car that needed extensive testing, his publicity and advertisements told quite another story. Millions were convinced Tucker had a revolutionary car ready for production.

What should be done about a promoter who tells the SEC one thing but through press and radio reaches millions with another story?

This writer drove from Chicago to Detroit with Tucker in his handmade, pearl gray Tucker car.

Tucker pushed the car along at an 80- and often 90-mile-an-hour clip. To the motorists we whipped by, the Hollywoodish, handmade car must have seemed a superior product.

Actually, the car had few of the revolutionary features that had been advertised and was made up mostly of conventional parts. Reputable engineers who had worked on it pointed out further that the frame was too heavy and had to be re-engineered. Work was needed on the suspensions, the radiator and the brakes. The engine was so costly it would have to be redesigned or replaced to bring the car into the medium-price class. The car was unstable and tended to wobble.

As we paused for lunch near Lansing, the usual crowd gathered about the sleek, dashing Tucker car.

"The only car in town," said one admirer.

"No other car can touch it," said another.

"Why don't those fellows in Washington and Detroit let you build it, Mr. Tucker?" asked several others. THE END

Next Week

Who Said PROMISED LAND? • **The Actor Who Won't STAY DEAD**

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BATTLE OF THE CRIPPLED CHAMP

Continued from page 23

enabled him to perfect his form. But, despite his handicaps, he decided he was going to become a champion, and once he began practicing, he never stopped. Bobby Jones, observing him later, remarked that he considered Ben the hardest-working athlete he knew in any sport.

At nineteen he finally decided to take the big plunge. With his life savings, $75, in his pocket, he went to Los Angeles to try the winter tour with the pros. A month later he was so flat he had to play through one whole tournament with no food other than 15 cents' worth of oranges.

The next year he competed in the Agua Caliente Open, with no luck, and in the Phoenix Open, in which he took $50—hardly enough to cover his expenses. He realized that he still wasn't ready to go with the experts, so back he went to Oakhurst, Texas, to serve as pro on a nine-hole course. There he practiced so avidly that it often took him four hours to complete one round.

Ideal Wife For a Pro Golfer

He acquired a helper in the person of his wife, the former Valerie Fox, whom he married in 1935. She had known him since he was thirteen—they'd met in a Sunday-school class—and she knew what the wife of an aspiring professional golfer had to do. She budgeted, cut down on food, saved wherever possible, and in 1937 Ben started out again. Still no success.

The turning point finally came in 1938. Staking everything on one last effort, the Hogans rattled to Oakland, California, in an old car—with just money enough to get back to Fort Worth if Ben lost out. He didn't. He finished with a prize of $380, and immediately afterward took another $200. He seemed to have found the touch, and from that point on, there were few tourneys in which he didn't finish near the top.

From 1940 on, Ben began hauling the bank notes off the courses by the golf bag load. He was No. 1 money man in 1940, '41 and '42, and again in '46 and '48. All told, he earned more than $200,000.

Even his two years' service in the AAF didn't faze him. He enlisted in 1943 and was discharged as a lieutenant in 1945. Immediately afterward, he copped the Nashville Open with a 19-under-par card. The prize: $2,666 in War Bonds.

This record has never been equaled by any other pro. Between August, 1939, and September, 1941, Ben banked checks from 56 consecutive tournaments. Last year he accomplished something that no other golfer has done since Gene Sarazen did it in 1922—in May he took the P.G.A. and in June the U.S. Open. Then, just for good measure, he added the Western crown.

A golfer with less heart than Ben Hogan might have been permanently ruined, at least psychologically if not physically, by the accident of February 2d, coming as it did at the peak of his career. Not Ben: To him it's not a question of *will* he play again, but *when*.

He estimates that it will be at least a year before he'll be ready for another crack at the heavy dough. Meanwhile, he's concentrating powerfully on getting well. It's the same incredible concentration he used to display on the links.

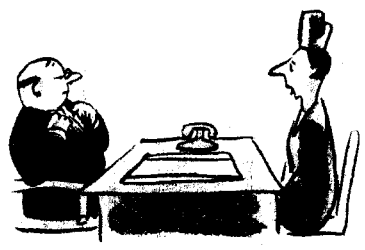
Doctors say that a man of less determination wouldn't even think of picking up a club for two or three years. And Ben laughs at the idea of giving up tournament play and easing into a soft teaching job, in which he could rest on his honors.

"The doctors tell me I have to walk to get well," he told me, when I got up to see him one day. "So that's what I'm doing. There's no point in just getting up and standing. When I'm on my feet, I walk; when I've walked all I can, I lie down and rest."

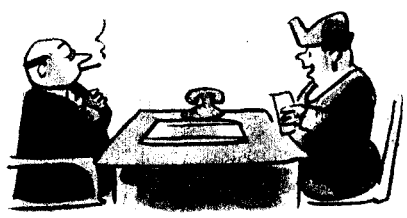
Ben makes it sound easier than it actually is. His biggest task has been the rebuilding of the sturdy little legs that used to carry him an average of four hours daily in tournament play. Tying off the *vena cava* disturbed the circulation; when he's on his feet for too long a time, his ankles balloon with swelling. Then he has to stretch out on a bed, his feet high on pillows, and wait for the swelling to go down.

Soon after he left the hospital and went back to Fort Worth, he worked out a routine that he followed until warmer weather enabled him to go outside. He would pace around the edges of his living-room carpet until he was exhausted. One turn around was a lap; he added five laps each morning until he had built the total to sixty. Then he ventured outside to the yard and the immediate neighborhood.

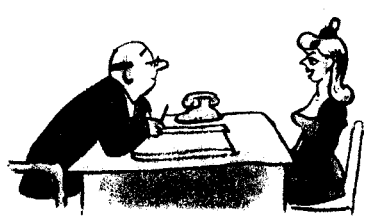
Sometimes, those morning constitutionals brought Valerie flying out of the house. She found that unless she observed Ben closely, he was likely to go striding around a block or two, even on cold and wet days. Several times she has had to drop her knitting and go after him in the family car.



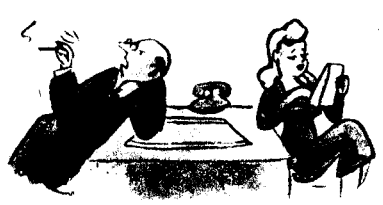
"... so you can see I'm qualified for the position. Type seventy words a minute, shorthand one thirty a minute, fifteen years of doing just this very sort of job"



"... twenty years at it. Best of references. Type eighty words a minute, expert at shorthand, had a crew of girls under me, a half-hour lunch, nine-hour day"



"... just graduated from business college"



"'Dear Sir!'"

COLLIER'S TED KEY

Despite his rapid improvement, Ben is apprehensive over the effect his injuries might have on his swing, stance and other important techniques in his tournament equipment.

"I don't see how I can get back the edge I had last year," he told me.

"Suppose something is paining me. If I start favoring an ankle or a shoulder or something, it'll throw me off. If I get ready to hit the ball, and I'm thinking partly about that pain—well, I'll hit it all right, but not the way I would if I were able to concentrate on all the things you have to do to make your shots just right.

"Winning golf is a matter of touch. It's something you work at and try to develop, but you don't develop it. It comes to you. It's the difference between the first-rate golfer and the fellow who scores well once in a while. Even if you make a bad shot now and then, you know you've still got it. The good golfer has the touch—he *knows* he can do it.

"I won't know what I can do until I've played a couple of tournaments, and maybe not then. It may take longer."

Curiously, although Valerie has taken golf lessons from Ben, she doesn't play the game. While Ben was on the links she used to sit in the clubhouse with the other golf widows, knitting socks for him.

During his confinement, she moved into the Hotel Dieu, and when his night nurse became ill, she stayed beside him until dawn each morning for three weeks without relief.

Valerie's devotion, and Ben's fighting recovery, have captured the sympathy and imagination of the entire nation. There was such an outpouring of telephone calls, letters, cards and telegrams that the Hogans needed six big cardboard boxes to carry home the missives.

Courage Won Fans' Affection

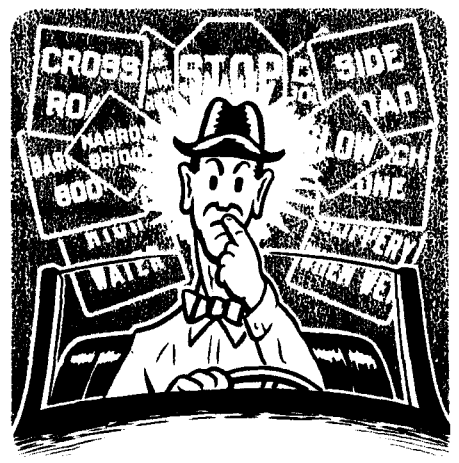
This was a new experience for a man who had always been respected for his gritty determination, but hardly loved by the fans in the same way that they took to, say, Byron Nelson or Jimmy Demaret. Ben had always been admired in the grudging sort of way that minor-league ballplayers regard Ted Williams. He was just too successful.

But in adversity and pain, Ben gained the affection that had eluded him. A trace of moisture still creeps into Valerie's eyes, and Ben's voice becomes unnaturally husky, when they discuss the biggest rooting section that ever shooed Ben home to victory. "People've been great," Ben says, wonderingly. "People I didn't even know, never even heard of—people from all over the country wrote to us."

Now that Ben has settled into a routine, looking almost jaunty as he strides around the neighborhood in Fort Worth's swank Westover Hills, it's easy to imagine that it won't be long before he's defending some of his championships. His ankles still are so swollen that he has to wear G.I. shoes without tying the laces, and his sport coat doesn't fit him properly. But his face is full again and he has regained most of the 26 pounds he lost. Even so, those steely muscles in his arms and legs are still relaxed, and it'll be a long time before he gets them back in shape.

The mail has dropped off to about a dozen letters a day, and the headlines announcing his progress have disappeared with the fever charts. But Ben doesn't mind; he's still even with par in the one match he can't afford to lose. His champion's heart has never been stronger.

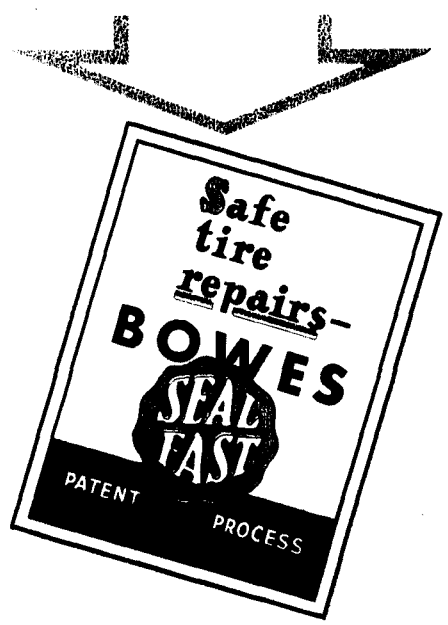
THE END



THE ONE SIGN YOU CAN ALWAYS DEPEND ON!

• Got the road sign willies? They certainly can foul up an otherwise calm driver.

For the sign you *know* you can depend on . . . the one that means what it says . . . look for the Bowes "Seal Fast" dealer's sign, SAFE TIRE REPAIRS. That means a thoroughly *trained* tire repairman, with the most modern equipment and methods. It means tire and tube repairs that protect the lives and safety of you and your loved ones. Play safe by insisting on Bowes "Seal Fast" tire repairs!



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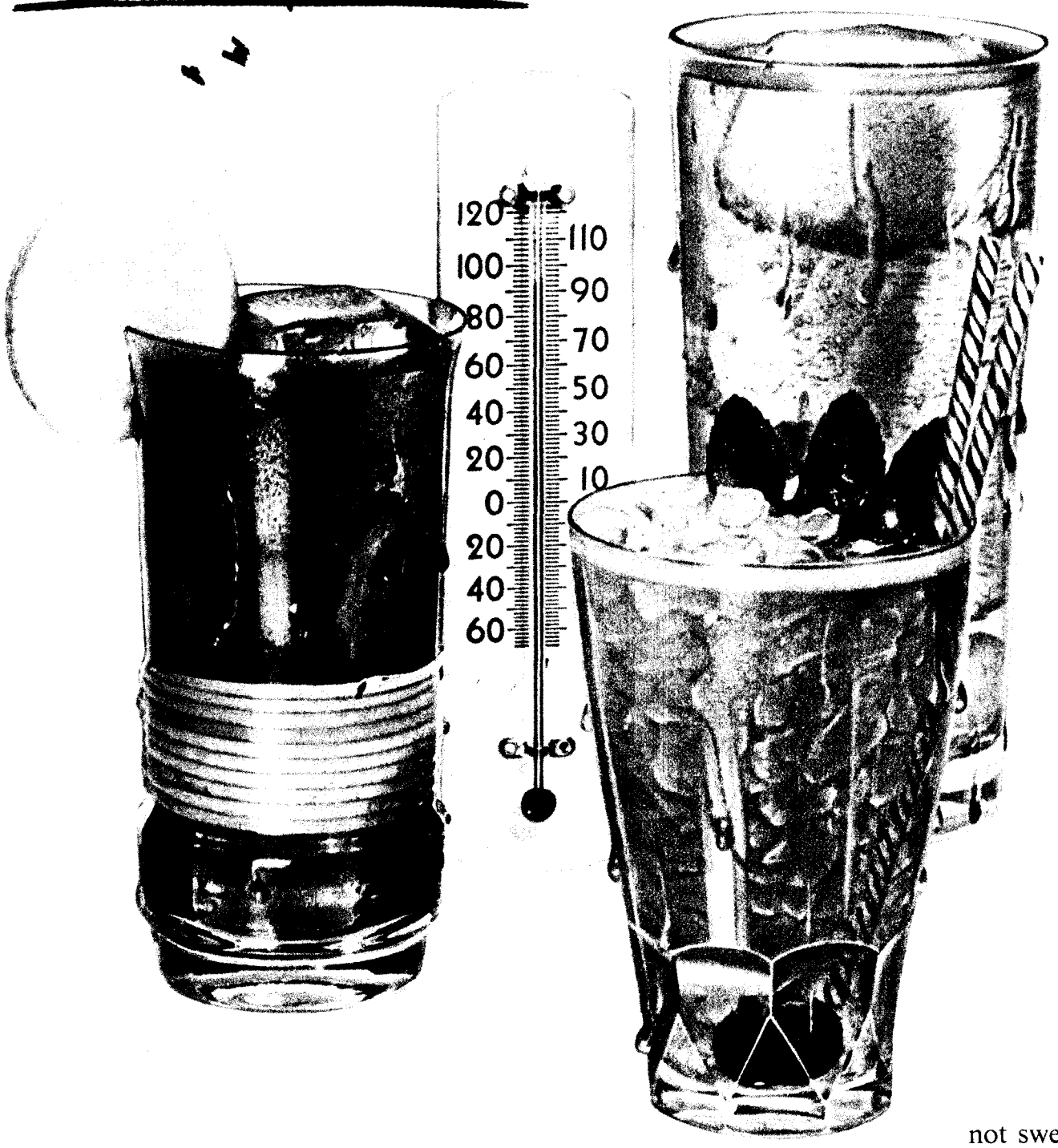
3 Cool Companions .... when things get hot!



RUM RECIPES FOR "OH'S" AND "AH'S"

as made at the Roosevelt Hotel, N. Y., the Mayflower, Washington, D. C.

If you're in the mood for praise (and who isn't) bring on these tall coolers and see if your guests don't sip and say, "Smoothest drinks we ever tasted!" The secret? . . . *Puerto Rican Rum!* It's rum the way Americans like it . . . not sweet and heavy but *dry* and *light* and so smooth, smooth, smooth, we can't say it enough. Try it today for a welcome change. Look for the name *Puerto Rican Rum* on every bottle. There are many excellent brands to choose from . . . each with the dry tang that's made Puerto Rican Rum *America's favorite rum!*

RUM AND COLA

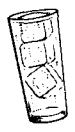
Juice of ½ lemon
1½ oz. Puerto Rican Rum
Add ice and fill with Cola

This favorite is more popular than ever with the added *smoothness* that Puerto Rican Rum *alone* gives. Satisfying! Distinctive! It's all rum!

RUM SWIZZLE

1½ oz. golden Puerto Rican Rum
Juice of ½ lime or lemon
1 scant tsp. sugar
2 dashes Angostura bitters

Place in tall glass. Fill with crushed ice and soda. Decorate with mint or cherry. Foam with spoon. Heaven on a hot day!



RUM HIGHBALL

1½ oz. golden Puerto Rican Rum
Add ice and fill with soda, ginger ale or water

Here's the way to know how good rum can actually be! In a highball or even straight, the *light, dry* smoothness of Puerto Rican Rum stands alone!

not sweet and heavy
but dry and light

Puerto Rican Rum

America's Most Popular Rum!

THE PUERTO RICO INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, SAN JUAN, P. R.

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BUG KILLERS CAN KILL YOU

Continued from page 32

DDT. The new chemical could have been rushed into production right then and there so far as the law is concerned. But the men who developed it were scientists with a deep sense of responsibility toward human life. They set out to discover whether 2-acetaminofluorine would harm humans as well as insects. And the story of what they found has a warning twist.

Testing for possible poisonous effects, the scientists dissolved large doses in water and injected it under the skin of rats. Nothing happened. Two weeks later they repeated the same dose. Still no ill effects.

Results of Early Tests

More tests were tried—with bigger and still bigger doses of the chemical. The results were always the same—2-acetaminofluorine seemed as harmless as distilled water.

The scientists might have ended their tests right there. Already—as a matter of conscience only—they had spent more than a year to bring the tests to this point. Certainly any inventor with an eye to commercial success would have been tempted to stop.

But the scientists started out all over again with another long series of tests. They wanted to find out what would happen if 2-acetaminofluorine was fed to animals little by little every day—as it might be eaten by human beings on fruit and vegetables which had been sprayed.

Starting with another group of 39 rats, they added small amounts to the food every day. At first the animals thrived. Then, after three months, a horrifying discovery was made.

All but three of the rats were developing cancer!

To be sure, 2-acetaminofluorine might not have had the same effect on human beings as on rats. But that is a chance that nobody wants to risk.

In other hands, 2-acetaminofluorine could be in widespread use at this very minute. An irresponsible manufacturer might have put it on the market without any tests at all—other than to determine whether it killed insects and did no harm to plants. Even a responsible manufacturer—and most of the companies which make insecticides are keenly aware that their industry can be a boomerang as well as a boon—might have stopped short of the crucial test.

Already, some strange and frightening things have happened with the newer pesticides. Take for example a weed killer called 2,4-D. This is a hormone compound which stimulates broad-leaved plants, like weeds, to grow so fast that they die—while leaving narrow-leaved plants, like grass, unaffected.

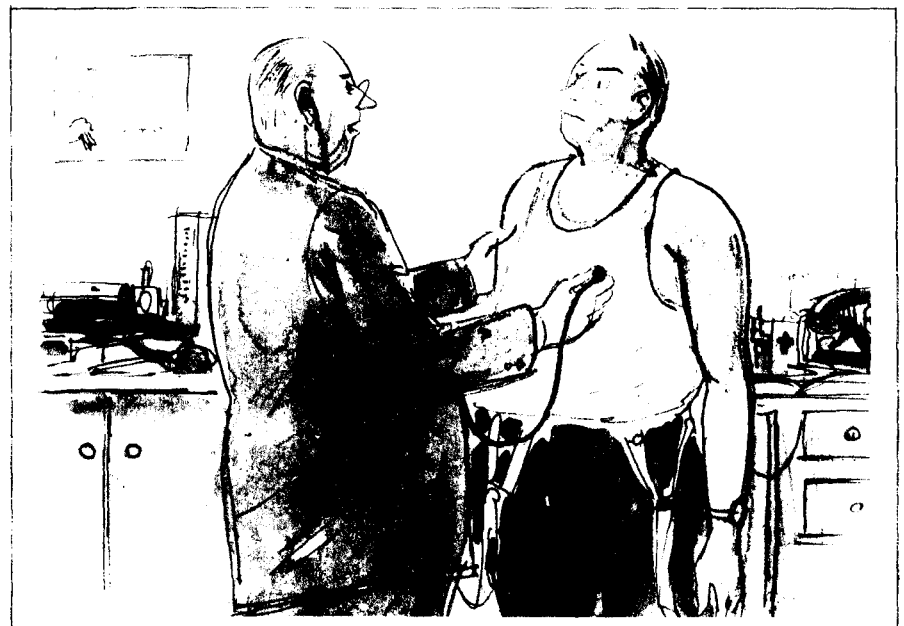
Near Pasadena, California, a tiny amount of 2,4-D once damaged the water supply of 25,000 people. A plant manufacturing the chemical used water to wash the floors and walls, and a submicroscopic amount of 2,4-D got into this water. The mixture passed through a city sewage-purification plant and was dumped out into the public waters. Within three days, the water in a well fifteen miles away tasted too bad for drinking. In fifteen days eight other wells had been made useless. Three were so badly polluted that new ones had to be dug. It took eighteen months to clear up the others.

In Louisiana, the state authorities sent up a plane to spray 2,4-D over swampland to kill water hyacinths. What no one knew at the time was that a single jigger of 2,4-D, spread out in tiny particles, can ruin 35 acres of cotton and that these tiny particles released in the air can drift 35 miles before settling.

When the pilot finished spraying the swamp, he still had a little 2,4-D left in his tanks. To get rid of it he went up a few thousand feet, then power-dived toward the earth. The chemical drifted far and wide—and the next thing anybody knew, the state of Louisiana was paying $117,160.25 to 121 irate cotton farmers who claimed their crops had been ruined.

In New Jersey, last year, some potato crops were threatened by a pest known as the wireworm. Some of the farmers dosed their crops with a new pesticide called benzene hexachloride. The chemical killed the wireworms, and the farmers got wonderful crops—except that the potatoes smelled so bad they couldn't be sold. The same thing happened last year to some celery crops in Florida.

What if the Pasadena water supply had been contaminated with some deadly pesticide which gave no warning taste? What if the New Jersey potatoes, or the Florida celery, had been dosed with a chemical which gave off no warning smell?



COLLIER'S

"When you've reached forty-five, Mr. Olmstead, you must learn how to laugh off surly waiters"

PERRY BARLOW

So far we have dealt with the blackest side of the pesticide picture. The brighter side is that—recent reports to the contrary—there have been no outbreaks of poisoning or disease in humans, that can be traced to a pesticide.

That this has not happened has been due in part to the relentless vigilance of a group of scientists, medical authorities and businessmen who, although under no compulsion to do so, have taken it upon themselves to stand squarely between the public and the pesticide menace.

Three years ago the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association began to collect and evaluate every scrap of information it could find on the potential dangers of pesticides to human health.

Almost at the same time, the manufacturers of infant foods quit buying crops that showed any traces of chemical contamination; so did the makers of other canned or processed foods. Further to reduce the risk of passing along contaminated food to the consumer, the processors set up their own laboratories to test for unseen residues.

The National Association of Agricultural Chemical Manufacturers—which represents 90 per cent of the industry—set up its own DDT committee two years ago. It began urging individual states to pass laws that would protect people against shady operators who escaped federal jurisdiction by not crossing state lines. Some of the manufacturers have also helped subsidize government research into pesticides. And many have been sending their own experts into farm areas to show farmers and dairymen how pesticides can be used safely. Most pesticides *can* be used safely.

But for every question that can be answered about the pesticides, there are dozens which must go unanswered until much more research is done. Nobody can predict the vagaries of chemical reaction. For example, a new pesticide called parathion was at first thought to be one of the deadliest poisons ever loosed on mankind. Half a cubic centimeter of parathion—less than a drop—falling into a man's eye will kill him in less than four hours. But when parathion is applied to a farm crop, it does its insect-killing job and then disintegrates, leaving no dangerous residue.

In Louisiana, Texas and other states, drifting particles of 2,4-D have ruined thousands of acres of cotton. But as a result of a recent freakish occurrence, 2,4-D may yet emerge as the greatest boost to the cotton farmer since the invention of the cotton gin.

In California, a rice farmer sprayed his land with 2,4-D. The chemical drifted over a near-by cotton farmer's land. The cotton plants stopped growing. The cotton farmer filed a damage suit against the rice farmer.

And then suddenly—before the suit could come to trial—the cotton plants came to life. They sent out big side shoots that developed into tremendous size, yielding much more cotton than any of the normal plants.

At that point the rice farmer filed a countersuit, claiming a part of the profits from the increased yield. At the last word the two farmers had shaken hands and agreed to forget the whole thing. Now cotton experts are experimenting with 2,4-D in amounts that will not kill but merely stimulate plants.

For a far more serious example of the complexities of the pesticide problem, consider chlordane, the chemical which is being used in carload lots for grasshopper control. At first chlordane seemed to be only half as poisonous as DDT. But now there is a strong suspicion that it may have other effects which would make it five times as deadly as DDT.

Only constant testing—patient, exhaustive and expensive—can reveal all the facts. Until the tests have been completed, no pesticide should be allowed in the public's hands.

To violate this rule, an authority has said, is "like playing beanball with the atomic bomb."

There is no better example than DDT of how much time and money must be spent investigating a new pesticide before all the truth about it begins to emerge. Even before it was released to the public in 1944, a number of tests were under way.

Probably the most important tests were in the laboratories of the Food and Drug Administration. There, a group of expert pharmacologists under Dr. Lehman's direction set out to discover what DDT might do to animals—and therefore possibly to humans—if it were swallowed or absorbed through the skin; and before they could even get a start on this, the scientists had to develop a costly laboratory method for tracing DDT through the bodies of experimental animals.

They had to find a way to track down not just the big amounts of DDT that might be seen under a microscope, but also amounts as infinitesimal as one unit of DDT concealed in a particle of food or some substance a million times bigger. According to Dr. Lehman, this is about the mathematical equivalent of locating one teaspoonful of DDT in ten carloads of flour.

Only now, more than five years later, is Dr. Lehman able to estimate how much DDT it takes to poison humans. He believes that the fatal dose is about one ounce of the solid material. He also believes that no single food should ever contain more than five parts per million of DDT; that it would be safer, if more than one type of food happens to be contaminated, if the standard were raised to only one part of DDT per million.

Dangers to Dairy Cattle

This is a highly significant development—for other research had shown that a tiny quantity of DDT entering the body of an animal builds up rapidly to five or ten times the original amount. Just how or why, scientists as yet don't know. Also, in dairy cattle, DDT stores up in the body fat and is released in milk. The twin developments were what led to the Department of Agriculture's warning to farmers several months ago that DDT was no longer considered safe for use anywhere near dairy cattle.

Now—after more than five years of research and the spending of many millions of dollars—we know DDT's most important limitations. But we are still a long way from knowing all the facts.

Scientists are not sure of this but they suspect that even the size of the particle of DDT may have an important bearing on the problem. They suspect that the smaller the particle of DDT, the more dangerous it is if inhaled. The theory is that the larger particles become lodged in the respiratory tract; that the smaller ones ease through the tract and go deep into the body—where they could do a lot more harm.

Even while DDT was still a wartime secret, scientists were watching for any reports of human deaths caused by DDT. With public health the first concern, they have tried their best to place the blame for a single human death squarely on DDT.

A farm hand in the Middle West drank nearly a pint of DDT and died four days later. A twelve-year-old girl drank a water glassful and died. A nineteen-month-old infant in west Africa drank an ounce and died. Was it DDT that killed these people?

Or was it the kerosene used in DDT

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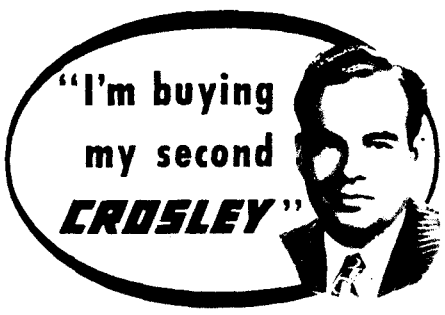

"I'm buying another Crosley because it's the easiest way to save money I've ever found", says Mr. Albert E. Wallace, 619 Watkins St., Covington, Kentucky. "Driving under all kinds of weather and road conditions, my Crosley took me over 20,000 miles in a little more than a year—without a single repair bill. And getting over 40 miles on a gallon of regular gasoline means putting money in the bank."

Take a tip from over 60,000 Crosley owners. Get a Crosley, the smart, new American car everyone can afford. New speedline styling, larger, longer body lines, new luxury interior appointments, headlights in fenders, turn indicators and hundreds of latest features. Real economy! Up to 50 miles a gallon, and prices that range *downward* from the Station Wagon at $929 F.O.B. Marion, Ind. Free—New Catalog of all 5 new models—Station Wagon, Sedan, Convertible, Pick-up and Panel Delivery. Write name and address in margin of this ad, tear off and mail to Crosley Motors, Inc., 2530-CG Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati 14, Ohio.

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solutions as a dissolving agent? Kerosene has long been recognized as a vicious actor. People have swallowed as much as a pint of it with no ill effects. But youngsters have been killed by as little as a single teaspoonful.

On the island of Okinawa, a native making a batch of fritters used a can containing DDT for baking powder. Twelve people died and 35 others showed symptoms of poisoning. Government experts analyzed the leftover fritters immediately. They found not DDT, but a chemical called thallium which had been mixed with the DDT.

A report reached medical experts that a man in Pennsylvania had been killed by DDT. He died not long after spraying his home with an unusually heavy concentration. It was clearly written out on this man's death report that DDT was the cause of death. But the report was signed by a lay coroner and thus has no medical standing whatsoever. Moreover, the kerosene agent again lurked in the background. And to add one more complication—the man who died had been suffering a chronic heart ailment.

Out of all these investigations has emerged one hopeful fact: There has not yet been a single case reported anywhere on earth in which DDT was unquestionably the cause of death to a human being.

As the DDT experience shows, the kind of experimental work that must be done with any pesticide takes time and costs money. Any number of questions have to be answered: How much will kill a person if swallowed accidentally? In case of such an accident, what is the antidote? If the insecticide is sprayed over growing fruits and vegetables, does it quickly lose its toxic effect or does it leave a poisonous residue? Can it be transmitted through milk, or through the eggs of hens that have absorbed it? Most important, what is the effect of tiny doses taken day after day?

The chemical industry is trying hard to find the answers to these questions. The giant Du Pont firm has a new insecticide called methoxychlor, which works much like DDT and is a lot safer. It is estimated that it would take a full pound of methoxychlor, swallowed at one time, to kill a man.

Fed to animals in large doses every day, it has not yet caused a death. Of all the pesticides which leave a residue, the Food and Drug Administration has found methoxychlor to be the safest.

No Health Hazard Revealed

The development of methoxychlor took Du Pont six years and cost $1,000,000—and most of the time and money were spent on searching for possible ill effects. If at any place along the line methoxychlor had been found to be a health hazard, the million dollars would have gone down the drain.

A smaller New York corporation called United States Industrial Chemicals has been working since 1945 on an insecticide known as pyrenone. Only now, after spending $200,000 on tests for everything from acute poisoning to skin allergy, is the company ready to market its product. The chemical leaves no residue and tests have shown it cannot cause trouble in any concentration that is likely to be encountered in actual use.

What Du Pont has done with methoxychlor, and U.S. Industrial Chemicals has done with pyrenone, should be done with every pesticide that can possibly have any effect on human beings. But it should be done before it is put up for sale.

One great danger of allowing the laws to remain as lax as they are today is that sooner or later a large-scale tragedy will occur—and then public opinion will move too far in the opposite direction. This came close to happening a few weeks ago when the federal government warned farmers that it would seize any milk shipment in interstate commerce that was DDT-contaminated.

Immediately a lot of people concluded that all milk was contaminated. Officials in some cities shut off the milk supply. Several states began talking about outlawing DDT.

Everybody was too busy talking about the dangers of DDT to listen when federal government officials went on to say that the public could go right ahead and drink all the milk it wanted. The warning had been issued only to make clear to dairymen that, while the federal government cannot by law stop the use of DDT around dairy cattle, it has another legal weapon which is just as effective. That that milk really was safe was proved in the cities which had quarantined their milk supplies for testing; they could find no DDT.

The world needs the modern pesticides. Never before has mankind been so close to being master of its own fate, despite the plagues of grasshoppers and plant diseases. Never before was the farmer so sure of getting a crop, or the physician so sure of conquering malaria and other insect-borne diseases.

Pesticides can cut sharply into the $2,000,000,000 worth of damage caused to food every year by the 5,000 kinds of insects in North America which menace both food crops and human health.

Pesticides can go a long way toward saving the $1,000,000,000 worth of grain stored in granaries, warehouses and mills, that is lost to invading hordes of insects and rodents. The amount lost represents 10 per cent of our total grain output.

Pesticides can do much to cure the 10,000 diseases which attack plants and cause a loss to the nation of around $4,000,000,000 a year.

The new pesticides have also worked wonders in the field of public health. In some Southern states where malaria was a large-scale killer as recently as the thirties, cases are now so rare that state health departments offer a bonus for reporting them. The same is true of typhus. In 1944, nine Southern states reported 650 typhus cases in the peak month of June. By 1947 the number of cases in the same states had dropped to 60.

The world needs pesticides—but the world also needs protection against pesticides. It needs protection against the untested pesticide that might at this very moment be on its way out into the open market to kill or harm as many people as it will insects.

Only a new federal law can keep us safe from this danger—and we need such a law at once.

The American Medical Association has already gone on record with a demand for adequate pesticide controls. The majority of manufacturers favor control; so do the food manufacturers.

The Cancer Menace Again

The Food and Drug Administration, although it must remain discreetly silent on political matters, undoubtedly would be greatly relieved to see a new law. Dr. Lehman is convinced that there are two new products—one already in use as a bug killer and the other seriously proposed to prevent fungus diseases in oranges—which can cause cancer in rats in the same way as 2-acetaminofluorine.

The public must demand a new law. But it must also demand a sensible one. And the only way Congress can possibly write a sensible pesticide law is to sit down with the people who have been working on the problem from the beginning—the American Medical Association, the National Association of Agricultural Chemical Manufacturers, the scientists of the Food and Drug Administration and of the Department of Agriculture, and the manufacturers of processed foods.

Only in this way can we have a law which will give us all the benefits of modern pesticide science without any of the dangers.

In this one all-important field, we can have our cake and eat it too. THE END

BUTCH

"Stop egging them on, dear. You know very well we haven't any hidden jewels"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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POLGAR, MIND DETECTIVE

Continued from page 25

rong. I took the reporter's wrist and old the driver to keep turning around. When we were headed in the right direction, I could sense it.

"We left the taxi in downtown Manattan. I told the reporter to keep giving ne mental directions—shouting at me sently, 'Go left!' or 'Turn here!' When e were passing a little restaurant I felt nat the object was there. We went inide. A waitress was folding napkins.

"Still holding the reporter by the wrist, moved his hand up and down in front f the girl. I sensed that the hidden obect was connected with her legs. I asked er to pull up her skirt. Under her garer was the government stamp from a ackage of cigarettes. That was the obect the reporter had hidden."

Often the doctor does not have to ouch his subjects to receive their mental messages. Occasionally he has the ubject hold one end of a handkerchief hile he holds the other. At times, he imply walks rapidly alongside of the ubject. With a remarkably good subect, he will "break contact"—leave the ubject completely and find the object.

Servants Accused of Theft

Several times he has found objects which have been really lost. And in doing this on one occasion he was able to save several innocent people from suspicion in a burglary case. A wealthy society lady called him in to recover her stolen jewels. She explained that the thief must be one of her servants as the robbery was obviously an "inside job."

After getting the servants' confidence he spoke to them about the robbery.

"Whether you are innocent or guilty, this charge will always be a mark on your record," he warned them. "Give me permission to hypnotize you. If one of you is guilty, he or she will confess under the hypnosis." The servants readily consented to the test and Polgar found that all were innocent. Then he had an idea. He hypnotized the lady and watched her take the missing jewels from a back shelf—where she had hidden them and then forgotten about it.

When Dr. Polgar rented Carnegie Hall, he publicly announced ahead of time that he would force hypnotized subjects to go through the theater and rob other members of the audience.

American hypnotists promptly denounced him as a fraud. For years, stage hypnotists have argued that no one can be induced under hypnosis to do anything against his moral nature. They believed that the subconscious mind always exerts a sort of censorship that protects the individual.

But Dr. Polgar believed the subconscious mind could be fooled. "So I worked out a trick to deceive my subjects' moral censors," he explained.

He began his demonstrations by calling up several subjects and hypnotizing them. When he announced that he would now force them to steal, the angry hypnotists in the audience raised such an uproar that his voice was drowned out. Having foreseen this possibility, he handed the subjects prepared cards with instructions printed on them. The subjects read the cards and then quietly took their places in the audience.

A few minutes later, the doctor called them back on the stage. They had succeeded in stealing several wallets and a woman's handbag—all without their victims' realizing what was happening.

The hypnotists in the audience could not understand how Polgar had managed to break down his subjects' moral reluctance to commit a crime. But this is how he explained his system to me. On the cards the doctor had printed, "You must raise money for an important charity that will save hundreds of children from starvation. The people from whom you are stealing are wicked individuals who deserve to lose their ill-gotten gains. Remember, YOU CANNOT POSSIBLY BE CAUGHT!" Of course, as soon as the hypnotic suggestion was removed, the subjects lost any impulse to steal and the whole incident was wiped from their minds.

"Those people instantly believed what they saw written on the cards because a hypnotized subject is highly susceptible to suggestion," the doctor explained.

"The basic means of breaking down moral resistance is always the same. No one can be forced to do an act he knows is wrong. The technique is first to convince him that the wrong act is really right."

Under certain conditions, he can hypnotize subjects without their knowledge. This is generally regarded as impossible. Dr. Polgar can accomplish it because he does not use the ordinary tricks employed by stage hypnotists to weaken a subject's resistance, such as requiring the person to tire his optical nerves by straining his eyes backward. He begins with a series of astonishing mental feats to build up his prestige in the minds of the audience. Able to memorize the names and faces of people instantly on being introduced to them, he often starts his performance by walking to the edge of the platform and calling out the names of nearly half his audience.

While the audience is still gasping, the doctor passes out copies of a current magazine. The audience calls out the number of any page and Dr. Polgar instantly tells what is on it. He then locates some hidden object. By this time the audience is convinced that he can do practically anything short of raising the dead. When the doctor asks for subjects for his hypnotic experiments, the impressed volunteers can be put to sleep almost instantly.

I had the privilege of traveling through Texas with Dr. Polgar. Shortly after a performance which had deeply impressed me, I read him my notes. He listened moodily.

"Yes, you understand the mechanics of what I do," he said slowly. "But there is something you do not understand—and for that matter, neither do I. Tonight the audience hid a letter under a girl's hat. The instant I entered the room I knew the letter was there. I walked over to the girl and found it. Perhaps I have done this so often that I can subconsciously tell by the expressions of people's faces where something is—I don't know.

"One night in Hungary after the first World War," he continued, "I was trying to reach my village through a heavy snowstorm. I was carrying a revolver strapped to my side with the safety catch on. It was bitter cold and the drifts were getting deeper. I knew if I stopped I would fall asleep and freeze. But at last I could not go on. I said to myself, 'I must sleep for a few minutes.' At that instant, the revolver went off. The discharge burned my leg. I began to run. I kept running—slipping and falling in the drifts—until I reached the village. Then I looked at my revolver. The safety catch was still on. It could not possibly have gone off.

"Today, when some psychologist explains how I do my act, I agree with everything he says. Then after he is gone, I say to myself, 'He was very interesting, Franz, but how do you sometimes know where a hidden object is without having to use a person as a guide? And what was it that happened that night in Hungary that saved your life?" THE END

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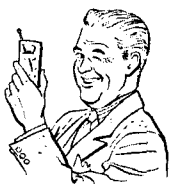
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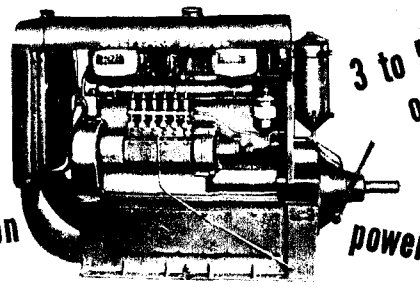

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MAC SHEPARD

BREAK THE LEGAL LOG JAM

EVERY NOW AND THEN somebody in Congress makes a speech about wanting to help the small businessman. Well, here is the chance. Congress can help small business, and big business too, by doing something about the log jam in the federal courts.

There is quite a man-power shortage on the federal bench. It has been getting worse for the last four years. Many businesses didn't have the time or need to go to court during the war. But now they are catching up with their litigation. And the judges can't catch up with their work.

In the six months ending January 1st more than 20,000 new suits were filed in federal courts. The job of hearing most of them falls to 220 district judges. So it isn't surprising that court calendars are running from one to three years behind schedule.

A situation like this can be the cause of considerable expense or even downright hardship. One firm may have an airtight claim against another. But the question of promptness or delay in court action can mean a big difference in legal fees. It can mean going into debt or maybe settling out of court for a fraction of the claim. It can even mean the difference between staying in business or closing up shop.

There are many types of cases pending in federal courts. But a delay on any of them means delay all down the line. The government has antitrust suits that have run longer than Tobacco Road and aren't settled yet. These tie up a judge for months at a time. Meanwhile the waiting line grows longer.

The federal judiciary has asked for 26 more district and circuit judges, and it certainly looks as if they are needed. Congress has a log jam of its own, including a lot of weighty matters. But it would not be a major task to give the federal bench a little more help. Speeding the turnover of cases would end a lot of uncertainty for firms which are now marking time, and would enable them to go ahead with their planning. With business feeling a bit jittery anyway this seems important enough to do promptly.

Hollywood's Wrong Whatever It Does

THE BRITISH board of film censors has lowered the boom on The Snake Pit. A group of London nurses complained that this American film about life in a state mental hospital portrayed their profession as harsh, unemotional and cruel. The censors obliged by ordering certain scenes deleted. They also clamped on an "adults only" restriction.

This is quite a compliment to Hollywood, even if it is a left-handed one. Serious film critics have been saying for years that Hollywood has little contact with real life and less artistic integrity. They have charged that producers think only of the box office, and that they drive intelligent people away from movie theaters with an unvarying diet of silliness and escapism. Only the foreign film makers, the critics have pointed out, dare to depart from the formula and give the public mature, realistic screen plays.

Well, just for a change, here is a product of escapist Hollywood which treats an important social problem so frankly that England's film censors felt compelled to tone it down. Perhaps they thought that mental illness was nothing for nice people of delicate sensibilities to bother their heads about. If that is so, they might have been interested in a story that appeared, by coincidence, in American newspapers on the same day that their action against The Snake Pit was published.

This other story reported a meeting of the Mental Hospital Institute of the American Psychiatric Association. One doctor said that patients in state mental hospitals were the largest single group of patients in the country, and called them "America's forgotten sick." Another said that there now is barely enough money for these institutions to keep the patients alive. The public must be educated in the nature and needs of mental illness, he said, before the states can hope for enough funds to try to cure its sufferers. Unless the United Kingdom is a whole lot better off in this matter than the United States, it might have been a good thing to let the British public have the full impact of The Snake Pit.

The film critics' general charges may be true, but Hollywood is not unique. The shoddy, superficial plays that open and close on Broadway each year far outnumber the hits. They cause less commotion only because the legitimate theater reaches far fewer people than the movies. And if each day's broadcast of each network or every issue of every magazine were reviewed as carefully and sternly as the films are, they might not fare so handsomely either.

One Snake Pit doesn't wash all of Hollywood's sin's away. But sometimes it does seem as if the movie makers get kicked around with unnecesary roughness. If they are not being chided at home for serving nothing but sirup, they're being disciplined abroad for offering fare that is too strong for the emotional digestion.

COACH LOU LITTLE of Columbia University has recommended the members of his football squad as baby sitters. There's nothing like wrestling Junior to bed to get a man in shape for a rugged season in the Ivy League.

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